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October 3, 1925

Collier's

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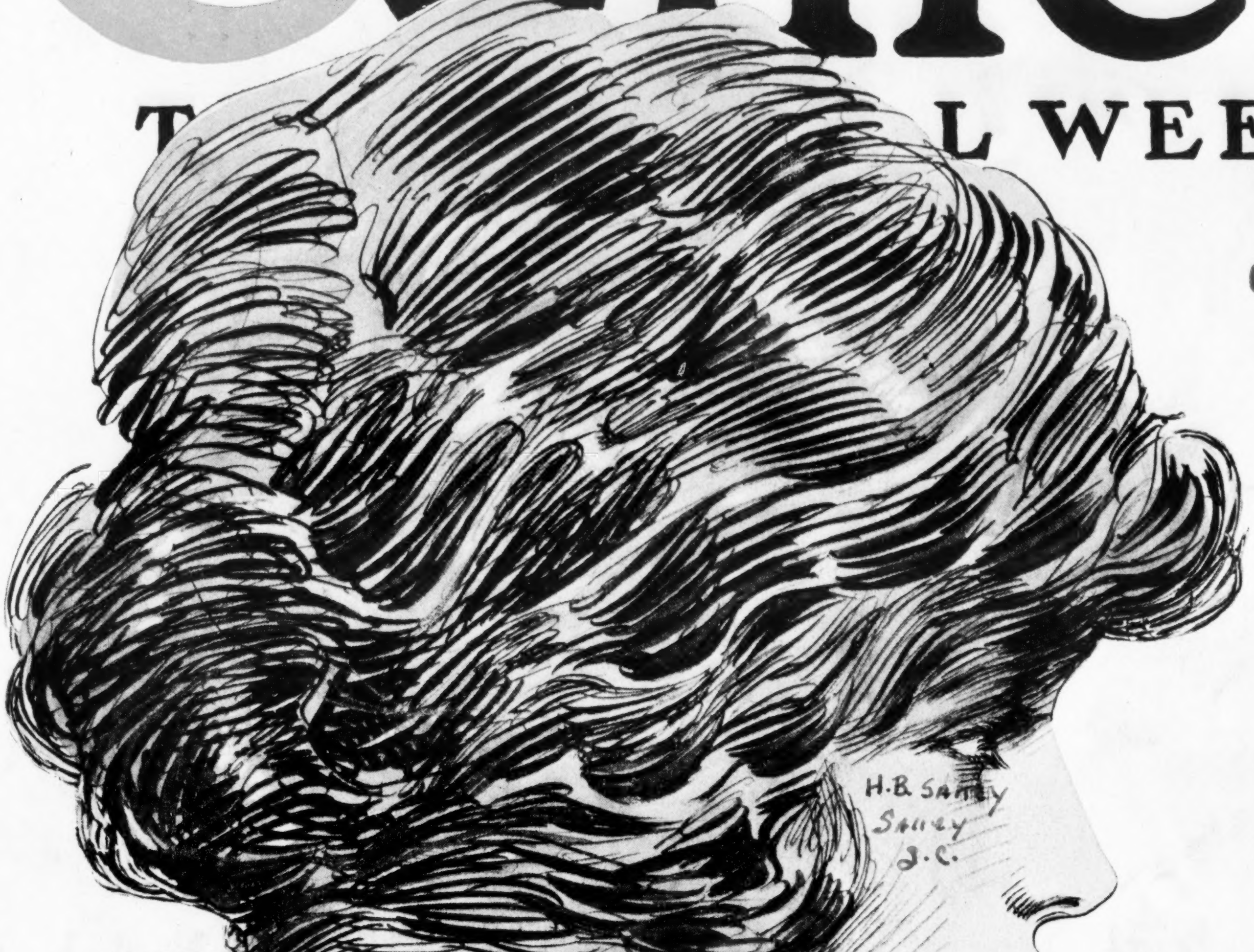


H.B. Sanky
Sanky
S.C.

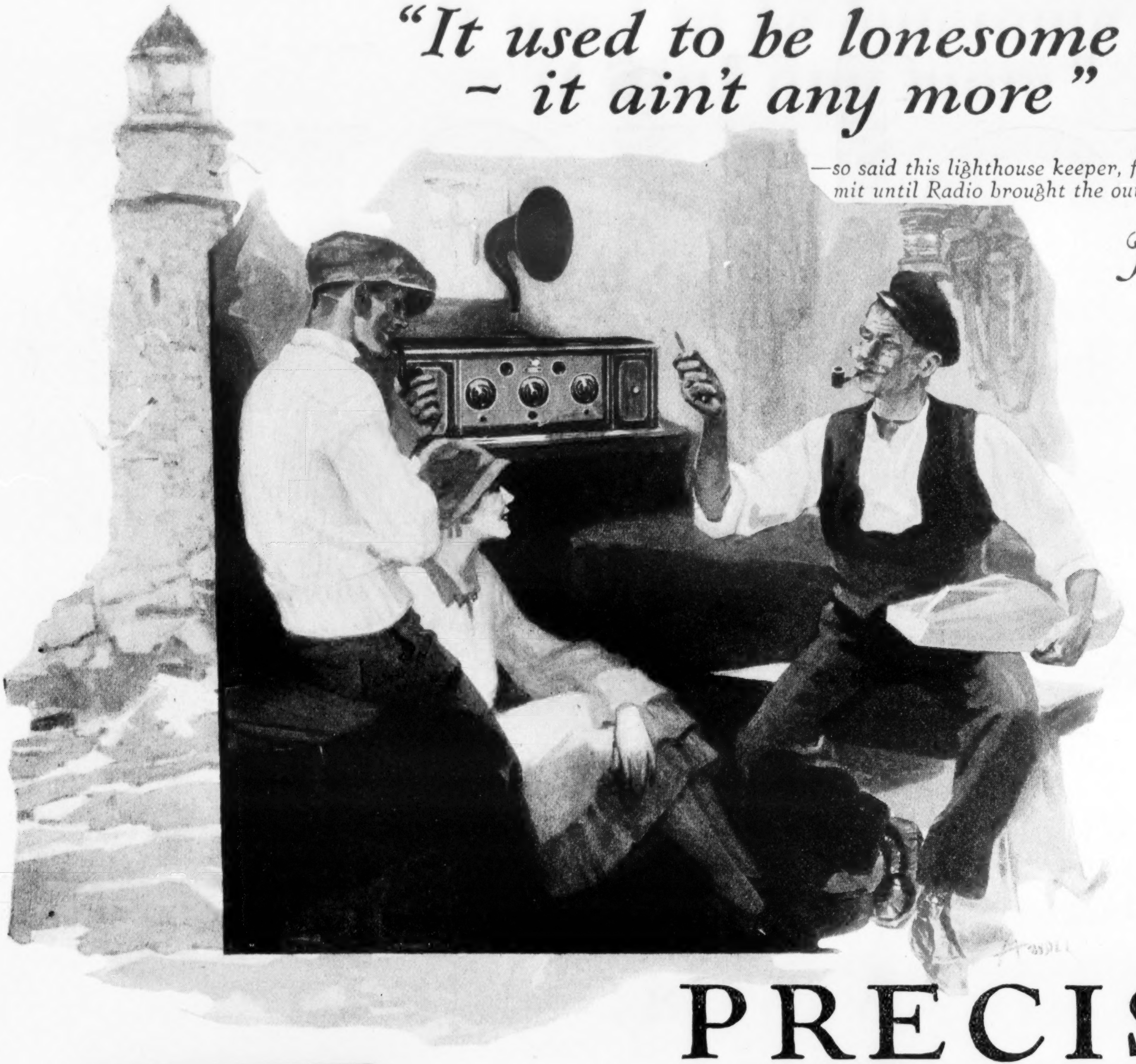
George Weston's latest story "The Old Summerton Temper"

and—

Life in the Night Clubs

"It used to be lonesome here – it ain't any more"

—so said this lighthouse keeper, for 38 years a hermit until Radio brought the outside world to him.



FOR, into the isolated places of the world, where grim-visaged men were wont to eke out a lonely existence in utter solitude, Radio now brings the welcome voices of the great and near-great—the music of the opera and cabaret—the daily news of current events—the thrills of the campus, diamond and prize-ring—the lilt of laughter—the roar of the crowd—the priceless joy of human companionship.

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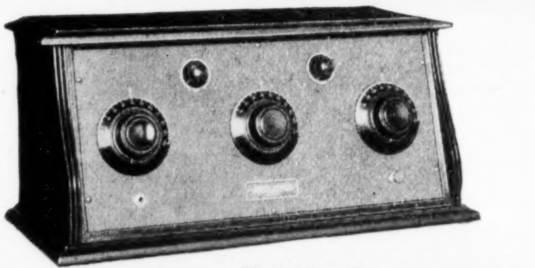

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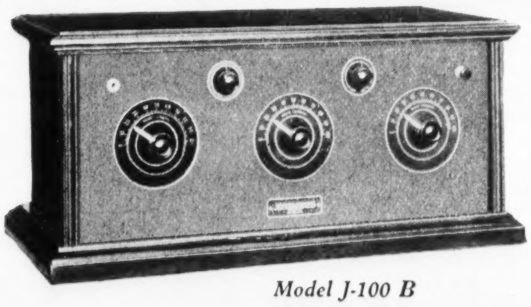

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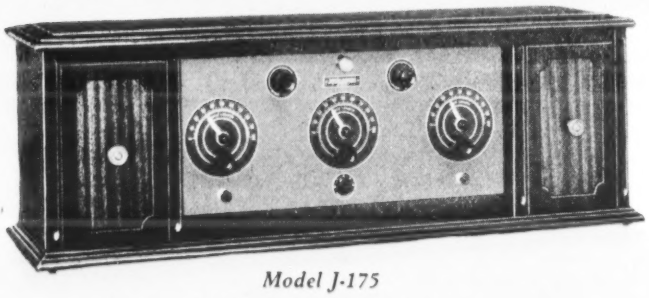

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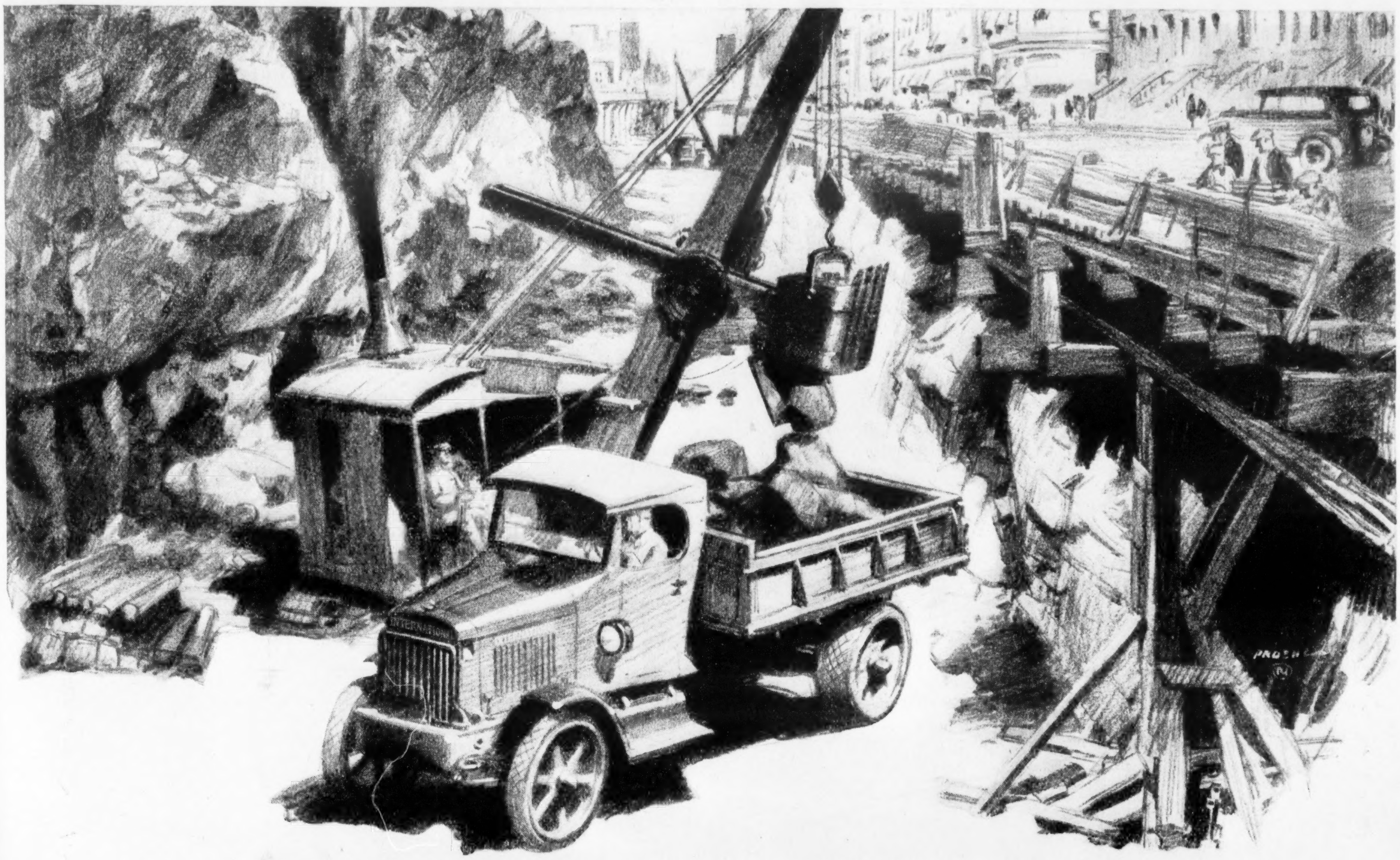

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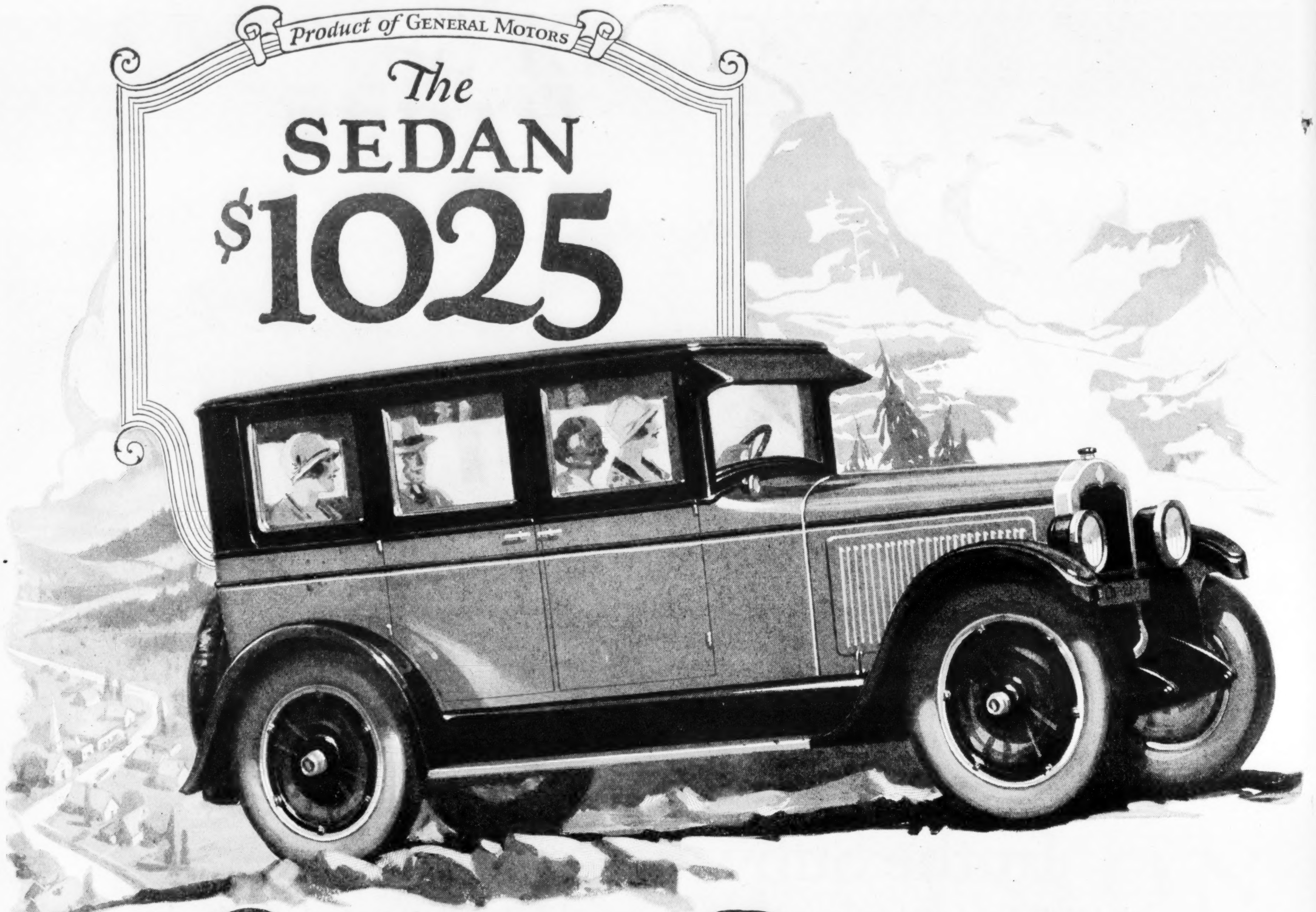

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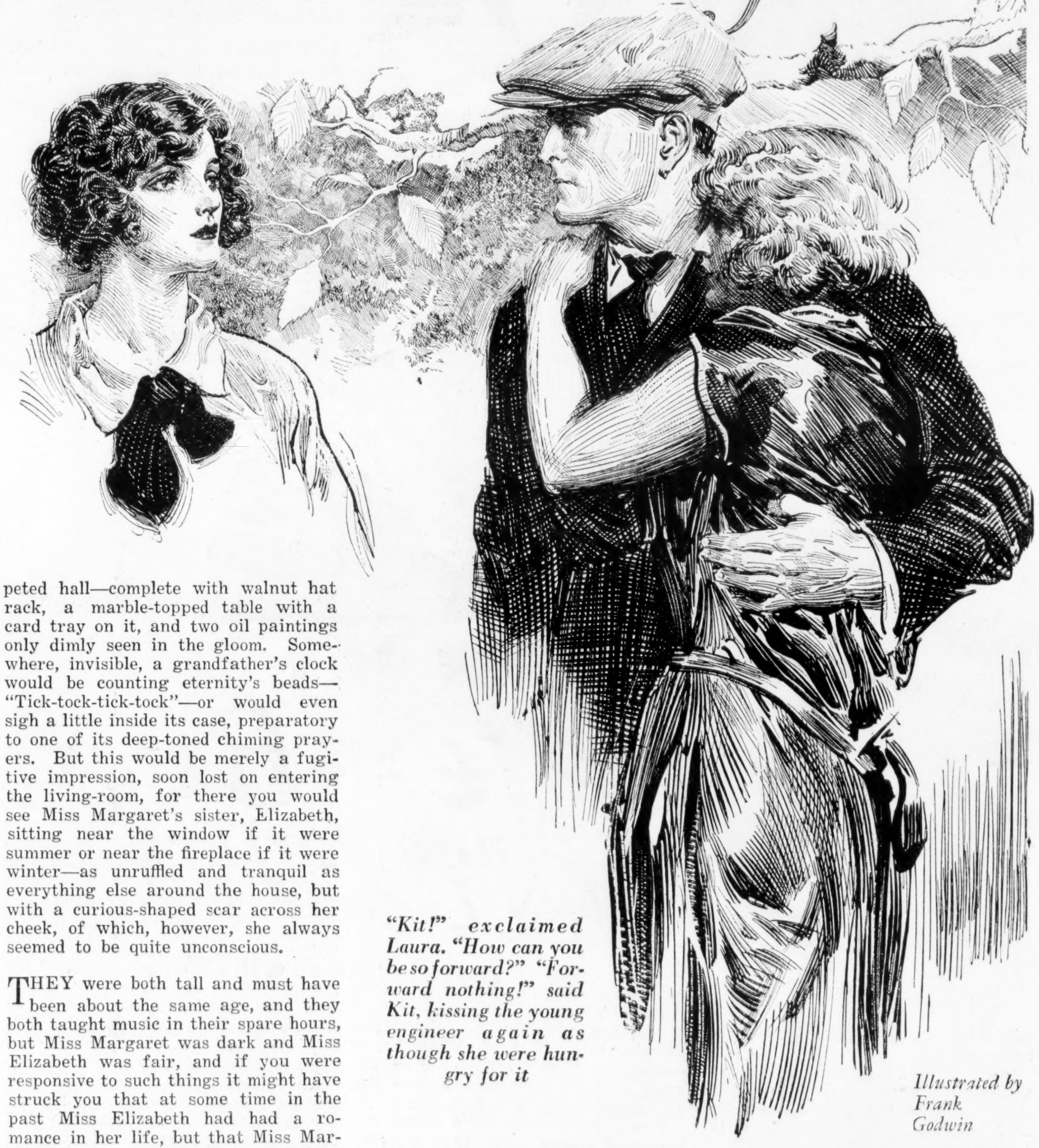
The old Summerton temper

Beginning the story of a well-brought-up little boy who had in him something that forbade him to lie down and be trod upon

By
GEORGE
WESTON



"Kit!" exclaimed Laura. "How can you be so forward?" "Forward nothing!" said Kit, kissing the young engineer again as though she were hungry for it

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Chapter I

THE keynote of the house was tranquillity—old, a bit shabby, and setting well back on its lawn on Maple Avenue—an ambitious house in its day, and with touches here and there of the grand manner. But time, it might be said, had dulled ambition; and here and there the absence of a shutter and a fresco of dark stains beneath the eaves had taken from the building any pretensions of grandeur which might have once belonged to it. So now, with its ancient paint and chocolate-colored trim, it seemed content to sit back among its shrubbery and sun itself like an old man musing now and then, perhaps, of younger years—years when children had been born beneath its roof, and parties had been held there, and laughter had rung among its rooms, and tears had been shed—tears of misunderstanding and reconciliation, and a young wife dreaming those golden dreams which make the world roll on.

Miss Margaret Winfield would probably have answered your ring; and the moment the door opened you would have caught a hush, a stillness, an air of peace from the hall behind her. And against this background Miss Margaret would have looked at you, gently smiling and hospitable, her hair parted as our grandmothers used to part theirs, a cameo at her throat, and making not the least display of her arms, her chest, or her legs.

She would have spoken to you in a murmuring voice, and for some strange reason, no matter how loudly you generally talked, you would have found yourself answering in much the same quiet tone. "Won't you come in?" she would say.

"Thank you"—a murmur—and in you would go, instinctively knowing that if she asked it it was proper for you to enter and that to stay outside and try to do your business at the door would be as much out of place as laughing in a cathedral.

She would lead you through a carpeted hall—complete with walnut hat rack, a marble-topped table with a card tray on it, and two oil paintings only dimly seen in the gloom. Somewhere, invisible, a grandfather's clock would be counting eternity's beads—"Tick-tock-tick-tock"—or would even sigh a little inside its case, preparatory to one of its deep-toned chiming prayers. But this would be merely a fugitive impression, soon lost on entering the living-room, for there you would see Miss Margaret's sister, Elizabeth, sitting near the window if it were summer or near the fireplace if it were winter—as unruffled and tranquil as everything else around the house, but with a curious-shaped scar across her cheek, of which, however, she always seemed to be quite unconscious.

THEY were both tall and must have been about the same age, and they both taught music in their spare hours, but Miss Margaret was dark and Miss Elizabeth was fair, and if you were responsive to such things it might have struck you that at some time in the past Miss Elizabeth had had a romance in her life, but that Miss Margaret hadn't; and that now and then, by a glance or a tone, Miss Margaret seemed to be consoling her sister for something which the latter had lost and would never find again.

Seventy-six Maple Avenue was the number of the house; and in that house and by those aunts Cliff Parkhurst was raised from his first year and brought to man's estate.

Cliff's first suit—the one in which he had tearfully been breeched by his gentle aunts—was of plum-colored velvet, and his second was of light blue velour. You can imagine the shirts that went with these, their delicate cuffs, the drawn-work collars with edges of starchy lace. Then came a series of tight little trousers, ingeniously kept up by rows of buttons, inwardly turned, which fastened into buttonholes that had been worked into the shirt.

Even at six Cliff said "Thank you" and "Please may I," and would always take the smaller piece of cake if he was being watched. When he was eight he started going to dancing lessons, Aunt Margaret taking him every Thursday afternoon to Miss Thompson's class in the ballroom of the old Wauregan Hotel.

All the girls liked to dance with Cliff—he was such a gentle, wistful little fellow, but, probably because they were his neighbors on Maple Avenue, he found himself dancing with the Kreisler girls more than with any of the others.

There were two Kreisler girls—Katherine, who was known as Kit, and Laura. At that time Laura was going on nine and Kit had just turned seven. Laura was quiet and had dark, contemplative eyes, under miraculous lashes. Kit, though, was one of those round-jointed young ones who can never stay still; and when you hear that she had a saucy nose, and tagged boys and ran away further yet, well, that will give you some slight idea of Kit Kreisler, a coming personality already casting her shadow before.

The Kreislers lived on one side of Cliff; the Parsonses lived on the other; and young Jeffrey Parsons was also a student at Miss Thompson's dancing class. Jeff was inclined to be a sulky youth who stuck his lower lip out whenever he wasn't having his own way, and he had to be watched pretty closely when he was playing marbles.

One day he caught Cliff back of the house. "Say," he began with one of those frightful scowls which are seldom seen except in company with a pair of short pants, "you want to quit dancing

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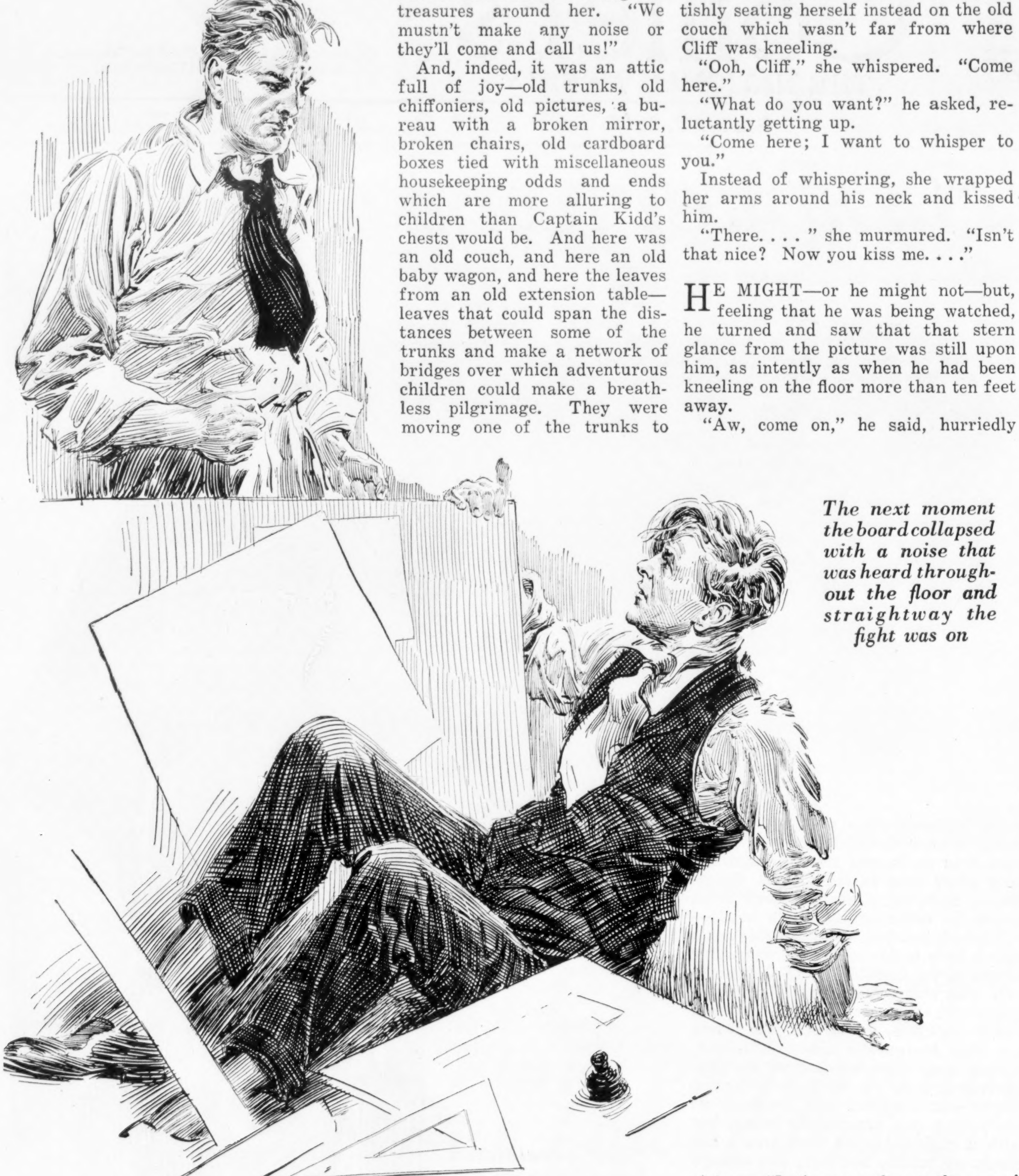


The next moment the board collapsed with a noise that was heard throughout the floor and straightway the fight was on

with Kitty Kreisler, see? She's my girl, not yours."

"Ooooh!" said Cliff, and stepped back as though he expected the lightning to strike this young prevaricator who lived next door. "She is not your girl!"

"Call me a liar then; do you?"

Too late, Cliff tried to get home to his gentle aunts, but Jeff caught him and made his nose bleed. After that Cliff didn't play with the boys much; indeed, he was glad to keep away from them, because when they called him "Sissy!" or "'Fraid cat!" he had such a queer, choky feeling inside him that he could hardly draw his breath.

ONE rainy Saturday afternoon, after the Kreisler girls had had their music lesson, Aunt Margaret said, in her tranquil voice, "You children have done your lessons very well to-day; and now, if you would like to stay and play with Clifford—"

It wasn't long before Kit began tagging and running away; and almost before they knew it they were all up in the attic.

"Sh!" said Laura, her dark eyes almost popping out from under their miraculous lashes at seeing the treasures around her. "We mustn't make any noise or they'll come and call us!"

And, indeed, it was an attic full of joy—old trunks, old chiffoniers, old pictures, a bureau with a broken mirror, broken chairs, old cardboard boxes tied with miscellaneous housekeeping odds and ends which are more alluring to children than Captain Kidd's chests would be. And here was an old couch, and here an old baby wagon, and here the leaves from an old extension table—leaves that could span the distances between some of the trunks and make a network of bridges over which adventurous children could make a breathless pilgrimage. They were moving one of the trunks to get it close enough to the others when a crayon enlargement fell to the floor with a flop; and, while the two girls stood listening to see if this had been heard downstairs, Cliff, moving over on his knees, propped the picture against the wall again and took a good look at it.

It was the portrait of a woman: a handsome woman rather than a pretty woman; though perhaps she would have looked pretty if the lines of her face had not been quite so hard. Her lips, for instance, were closely held and her eyes stared right at you as though she would read you through and through, and her hair was done in the style of a bygone day, with little curls around the ears and evidently down over the back of the neck; but the things which attracted Clifford the most were the stern glance and the unyielding lips—eyes and lips of one, whoever she was, who in her day was not to be lightly regarded. He was still looking at the picture when Laura broke the silence.

"They didn't hear us," she whispered. "Look! There's a bird cage over by the window."

She started for it, squeezing past an old sideboard, and was soon lost to sight behind the bureau with the broken mirror.

But Kit didn't follow her, coquettishly seating herself instead on the old couch which wasn't far from where Cliff was kneeling.

"Ooh, Cliff," she whispered. "Come here."

"What do you want?" he asked, reluctantly getting up.

"Come here; I want to whisper to you."

Instead of whispering, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"There. . . . " she murmured. "Isn't that nice? Now you kiss me. . . ."

HE MIGHT—or he might not—but, feeling that he was being watched, he turned and saw that that stern glance from the picture was still upon him, as intently as when he had been kneeling on the floor more than ten feet away.

"Aw, come on," he said, hurriedly rising. "Let's go and get the cage."

Kit pulled a face; and, although for the first few steps she followed, it wasn't long before she had worked her way to the front—bound to be the leading lady, even then, in whatever scene she happened to find herself. . . .

That night after supper Cliff was unusually quiet, curled in a chair not far from the fire and presently not even pretending to read the book which he was holding in his hands.

"Aunt Margaret—" he said at last, drawing a full breath.

Aunt Margaret was embroidering—lilies of the valley on light green linen—a tranquil subject on a peaceful background and Aunt Elizabeth was painting violets on a Christmas card, painting gently as she did everything else, her head delicately bent over her work, the scar upon her cheek unseen in the shadows thrown by the lamp.

Ordinarily when Clifford spoke at such a time they answered him without the least interruption to the even flow of their tasks; but on the evening at which we have now arrived, whether it was the deep, sighing breath which he drew before he spoke or whether it was some new note in his voice which vaguely disturbed them, they both looked quickly around and almost seemed to stare at the boy who sat curled up in the chair between them.

"Yes, dear?" said Aunt Margaret.

"Who—who's that picture up in the attic?"

"Picture, dear? There are many old pictures up there, aren't there?"

"Yes, but the one I mean is—she's a stern lady and, now, she looks right at you and—and she fell from behind a trunk—"

The two sisters looked at each other and then, as though by common consent, each bent over her work again.

"I'm sure I don't know which picture you mean, dear," said Aunt Margaret, drawing a careful thread. "Is that a good book you are reading?"

"I'm not reading it," said Cliff, raising his voice a little. "And you *do* know which picture I mean! She—now—she looks right at you; and, if you like, I'll fetch it down and then you can't say you don't know about it any longer!"

"Clifford," said Aunt Margaret, looking at him over her sewing with an air of reproof which nevertheless had something fearful in it. "Do you know that you are talking very loudly to your aunty?"

"I don't care," said Cliff.

"You—what?" she gasped, as if she couldn't believe her ears.

"I say I don't care!" he cried, his voice now trembling; and as though the book in his hand hampered him he suddenly threw it on the floor. "And I *don't* care!" he continued, his face flushing, his voice growing louder with every breath. "And I'm not going to care! And you needn't look at me that way either—both of you—because—because—"

The next moment he was in a storm of tears, and when Aunt Margaret tried to soothe him he would have fought her off, blinded as he was in an inexplicable passion of weeping. . . . At last, however, he was quiet again, his cheeks still flushed, his voice husky, his eyes hidden from them in the crook of his arm because he felt so ashamed.

Meanwhile the sisters had been exchanging troubled glances and now and then a whisper which didn't have much joy in it.

"Clifford—" said Aunt Margaret, when the room was finally quiet again.

"Mmm?" he asked, his face still hidden in his arm.

"I wish you would pick up your book, like the little gentleman you are, and while you are reading it I—I will try to tell you about that picture which—which you saw in the attic to-day."

Cliff was ten that year and, although part of the story had to be scaled down to his youth, at least he heard enough to stick in his mind for many a year to come.

THE picture which he had seen upstairs was his mother, who had died when he was only a year old; and while she had been a wonderful woman, and a good woman, and one of the best wives and mothers that ever lived, all her life she had plagued everyone around her with her temper.

"The old Summerton temper," continued Aunt Margaret. "Our grandfather—your great-grandfather—was the last one who had it before her. Oh, a terrible thing! He used to burst out at people, hit them with his cane or anything else that he had in his hand and everybody hoped that it had died out with him, but poor dear Mabel had it and—well, it ruined her life, that's all."

"She was never like any of the others," murmured Aunt Elizabeth, more to herself than the others.

"No; not the least. She was a Summerton, and we were all Winfields. Even her own brother, your Uncle Ben, was afraid of her, because nearly everything she did she first had to get in a temper—"

"Married in a temper," said Aunt Elizabeth with the least note of bitterness in her voice. ". . . Died in a temper!"

"Yes, dear. You never heard this before, and I hope you will never hear it again, but—well—your dear father drank at times and they had terrible scenes together. She used to wait for him nights, at the bottom of the stairs—"

"I don't think I'd tell him that, dear," hastily interrupted Aunt Elizabeth.

"I hate to tell him any of it," said Aunt Margaret earnestly. "Only I want him to see how important it is—how dreadfully important—for him never to give way to his temper again as he did to-night."

THE story haunted the boy and, although it was incomplete enough, his young imagination was soon at work filling some of the gaps. That scar on Aunt Elizabeth's cheek, for instance. . . . The broken chairs and bureau in the attic. . . . And after that, whenever he felt the temptation to shout or bang or throw a book upon the floor, he thought of the Stern Lady in the attic upstairs and the old Summerton temper; and year by year he found it easier to be quiet and tranquil like his two gentle aunts, reading much in his room when other boys were playing and finally graduating at the head of his class at high school and entering a near-by school of technology, where he earned his degree of M. E. just after he was twenty-one—a dark, serious-eyed young man, unusually tall, thin, inclined to be awkward, but always speaking in a subdued voice and always full of his manners.

He hadn't been home a week with his sheepskin before he received a letter from R. G. Buller & Co., a firm of engineers that had written their name in steel and stone well over the faces of two hemispheres. They offered him twenty-five hundred a year to start and—"Requesting a reply at your earliest convenience, we beg to remain, Yours truly, R. G. Buller & Co., by R. G. Buller, President."

"If you only knew what this means!" crowed Cliff to his two admiring aunts. "Mr. Buller has given millions to City Tech and every year they say he picks out the likeliest graduates—"

They rejoiced with him, gently and sweetly, and later when the two Kreisler girls came over, ostensibly to play bridge, Aunt Margaret couldn't help telling them the news.

The Kreisler girls had both fulfilled the earlier promise of their youth. Laura was tall and quiet, and still looked out at the world from dark, contemplative eyes. But Kit was one of the livest wires that ever gave off sparks, with every glance a saucy look and every laugh a dare.

"Ooooh, Cliff!" she almost scrunched out at him as he took them home, "I feel so proud of you!"

With one of her daring laughs, the next moment she had her arms around him and was kissing him.

"Kit!" exclaimed Laura, "how can you be so forward?"

"Forward nothing!" said Kit, kissing the young engineer again as though she were hungry for it. "I was always your girl even from a little bit of a thing; wasn't I, Cliff?"

"That's right," he said, gently agreeable, and yet somehow wishing that it was Laura who was kissing him.

"Oh, come on," said Laura, pulling her sister's arm. "It's getting late."

"Old Grumpy!" laughed Kit. And then to Cliff, "Well, good night, dear. I shall see you again to-morrow."

Cliff's new job was in the city, and the city was fortunately within commuting distance of his home. He left every morning on the seven-forty-six, and by five minutes past nine he had taken his place in one of the cubicles which were given over to the drafting department of R. G. Buller & Co.

The drafting department took up the length of one floor, an almost interminable row of cells, in each of which sat eight draftsmen plotting designs upon their trestle boards. Some of these draftsmen, as you will guess, were tamer than others; and here and there was one to be found who liked to show how tough he was and how clever with the language.

"The trouble with R. G. Buller, Esq.," said the man opposite Cliff one morning, "is that he gets his metaphors mixed with his drinks. He says that we are all cogs in a machine, and all the time he knows damned well that we're nothing but apples in his blamed old cider press. And when the juice no longer flows, he dumps new apples in on us."

Cliff didn't like that much—regarding himself as one of the new apples—but he smiled politely and went on with his first job, designing a head-sheave for a gold mine on the Rand.

"Me," continued the hard-boiled draftsman, "I've been here four years, and at first I believed that golden bunk about my future depending upon my efforts. But now, in my fourth year at the galleys, I look at my pay check, and what do I find? I find that for a month's hard toil I have made for myself just about as much as a lazy bootlegger might for himself 'most any rainy Monday."

This was, of course, hyperbole; but, looking around him, Cliff was vaguely troubled to see that the others in the room didn't seem to think they were listening to any particular heresy.

"All the same," he thought, "I'm going to work hard and do my best. It's just as prexy said at graduation: Nobody's got a chance in the world unless he's willing to do that."

SO CLIFF tried hard and did his best but along toward the beginning of the second year, for all he could see to the contrary, he might as well have taken it easy and kidded with the rest. Instead of that he found that he himself was being kidded.

"Our young paragon is putting us all to shame," said the Granite Egg one morning. "By strict application and steady habits he is going to marry old R. G.'s daughter and receive one half the kingdom."

Cliff vaguely smiled, but otherwise made no sign. He was rolling up the sleeves of his shirt, always being careful of his linen in order to keep the washing done at home.

"And what a pretty shirt," continued the Egg. "Gentlemen, I will lay you a wager of dollars to doughnuts that sooner or later he will catch her with that shirt. A beautiful piece of goods, Ignatz, but where have we seen it before? Ah, yes. . . . Now I know! It is, of course, the same shirt which our young paragon has been wearing for the last two weeks. Or is it three? In any event, gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Shirty, the Washless Wonder of the Soapless Plains."

AGAIN Cliff tried to smile, yet, truth to tell, he wasn't much amused. All of that was bad enough, but this was worse: that as the second year rolled by he was beginning to think that the crabbers were right, and that a man who worked hard for R. G. Buller and thereby expected promotion ought to be awarded a solid bone medal, engraved (as the Egg once pointed out) with a pair of asses' ears on one side and on the other an outstretched hand, rampant, the fingers erect and the thumb held tightly against the upturned nose.

"What sort of man is Mr. Buller?" Aunt Margaret asked him one night.

"Well, to tell the truth," said Cliff uncertainly, "I've only seen him once. One of his hands is made of iron and he always wears a glove on it. And he's kind of gray—not very tall and not very stout—and always seems to be in a hurry and staring straight ahead wherever he goes."

Which didn't begin to do old R. G. justice, because no picture of him could be called complete unless it included his chin. It was a long, thin, leathery chin—concave—not altogether dissimilar to a scoop shovel. Tie his hands behind him and cover him with a landslide and you could almost imagine him digging himself out with his chin. And, framing this chin on both sides, were the ends of a grizzled mustache. And above this mustache was a nose like a blunt hatchet. And looking out from the sides of this hatchet were two eyes, faded a little at times, and slightly watery at times, but when they were dry they looked as though they could singe his eyebrows; and when they were moist they looked scalding and seemed to make his nose twitch. Such, in brief, was the "old man" of R. G. Buller & Co.; and now perhaps you will understand why it was sometimes said of him that he would make a contract to repave Hades with asbestos blocks if the finances could only be satisfactorily arranged.

"I was wondering," Aunt Margaret said. "That's all."

Cliff had a touch of divination, and knew that his aunt Margaret had really been wondering why he hadn't been getting along any faster at the office.

It is true that at the end of the first year his salary had been automatically raised twenty dollars a month; but at that rate in ten years he wouldn't quite have reached the five thousand dollars per annum which he and Kit had agreed was the minimum sum upon which a modern young couple could start housekeeping.

"Darned if I know what to do," he uneasily told himself. "Of course I might leave and try something else." At that, however, his gentle soul recoiled, because suppose he left and couldn't find anything else?

"Oh, well, I'll keep on trying my best," he finally concluded, and—his mind reverting to one of his school-day readers—"No man living can do any more than that!"

Along toward the end of the second year Kit grew restless.

"Sometimes seems to me," she said, "that I shall be old enough to be somebody's grandmother before we're married," and beginning with this she started calling him "Gran'pa."

Cliff didn't like it much.

Soon after that they went to a dance and twice she danced with someone else—numbers which she had promised Cliff.

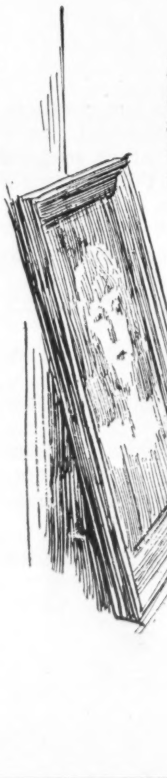
"Look here, that's hardly fair," he gently protested.

"Tut," she said. "What's the difference? And, anyhow, I like to dance with Eddie. He puts so much pep in everything he does."

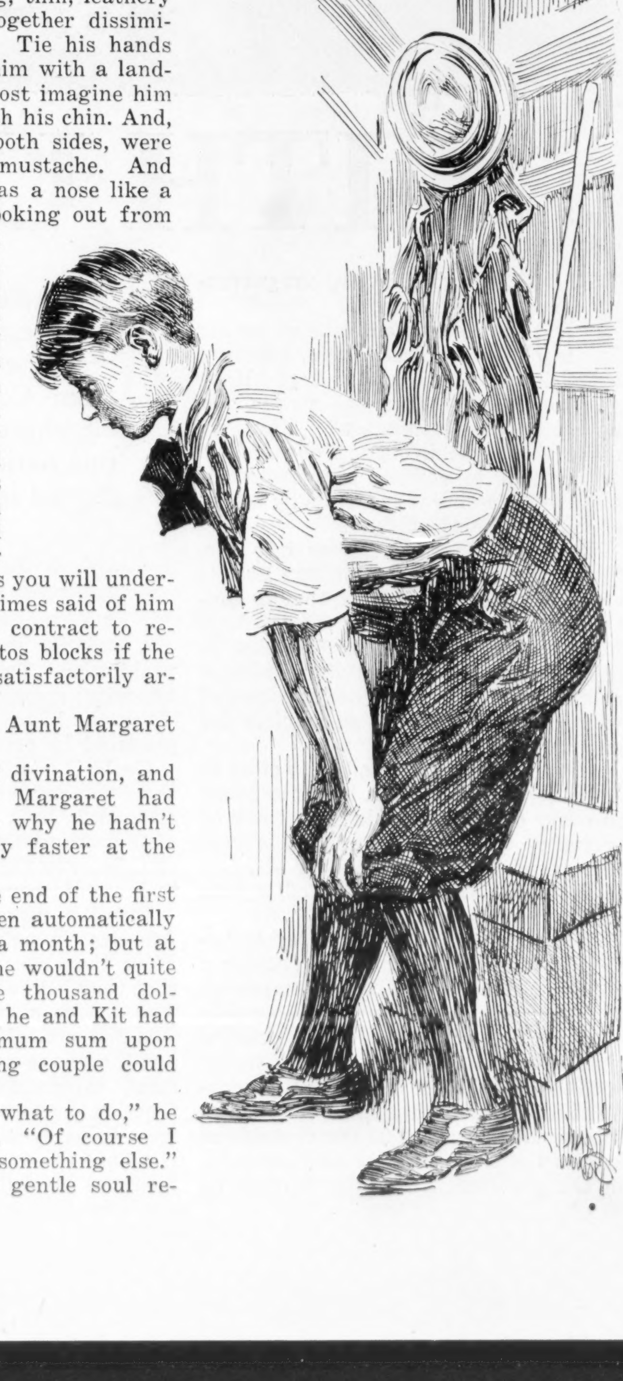
"It seems to me he holds you—well—pretty close."

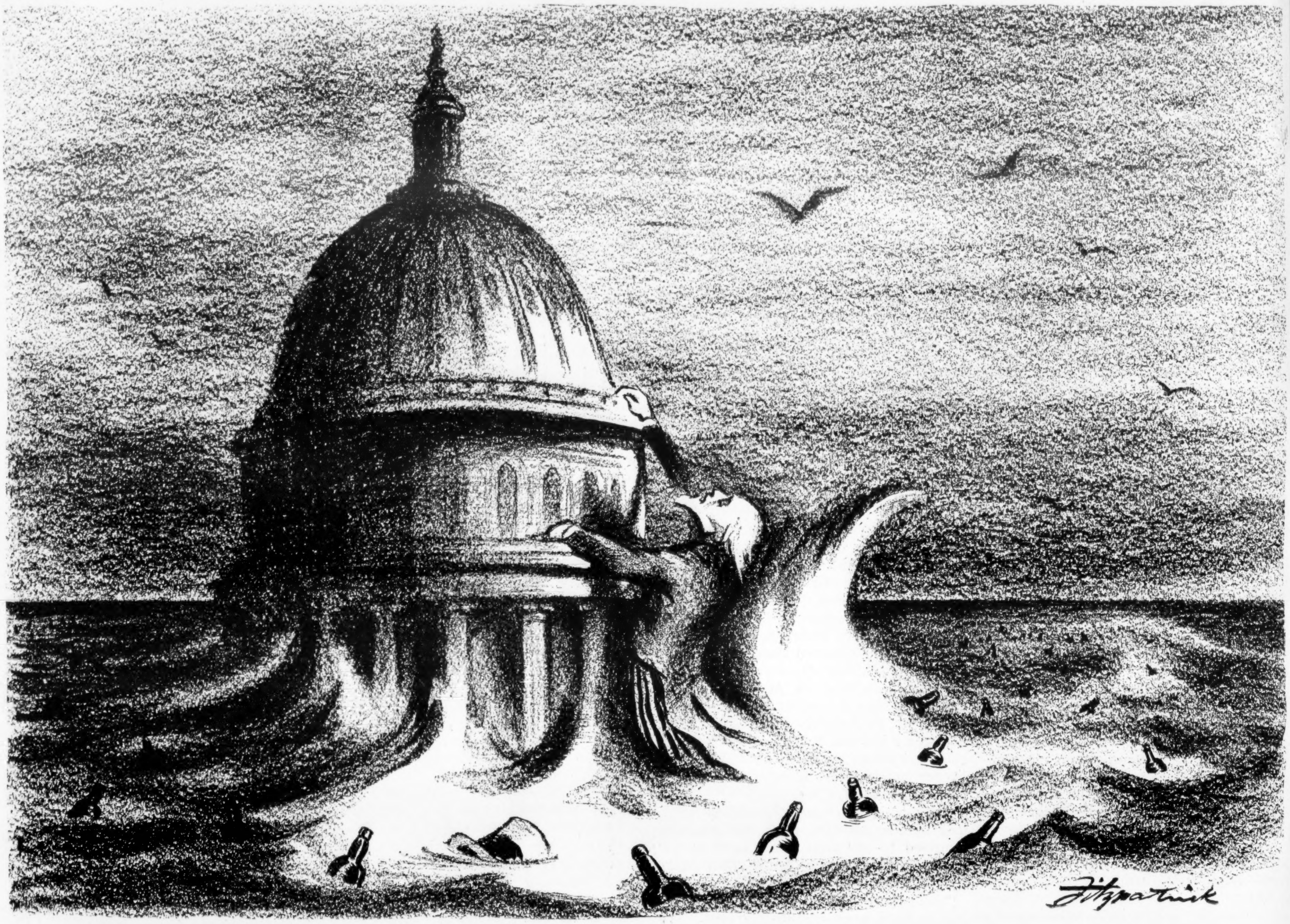
"Sure. You have to—when you dance like that."

IT WAS only a short time after this when one of the three inevitable things happened: Cliff's father had left him twenty-five thousand dollars invested in old-fashioned 4 per cent railroad bonds—each bond secured by a mortgage which was clamped down tight upon the rails, the total income being a thousand dollars a year. Cliff began to wonder if he couldn't increase this income; and Jeff Parsons next door having lately been appointed local manager of an investment house whose branches dotted (*Continued on page 32*)



Her lips were closely held and her eyes stared right at you as though she would read you through and through





WITH US, THE DELUGE

EAST and West, North and South, comes the shocking testimony of the failure of federal prohibition enforcement. In this third article, based on the returns from Collier's nation-wide questionnaire, William G. Shepherd gives startling evidence of the extent to which our national government has been weakened and corrupted in its losing contest with the venders of alcohol.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

IS BOOZE stronger than our government at Washington?

Did our government take on too big a job, half a decade ago, when we asked it to make America dry? Have you and I misjudged the power and authority of Washington? Have we made a mistake in asking our federal government to enforce prohibition instead of enforcing it ourselves by means of locally elected officials?

To put all these questions into one, "Do you believe the Prohibition Law is enforceable?" Please note that in considering this question you are not dealing with the question of prohibition itself—the merits or demerits of alcohol as a beverage. You are dealing instead with law and with the mechanism for enforcing that law.

If you could go from office to office in American cities or from house to house in every corner of the land and ask of scores of thousands of reputable men this question, "Do you believe the law is enforceable?" what sort of a vote would you have in the end?

Would one man out of ten say he believed the law not enforceable? Such a vote would show an alarming mistrust of 10 per cent of our men in the power of our government. Could it be possible that one man out of every five would vote that he did not believe the government could enforce the law? A vote like that would show that 20 per cent of the men of the United States had lost faith in the government's ability to enforce prohibition. Twenty per cent is a large minority; some of the greatest upheavals in the history of nations have been produced by smaller minorities.

Could it possibly be as bad as a one-third vote against the power of the government? Is it credible that one third of the men would say that they had lost confidence in the government in regard to law enforcement?

But it's more than this to-day in America in reference to prohibition. *More* than one tenth of our men say that they believe the law cannot be enforced. *More* than 20 per cent express this distrust. *More* than one third admit they have no confidence in government enforcement. Only the barest fraction prevents the men of America from being evenly split on the question. Here are the averages of opinion taken from not yet fully completed returns of Collier's now famous gigantic questionnaire on prohibition enforcement. They show that almost every other man in America, judging from Collier's male subscribers, most of them householders, believes the law cannot be enforced. Here are the three queries submitted to the voters:

I. Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?

II. Is the law enforced in your locality?

III. If not, do you consider the law enforceable?

Read the vote of "confidence" in our government's prohibition enforcement, to answer to the question "Do you consider the law enforceable?"

OUT OF EVERY 100 MEN VOTERS 48.8 VOTED "NO."

THE REMAINING 51.2 PER CENT VOTED "YES."

There you have it! The believers have a ghostlike majority over the doubters of only 1.2 per cent. It comes pretty near to being an even split.

This hairlike division shows that we have been staggering along with a prohibition enforcement that only the barest majority of us has believed in.

But that's not the worst of it. There was a day, before federal prohibition, when the power of the federal government was never questioned in the minds of our citizens. "United States secret service men," "a government man"—these were titles to command faith and respect. But how is it now? The answer is these 48.8 per cent of doubters. To have almost one half of us menfolks acknowledging our lack of faith in politics-poisoned prohibition enforcement is equivalent to having a great mass of poisoned opinions in America in regard to the efficiency and integrity of our federal government. Our body of American opinion *is* poisoned by corrupt, political prohibition enforcement, just as seriouly as your body or mind might be poisoned by alcohol.

In fact, the results of this Collier's investigation show that we have come to the place in America when we must ask ourselves, "Which is the worse poison, alcohol or corrupt federal prohibition enforcement?"

How do these men reach their opinion in regard to the nonenforceability of the law? It must be remembered that the inquiry was no corner-cigarstore, hit-or-miss straw vote on prohibition with voters casting as many ballots as they pleased. It was conducted as an office-to-office and house-to-house nation-wide campaign by 1,000 bonded employees of Collier's among subscribers to Collier's. The name and address of each voter appears on his ballot, and the answers to the three questions were made by writing "Yes" or "No" after each question. With these facts in your mind, I repeat the inquiry, "How do these men reach their opinion in regard to the nonenforceability of the law?"

Simply enough, as the results disclose. These men, since federal prohibition went into effect, have seen the bootlegger spring up everywhere to take the place of the saloon. They were asked the question "Is the law enforced in *your locality?*"

America is Still Wet

YOU'D think, perhaps, that at least a majority of men in the United States would say they see law enforcement, wouldn't you? If the majority had been only a small one I might, in this land of majority rule, have been able, by stretching a point, to say that the law was being enforced. But I cannot. There *was* no majority. Answers to the query only confirm a statement made by General Lincoln C. Andrews, the new head of prohibition enforcement, who declared in a public statement, after taking on his new duties, "The bootleg industry, in one form or another, extends over the whole country." Here's the result of the vote among men on the question:

"Is the law enforced in your locality?"

OUT OF EVERY 100 VOTERS ONLY 32, OR LESS THAN ONE THIRD, VOTED "YES."

SIXTY-EIGHT OUT OF EVERY 100 VOTERS, OR OVER TWO MEN OUT OF EVERY THREE, VOTED "NO."

Is it any wonder that, with two thirds of our men seeing no enforcement, almost half of them, as previously shown, should lose faith in the government's power of enforcement?

These men, in their votes, are telling us that America is still wet.

Do they want it to be wet? One question in the list of three was "Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?" I came across one ballot marked "Yes, I am satisfied with conditions;" "No, the law is not being enforced;" "No, I do not believe the law can be enforced." That was an answer worthy of a bootlegger, of course. But in the results I have at hand at this writing such opinion does not appear. In an article last week concerning the opinion of women regarding prohibition enforcement, it was shown that about two thirds of them were dissatisfied with conditions. That's nothing. THREE QUARTERS of the men are dissatisfied with conditions. The vote in answer to the question "Are you satisfied?" was:

SEVENTY-SIX OUT OF EVERY 100 MEN SAID, "NO, WE ARE NOT SATISFIED."

ONLY 24 OUT OF EVERY 100 SAID "YES."

Those in Washington concerned with prohibition enforcement will do well to take note of these facts. To sum up, they show that 76 per cent of the men are dissatisfied with conditions, 68 per cent say the law is not being enforced and almost one half of them believe it cannot be enforced. With such opinion as this prevailing, a President is likely to fail of reëlection some day on the prohibition issue alone.

I don't believe, incidentally, that it is generally known that United States senators have been given the political plums of prohibition unit jobs; that they have the right to select all prohibition officials. There is no civil service in the prohibition unit, unless it be among a few office clerks. The field men and the directors are all chosen by political methods. An underling who goes crooked has as much pull with the senator who got him his job as has his superior officer, also picked by senators or party leaders.

The vote rang true to local conditions. It was thoroughly tested. For instance: the state of New Jersey, last of the states to ratify the amendment to the national Constitution, and the states of Rhode Island and Connecticut, which are the only states that have never ratified it, have shown their wetness by their attitude toward the amendment. In these three states the men were the most dissatisfied men in any major group in America; 82.6 per cent of them said "No" when asked if they were content with conditions. When asked if the law was enforced in their localities 72.2 per cent said "No." When asked if the law appeared enforceable, 63.6 per cent said they did not believe it could be enforced. The despair of enforcement of these dissatisfied men in the three wettest states was far and away the highest of any group in America. This was a test vote that was to be expected from America's wettest spots. It shows, with other checking-up tests, that the results of the inquiry may in general be safely taken as truly showing local conditions.

Slapped in the Face

OUR federal prohibition enforcement officials, in many districts, have been slapping us in the face. What do they care for local opinion, whether it's wet or dry? They're not afraid of local votes; the only man they fear is the politician who got them their jobs. This is proved by the fact that in all the wettest spots in America the percentage of dissatisfaction among the men is the highest. Apparently men want their own wet communities made dry, but they can't control the absentee masters of prohibition who are sent by Washington to their districts on practically passing visits to serve them as "prohibition enforcers." See here:

In the four Northwestern Canadian-border states of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Idaho, where border rum running prevails, 81.4 per cent of the men say they are not satisfied with conditions. That is a tremendous majority of public opinion. And these same men, to the extent of 72.6 per cent, say the enforcement officials are not doing their jobs—definite, undeniable, mathematical proof that the enforcement officials in these states have been flying in the face of public opinion.

The day *must* come in America when these government officials in the prohibition unit will do what public opinion wants them to do. Undoubtedly the 76 per cent of men all over America who say they are dissatisfied with conditions and the 68 per cent of them who say in the same breath that the law is not being enforced *want* the federal government to do its job. They don't want inefficient, cheating, federal officials sent to their communities.

Prohibition officials in the Atlantic Coast states, from Maine to Florida, are charged by a 70.3 per cent vote of the men with not enforcing the law, and at the same time over seven out of ten of the men in these states say they are dissatisfied with such a condition. If the men of these states could control federal prohibition officials, it's a cinch that the citizens would kick the non-law-enforcing crowd of federal payroll officials in these Atlantic Coast states clear back to Washington.

In 14 of the largest cities you find the men believing that prohibition officials have been permitting a deluge of booze in the face of public opinion. In the cities, too, the greater the lack of enforcement, the greater is the dissatisfaction with conditions among the men. When the city men were asked if they were satisfied with conditions *four men out of five said they were NOT satisfied.* When these same city men were asked if the prohibition officials were doing their jobs (if the law was being enforced) seven out of ten said they were not. And yet a majority of the city men said they believed the law could be enforced. These city men are telling us that they want officials who will stop the booze deluge and cease slapping public opinion in the face.

The Wettest City

TAKE Atlanta, Ga., as an instance. It seems to be the wettest city in America, judging from men's standards (though the women's vote, reported in an article last week in Collier's, made St. Paul and San Francisco about tied for that distinction). Over nine men out of every ten in Atlanta answered "No" when, in going from office to office and house to house, Collier's men asked them if they were content with conditions. These men were not discontented because Atlanta appeared *dry* to them. It didn't appear dry. It appeared reeking *wet*. Atlanta, it would seem, has been in the hands of government officials who were traitors to the law and to public opinion so far as prohibition enforcement goes. The same nine out of ten Atlanta men who said they were dissatisfied with conditions also said the law was not being enforced in Atlanta. But —a majority of them believed it could be.

Here in the order of their wetness is the score of dissatisfaction among men in 14 cities: Atlanta, 92.5 per cent; San Francisco, 91.2; Washington, D. C., 89.5; New York, 87.4; Boston, 84.6; St. Paul, 84.5; New Orleans, 82.4; St. Louis, 80.2; Philadelphia, 79.5; Minneapolis, 75.1; Chicago, 72.5; Seattle, 69.9; Detroit, 63.9; Denver, 57.2. Denver men are lowest in their discontent with conditions; thus they agree with the women of Denver.

Ninety-two per cent of Atlanta men, as previously shown, said the law was not enforced, and 88 per cent of San Francisco men. The score for men in other cities who said the law was not enforced in their communities was: Washington, D. C., 87.6 per cent; St. Paul, 85; New York, 84.7; Chicago, 78.3; St. Louis, 77.7; Seattle, 75.4; New Orleans, 75.1; Boston, 69.5; Minneapolis, 66.7; Denver, 56.8; Detroit, 51; Philadelphia, 45.4.

The Wettest State

THE wettest state, measuring by reports from men on nonenforcement, was Maryland, with 83.2 per cent saying the law is not enforced there. The driest state, on this same basis, is Kansas, with 51.9 per cent of the men reporting nonenforcement.

The District of Columbia almost tops the states in wetness, for 89.5 per cent of the men there are dissatisfied as compared with a state average of 76; 87.6 per cent of the men there say the law is not being enforced, as compared with only 68 per cent of all men saying the same thing, while over three men out of every four in the national capital say the law cannot be enforced, as compared with a little less than one half of all men in America saying the same.

Our national capital, Washington, seat of prohibition law enforcement, stands among the 14 cities as the third wettest, and the District of Columbia is wetter than any of the states except Maryland, the wettest of all.

If Washington, the home of our rulers, is wet, why expect dryness anywhere in the land, except in those districts where citizens depend for dryness not upon Washington and its politics, but upon their own local officials?

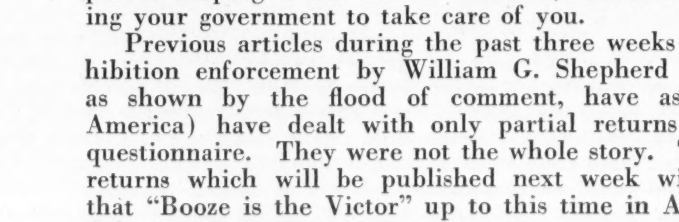
FEDERAL ENFORCEMENT

BOOZE *is the* VICTOR

NEXT week Collier's gives the final returns on prohibition enforcement. The startling conditions disclosed will convince you that you ought to do your part in helping to take care of America, instead of expecting your government to take care of you.

Previous articles during the past three weeks on prohibition enforcement by William G. Shepherd (which, as shown by the flood of comment, have astounded America) have dealt with only partial returns on the questionnaire. They were not the whole story. The full returns which will be published next week will show that "Booze is the Victor" up to this time in America's fight for dryness.

For the first time will be presented a faithful cross-section of what American men and women really think of our five years' experiment with federal prohibition enforcement.



in next week's Collier's

The man who rules the Senate

The story of the Kansas jockey, with Indian blood in his veins, who is now pilot of the Republican majority

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

SINCE 1919, when Woodrow Wilson lost the leadership of the world and of his own country, America has been led, if not governed, by the United States Senate. President Wilson, broken in health, struggled tragically to hold his leadership. Presidents Harding and Coolidge have striven as impotently if not so tragically to keep the hollow forms of leadership in the White House.

President Harding came from the Senate. He was nominated by a senatorial cabal which controlled the Republican National Convention of 1920. Out of courtesy the Senate let him save his Presidential face. In return for the senatorial kindness he allowed the Senate to entrench itself in power. Two senatorial blocs formed under him and continued to function under Coolidge for the first two years of his term—the agrarian bloc and the so-called irreconcilables; one bi-partisan, the other for the most part Republican.

When President Coolidge came to the White House the Senate entente was broken. By resolution the Senate demanded changes in the President's cabinet. Two members, Denby and Daugherty, left under senatorial pressure. The Senate then refused to confirm the appointment of Charles B. Warren to a place in the cabinet. The blocs were unchecked.

The Vice President coming in with the new Coolidge administration in March, 1925, railed against the blocs; complained at the minority control of the Senate, which was in reality the soul of the senatorial cabal, and by reason of the Vice Presidential clamor the people came to realize the situation, which is in effect a revolutionary change in our government. For if the Senate wins its fight for leadership in American government the Presidential office must decline in prestige and power until it logically will become little better than the presidency in France and in Germany—a figurehead in government.

Politics His Only Calling

ENTERING his first elective term President Coolidge found the Senate organized, not against him, but quite independently of him. His pious determination to be merely a constitutional President made his tremendous majority a movie victory, for the Senate leads the Congress and the Congress defies the President and so rules the land.

Now the Senate leadership is nominally and actually in the hands of Charles Curtis of Kansas, a senator of the United States since 1907, barring a lapse of two years when he fell among the Rooseveltian Philistines.

Charles Curtis came to Congress in 1893, and spent fourteen years in the House of Representatives before coming to the Senate. He was elected to his first office, county attorney of Shawnee County, Kansas, in 1884, and barring six years of "rest from his love employ" has been in office for forty years.

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THE Congress defies the President and rules the land; the Senate leads the Congress; and the leadership of the Senate is in the firm hands of Curtis of Kansas. Get acquainted with him here. You'll hear much talk about him this winter.

Curtis, considered as a product of blood and habitat, is fairly inevitable as a leader. In his veins are three potent strains of inheritance—Indian, French and New England.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Curtis' great-grandfather, a Frenchman living near St. Louis, married the daughter of White Plume, a Kaw Indian chief. She was the granddaughter of Chief Pawhuskie of the Osage tribe. Julie Conville, the daughter of this Indian woman, married Louis Pappan, a French trader near St. Louis in the middle of the century and the Pappans moved with the Kaw Indians to their reservation in Kansas. Senator Curtis' grandmother, Julie Conville Pappan, had an Indian allotment—a farm near North Topeka, Kansas, where Curtis was born, the child of Ellen Pappan and Captain O. A. Curtis.

Now the Curtises were from Indiana out of New England—old New England. His grandmother, Pamelia Hubbard, came with her New England conscience from New Hampshire and her people, the Hubbards, came from Massachusetts, where they appeared in 1621. Ten years later the Curtises landed in New York. With the adventurers of freedom who rushed into Kansas in the mid-fifties came in '56 O. A. Curtis, who married the Indian girl Ellen Pappan, went to the Civil War and returned a brave soldier and a captain after the war of the sixties was over.

No mere political happen-so is this man Curtis. The scion of two Indian chieftains of more than local fame was probably going to be a leader of his fellows.

The grandson of a Frenchman was going to have a certain charm and romantic flare in his life. And that Hubbard blood doomed him inexorably to a life-term servitude of details—dry, hard details that under his imagination were bound to take some definite shape in a constructive form.

The French and Indians got him first. His early career was romantic. His mother died when he was three years old and he went to the Kaw reservation sixty miles west of Topeka with his grandmother, Julie Pappan, who was living with her mother's people—reservation Indians. The illimitable prairie was there; hunting was a part of the child's daily life. Dogs and horses were the companions of babyhood and boyhood, and at eight Charles Curtis was a jockey, riding races at the fairs. At ten he had a name in the state and at twelve he was a figure in his part of the world; a lithe, handsome, black-haired, black-eyed boy, the Indian jockey—"ol' Cap Curtis' boy."

The "Indian Jockey" Quits

AFTER the Cheyenne Indian raid in 1868 Charles Curtis went back to his father's people and lived with his father's parents—in Topeka, Kansas. When the government sent the Kaw Indians from Morris County, Kansas, to the Indian Territory—where now Oklahoma is—the little Curtis boy desired to go with his grandmother Pappan.

He joined the tribal hegira. But the first trek out of Topeka Julie Pappan came to him late at night and told him to go back—and he did so. He walked to Topeka. In the winter he went to school; in the summer and fall he followed the races. When he was sixteen years old he had a winter contract for riding—a good one, worth more money to him than his father could have made. But again a wise woman's voice spoke to him—his Curtis grandmother, Pamelia Hubbard Curtis of New Hampshire, persuaded him to quit the track and go to school. So he went through the grades of the common school and began life on his own.

The New England blood was forever calling him and in the livery stable he spent his spare hours with his books. He got a job as a reporter on a North Topeka paper and in his late teens went about writing and soliciting subscribers.

Thus he began to use his brains to promote his career. He found that he could remember names and faces. He knew the names of men and women all over Shawnee County who were to be his assets when he entered politics. Also here is where he got his first windfall—the inheritance from the Convilles and Pappans, his blessed gift as a handshaker, the indefinable thing called charm which binds men to one forever. His more favored enemies referred to him as "the Injun," or, being sarcastic, "the Noble Red Man of the Forest," or, for short, "Lo!" Be that as it may, he has never lost a friend or trusted an enemy in all his long and rising career.

They Called Him "Our Charley"

HOW curiously different are the lines of these two lives, that of Curtis the plainsman, and Coolidge the Green Mountaineer; lives that were to come together so closely in the third decade of the new century and to carry with them such power for good or evil in the history of mankind. Curtis, the little Indian jockey with his fantastic jockey clothes, was riding races the year Coolidge was born, driving a bus, studying between hours in the livery stable as Coolidge was coddled, a sheltered, shy and rather lonely child.

So with his French and Indian inheritance Curtis entered life. At nineteen he began studying law in Topeka and when twenty-one he was admitted to the bar. He went into local politics. He was of course an organization man and a Republican by inheritance. He appeared at the city and county conventions with the names of hundreds of farmers at his tongue's tip.

He was a handsome lad in that day—slight, with the jockey's litheness, with affectionate, black, caressing eyes hard to forget; with a fine, olive skin, and a haymow of black hair and a curling black mustache. Add to that a gentle, (*Continued on page 36*)

What chance have Americans in Opera?

By ROSE C. FELD

Drawings by Paul Chapman

Don't let anybody tell you Americans can't sing. All the glory no longer goes to the foreigner: here's the proof

Soprano or contralto, the American star holds her own

FOR years it was taken for granted that no American could possibly rise to operatic stature. We turned to Europe for our singers. All the stars came from abroad. Foreign birth was an essential ingredient of success. A great American opera star? Perish the idea!

And to-day? Let us see.

To-day Ohio, Connecticut, Texas, Missouri, New York, California and various other states not only do as well by grand opera as the European nations, but better—in some respects. If numerical superiority be any criterion the United States is far ahead of Europe, for we are supporting more opera companies than any two or three foreign nations combined. Nor need we be ashamed of the quality of our productions, either.

A Tryout on the High Seas

IN THE roster of last season's singers of leading and secondary rôles at the Metropolitan Opera House there were thirty-two sopranos. Of these, thirteen were American, four English or Australian and the rest European. And all of the Americans were born here. Among the mezzo-sopranos and contraltos there were five Americans out of a total of thirteen. Seven, say Jeanne Gordon and Kathleen Howard, who, though Canadian-born, insist on being called natives of this country. The same, by the way, is true of Edward Johnson, whose voice is often likened to that of Caruso. Most of the English or Canadian born singers have become naturalized Americans.

Of tenors there were eighteen. Six were Americans. When it comes to baritones and bassos the figures do not show up so well; but, again, it should be remembered, we do as well as any one Continental country. Four of the sixteen baritones were American; of the twelve bassos, one was an American.

Not so long ago a Metropolitan audience was brought to its feet by the triumph of the boy from Bakersfield, California, young Lawrence Tibbett, the baritone appearing as Ford in "Falstaff."

Tibbett's story is known to-day. It is unusual, or, rather, it is considered unusual, because it took place in the field of grand opera rather than of industry or finance. His grandparents went to California in the gold rush. His parents lived at Bakersfield until young Lawrence was seven, when they moved to Los Angeles in order that he might have the advantages of proper schools. There was nothing extraordinary about them, nothing extraordinary about him. When he was ready he went to the Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles. He joined the glee club and the dramatic club—but what American boy doesn't? The war came shortly after he entered college and young Tibbett was drafted into the navy. That he wasn't considered an operatic prodigy then is witnessed by the disgust with which a solo of his was greeted by one of his superior officers on his ship.

"Shut off that noise out there, Tibbett!" came the command, and Tibbett shut it off.

Cow-Punching to Opera

AFTER the war he married and then came the problem of supporting a wife, and in time twins. Tibbett, encouraged by music teachers and his wife, insisted he could sing. To prove it he got himself a job with the California Opera Company and sang with them all along the California coast. When the twins were about a year old he decided to come east; and soon he found himself singing in the choir of a church in New Rochelle. In time he was introduced to Madame Frances Alda, who immediately recognized his ability. A meeting with Gatti-Casazza was arranged and the rest, with short interludes, is operatic history.

Lawrence Tibbett's story is not unique. There are a dozen at least like it among the men who have sung in the Metropolitan in seasons past or who are singing there to-day.

Among them you will find Mario Chamlee, also of Los Angeles; Rafaelo Diaz, of San Antonio, Texas; Ralph Errolle, of Chicago, Illinois; Edward Johnson, the Canadian who insists he is an American; George Meader of Minneapolis, Minnesota—all tenors. Clarence Whitehill of Marengo, Iowa, and Edmunde Burke, a Canadian who came across the border for a hearing, are baritones like Tibbett. William Gustafson of Arlington, Massachusetts, is the American bass. All these sang leading rôles at the Metropolitan during the past season. Going back a bit farther you'll find Orville Harrold and Reinald Werrenrath, the first hailing from Delaware County, Indiana, the second from Brooklyn, New York.

Wagnerian singers aren't all German

The stories of all of them would require too much space. Three or four will suffice to make the point. Clarence Whitehill in his youth thought vastly more of being a cow-puncher than being an opera star. He can still saddle a pony and round up a herd of cattle. It was after his cow-punching career that he turned to singing. He took up his studies in Chicago; after which he came to New York. Madame Melba encouraged him. Upon her advice he went to Paris and shortly after had the great distinction of being the first male American to sing at the Opéra Comique. He made his début in "Faust"! To-day he sings the leading baritone rôles in all the Wagnerian operas.

George Meader, like Reinald Werrenrath, makes an appeal to the average American male where an Italian or a Spanish singer would not. Both are athletes of no mean repute. George Meader, the Minneapolis boy, began his musical career in a church choir. So fine was his voice that he was brought to New York as a member of a church choir. There he remained until his voice changed, and then back to Minneapolis he went to finish his high school work. Later he was matriculated at the University of Minnesota where, like other boys with voices, he joined the glee club. As important to him as his musical standing was his reputation as a miler on the track team and his place in tennis. To-day he sings leading rôles, among them many German opera parts.

A more picturesque story than any of these, perhaps, is that of Orville Harrold, now almost entirely devoted to the concert stage. During his last year at the Metropolitan Harrold sang many of the rôles made famous by Caruso.

It was not until after he was married and the father of three children that the thought of a musical career, seriously followed, came to him. His job was making crates in a fruit-jar factory in Muncie, Indiana. In time he rose to be shipping clerk. He sang in the church choir, it is true, but then so did several other men in the town. When friends told him he had a voice he was pleased, but it didn't worry him any. Finally, however, he was prevailed upon to go to New York and see whether he couldn't do at least as well singing as he did shipping his boss' product.

A letter to the Shubert offices opened one door to him. He sang and was signed up for fifty dollars a week. From light opera and musical productions of the kind given by the Shuberts, by dint of much study, he worked his way into the Metropolitan offices. From there it was a short step to the stage.

No longer do our songbirds need foreign plumage

The All-American Galaxy

EDWARD JOHNSON also started in comic opera. It took him fifteen years to go from Forty-first Street, where he sang in a light-opera production, to Fortieth Street and grand opera. So great an impression did he make in light opera that he decided to go to Italy to take a thorough training in singing. He stayed there for many years, became an Italianated *tenore robusto* known as Eduardo di Giovanni, and a great favorite with opera-goers of Rome, Milan, Genoa and Florence. New York in time claimed him again for her own, and to-day he sings the leading tenor rôles in most of the operas.

So much for the men, then. But here are ladies, a score and more of them! Let's begin with one, or rather two, who in the (*Continued on page 37*)

He stood on the top of the world

Matt Henson was with Peary, and he's willing to eat all the land scientists find at the North Pole

By JOHN BATISTE

A MILD-MANNERED colored clerk, sixty years old, with a slow, soft voice that never reaches even the fringe of egotism, sits in a dingy room at the New York Custom House. He sorts papers endlessly in the dull routine of the service; to his superiors he is nothing but a number on a pay roll, and when for occasional relief he lifts his head from the desk he can see through the window only naked brick walls.

He is Matthew Henson, native of Charles County, Maryland, most traveled of all living American explorers. Eight times he made the round trip to the top of the world with Peary, he and one other, Hugh Lee of Meriden, Conn., being with the famed conqueror of the Arctic on April 6, 1909, when the pole was finally discovered.

"We spent thirty-six hours at the pole," says Matt. "And I slept part of the time—in a sled—while Admiral Peary made his records. It was about seventy degrees below zero when we made the final dash. Longitude had run out. The admiral wouldn't take any chances on missing the pole, so we drove across the arctic rim four times—two round trips—making a large X, and when we stopped in the center he deposited a 12-inch long steel cylinder with an insulated cork cap to keep it afloat. In the cylinder we put a small American flag—enough of it to enable anyone to recognize it, if it is ever found; a copy of our log and records, and a document setting forth the discovery, signed by the twenty-five members of our exploration party. The admiral laid this cylinder on an iceberg. We didn't plant a flag. There was no place to plant one. And it wouldn't have been any use, for there's nobody there to see one.

"There was no celebration or excitement. The admiral simply said, 'That's that. Let's go home.'

"And we came home.

"The last two trips are most vivid in my memory. The six before that were repetitions of one another—lots of hard work getting nowhere. Black night for three months at a time or broad daylight for three months on end, with no word from home for months at a time! Once four trips bunched together kept us away from America for three years without so much as a post card.

"None of us drew any wages. When we hit port the admiral supplied us with pocket money. But we were all volunteers, and nobody demanded pay, except, of course, the small ship's crew.

"I had been in the admiral's employ before he started north-poling. And when he told me, one day in 1891, that he was going out exploring I asked him to be taken along. He gave me the job of carpenter, building the sleds in the months of waiting through the winter. Then, when we started out to cross the ice plateaus for the pole, I became a sort of secretary.

"We worked in teams, each team with nine dogs and three months' rations. The rations were pemmican and tea. On the boat we had plenty of good food and a variety of it—canned fruit and vegetables, dried potatoes which swelled overnight in water and cooked up to taste like everyday potatoes. But on the sled drives each man was limited to two pounds of pemmican—dried beef, powdered and mixed with raisins, currants and tallow, then packed into cakes—and two quarts of tea a day.

"On the ice I'd always sleep in a shakedown beside the admiral. You'd go to bed while one man stayed on watch, as a lonesome, hungry bear might be padding around at unexpected moments. You could hear the ice grinding and piling as you slept. No wise man covered his face completely, because the moisture from the skin pores would freeze and cake.

"I've seen myself and the admiral start to sleep side by side and wake up to find each other separated by a mile of water. The ice cracks and floats apart right under you.

"The most exciting time I remember was once when two of the Eskimos we took with us were stalking reindeer with me—a sudden storm of blinding snow—snow that swept down from the north and scratched your face as though it was cat's nails. I got separated from the Eskimos; couldn't see or feel anything but snow. So I lay down on the ice and went to sleep. When I woke up the Eskimos, also asleep, were lying within fifty feet of me. I got a big laugh out of that."

Those thirty-six hours at the pole have left no special elation in the mild soul of Matt Henson, saving the ironic reflection that the North Pole, the physical peak of Nordic attainment, should be sentimentally part of a Negro's possessions.

"It was all part of the job," he crystallizes this high moment of living, "and not a very interesting part excepting that we knew the job was finished. But how on earth these later parties expect to land there from the air is beyond me. They can't do it. They can pass over and back and forward through the air if the storms aren't driving as viciously as they were when we were up. But they'll never be able to land within miles of the pole. And I'm willing to eat all the land they'll ever find between Greenland and the pole."

"What," I asked Matt, "was the first thing you did when you reached Maine after finding the pole?"

"I took me to a restaurant," he grinned—"a lunchroom with stools—and I says to the waiter, 'Bring me the biggest strip of pie you ever sliced, and load it down with ice cream—vanilla ice cream.'"

And the wife he had acquired before making the last dash with Peary determined that Matt would never get far from pie à la mode in future.

"It came hard for me to settle down. It seemed that living in long dark or long light, with everything frozen about, was my career," he says. "But the wife argued with me that the pole was found, and that it hadn't meant much to me beyond a frozen memory. Nobody's ever done anything about it.

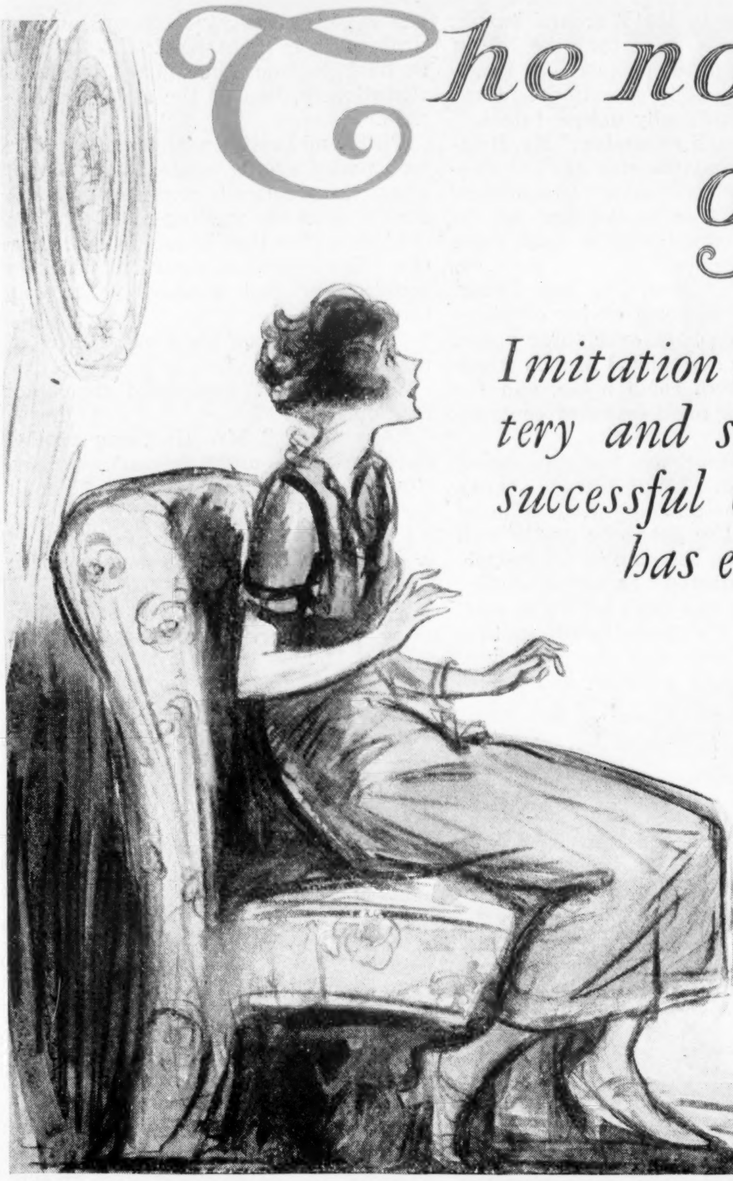
"When these other fellows come back they'll have no more to show. Even the cold they feel can be had in New York during a blizzard. You can get just as much of a kick out of discovering a vacant seat in the subway.

"Anybody who asks me if I'm the Matt Henson who was with Peary at the North Pole always gets the same answer: 'Yes—what of it?'"

The North Pole Didn't Kill His Taste for Ice Cream

"When I got back," says Matt Henson, "I took me to a restaurant—a lunchroom with stools—and I says to the waiter, 'Bring me the biggest strip of pie you ever sliced, and load it down with ice cream—vanilla ice cream.'"

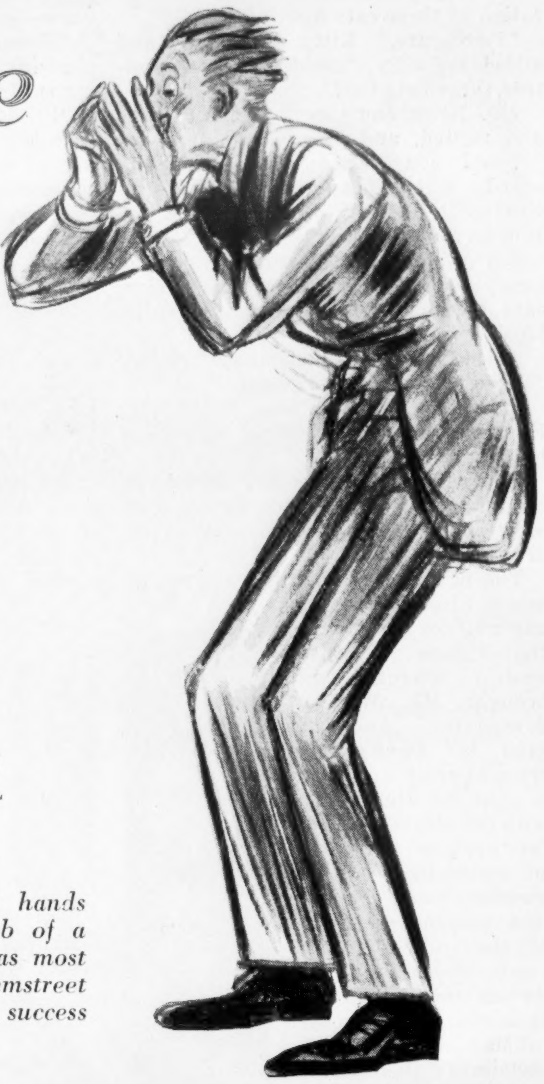
The noise off-stage



Imitation is the sincerest flattery and sometimes the most successful courtship. Also it has even other uses

By
NUNNALLY
JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
AUGUST HENKEL



Through his cupped hands came the steady throb of a powerful motor. It was most convincing and Mr. Hemstreet was delirious with success

EXCEPTING the music provided by the Six Jazzing Fools' Symphonic Dance Blues Society Hotel Orchestra, which came in over the radio, everything was pleasant and peaceful in the room, and the Warders, mama and papa, were enjoying the entertainment quietly.

To be sure, music, even as fine as this, never moved either of them to the point of whooping and yelling and galloping around the room, for they were as decorous a pair as might be found in Baldwin, N. J., but to-night, in fact at this very hour, there was additional peace and sweetness in their minds. Kitty had a fellow.

Gray Mrs. Warder knitted and patted one foot to the rhythm of "Heavy Sugar Papa, Don't You Two-time Mama," while Mr. Warder, unable to pat adequately because his shoes were off, thought deeply and contentedly, blissful in the felicity of his contemplations. Yes. Kitty had a fellow.

Once, at 9:13:56 P. M., he was seized with a fit of loquacity and spoke.

"You know, Ma," he said, "Kitty ain't bad-looking a-tall."

Sacrificing two beats in a minor chord Mrs. Warder replied, "She's pretty—and sweet-looking." Then she swung back into the rhythm, catching on the tail note of the bar in which she'd lost so much.

Very truly Kitty was not bad-looking, not by two blue-jade eyes and a complexion comparable only to a well-washed Georgia peach. Nor had this escaped many of Baldwin's boldest young bloods. Indeed, more than one had been drawn to T. G. Warder's Drug Store down by the Lackawanna station to make purchases he didn't want, but glad, yes, glad, glad, *glad* to spend money within her presence.

For Kitty was clerk in the Warder store—the only clerk, in fact—and there, her father had suspected a little worriedly at first, she was going to be content to stay, unmarried and happy.

It was, as he had confided to Mrs. Warder, puzzling in the extreme. Was it that she was holding herself too good for Matty Goodrich, Nat Fiske, Walter Michelin, Tom Kelly—for any one of a number of other smart boys who had made plain their hopes? Mrs. Warder did not know, but believed it was all for the best, whatever it was.

THE truth of the matter was that Matty Goodrich used a toothpick, Nat Fiske wore a derby, Walter Michelin used double negatives and Tom Kelly read the sporting news, and Kitty could not figure it beyond the realm of possibility that some day she might find a man who, in one full sweep, did none of these things.

But now, this evening, downstairs in the parlor, Kitty was entertaining a fellow, one for whom she'd gone to prolonged preparations, one of whom she'd spoken with something like excitement during dinner. Max, his name was, or Jeffery or Oscar or something like that —Mr. Warder could not recall it at the moment.

She'd met him in the store. He was a stranger in Baldwin. This much and no more had the Warders, mama and papa, been able to get from her during the rush to clear the way for his call, and yet so auspicious were all the signs and symptoms that the two old folks were happy, satisfied, contented, as they listened to the Six Jazzing Fools' Symphonic Dance Blues Society Hotel Orchestra.

And then, at 9:26:34 P. M., there rose from the room below, from the very room where their daughter served as hostess to her guest, strange, ghastly and spine-chilling noises.

They began as a howl, a mad howl of pain and fury, then stretched into a hiss as taut as a tight rope, paused for one gasping second and finally whirled into blood-curdling chaos—shrieks, yelps, howls, wails as uncanny and numbing as the screams of any banshee. The graveyards, it seemed, had thrown forth their shrillest demons, to torture each other with hot fire, to draw from each other their most awful cries, to rouse the whole sleeping world to death and misery.

This lasted for perhaps forty seconds, and in all the world, Mr. Warder felt, there was no horror to match it. And then it died in a sucking gasp, as though the ground had opened and drawn it all down with one mighty draft. Then again there was silence, silence that found Mr. Warder white and shaken.

For a minute he was unable to speak. His voice was gone. But trembling, finally, he fixed the formerly gray but now white Mrs. Warder with a piercing eye.

"Hear that?" he demanded.

Being neither deaf nor dead she had and nodded. "I think, Papa"—she spoke with difficulty—"you'd better go down and meet this young man."

"Man!"

For a moment Mr. Warder studied his wife incredulously. Then, suddenly, silently, he put on his shoes, and out of deference to whatever drama or tragedy lay ahead, got his coat.

"I'll go!" he announced rather superfluously as he reached the door, and Mrs. Warder, fearing the worst, shut her eyes.

He stepped heavily on the stairs, that any fiend below might have liberal warning and opportunity to flee before his approach, but naught save silence accompanied him to the first floor and to the door of the parlor.

And what he saw within was considerably less than what he had been led to believe; indeed, with his daughter, sitting nervously on a settee well removed from her chair, was a young man of the most harmless mien. Far from being startling he wore—continually, Mr. Warder learned later—a thoroughly startled expression on his face, made even more markedly so by the fact that his hair, instead of lying contentedly back on his head, as hair should, chose rather to stand straight up, as if it were about to sail away in fright. And in fact he himself seemed little more at ease.

Kitty rose as Mr. Warder came to the door. "Come in, Papa," she invited him. "This is Mr. Alfred Hemstreet. My father," she added to the startled young man.

Mr. Alfred Hemstreet thrust out his hand and started to say pardon his gloves when he remembered he had none on. He laughed and blushed in confusion, while Mr. Warder, baffled by this harmless demeanor, stared blankly at him. . . . That noise!

"I'd just started to call you and Mama down," Kitty was saying, "because I wanted you to hear—"

"There was some hell down here," Mr. Warder interrupted stolidly. "Some hell broke loose."

MR. HEMSTREET was, at this, more than overcome with embarrassment and stammered an effort at explanation which failed to emerge lucidly. The girl rescued him.

"Mr. Hemstreet," she said proudly, "is an actor."

"And what was that we heard?" Mr. Warder asked, "Quo Vadis?"

"Why—er—no, sir." The actor was much less than at his ease. "Er—that is, sir, I'm not exactly an actor—in that sense. I—that is—er—I imitate things."

“And what was that you just imitated,” the older man persisted—“two murders by knife and blackjack?”

“Why, no, sir; that was—er—an imitation of three cats fighting and—”

“Two cats,” Kitty corrected, and added excitedly, “could you really imitate three cats too?”

Mr. Hemstreet's eyes turned to her and melted, and he nodded his head. “Would you like to hear me?” he asked. Kitty's head jerked. “If it's all right with you, sir.” He addressed Mr. Warder.

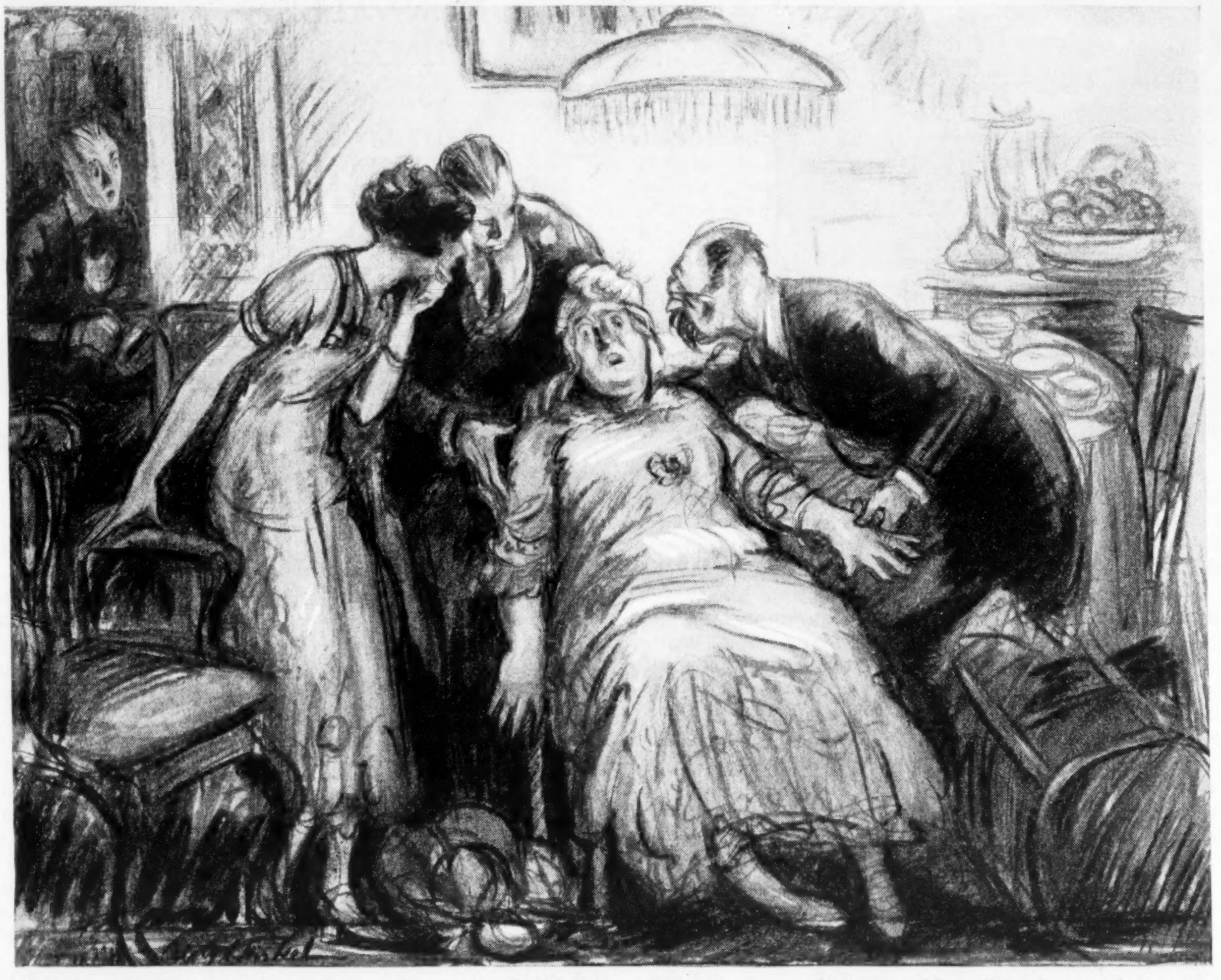
For a minute Mr. Warder did not answer, and then he sat down. “Three cats fighting!” he repeated incredulously.

“Yes, sir,” Mr. Hemstreet replied. “Three cats—three large cats.”

“Let's see!” The tone defied Mr. Hemstreet to raise his fight by even a half a cat.

For reply this time Mr. Hemstreet brought both his hands, curved into mysterious shapes, to his mouth, and drew a deep breath.

The next second the air was rent by howls, hisses, screeches and wails of fully twice the volume of that sound which had brought Mr. Warder downstairs. And behind his hands Mr. Hemstreet's eyes popped out alarmingly with the strain, and his face grew fiery red, but he maintained a tremendous pace for fifteen seconds or more, at the end of which time there was a scream above, followed by a heavy thump.



By the shuffling and confusion he judged that the two men were hoisting Mrs. Warder to her feet

“Ma!” Mr. Warder exclaimed in alarm, springing to his feet. “She's fainted!”

HE RAN to the door, while Mr. Hemstreet paralyzed at what seemed a new calamity overtaking his honest efforts at entertainment, broke out into perspiration and begged with his eyes for mercy. But Mr. Warder's guess had been wrong. His wife had done no more than turn over the radio set as she raced to the head of the stairs, where now she was calling down:

“Pa! What is it!”

“Three cats,” Mr. Warder bellowed back. “Three cats—a man is imitating three cats fighting—three cats!”

“Three!”

“Yes!” yelled Mr. Warder. “Three. He's imitating three cats fighting. It's a man making the noise. Come down.”

There were footsteps on the stair, and Mr. Warder met his wife at the door. “This is Mr. Hemstring, Ma,” he explained. “He was imitating three cats, three large cats, fighting. Would you like to hear him again?”

Mrs. Warder shuddered at the suggestion. “I wouldn't mind hearing him imitate one cat,” she offered mildly and courteously, “but as for three cats—” Her voice trailed away.

“One cat!” Mr. Hemstreet, his poise somewhat recovered on finding nobody swooned, smiled a bit amusedly. “One-cat imitations are easy, simple. Anybody can imitate one cat.”

Mr. Warder tried to look as though he could, of course, and then asked hurriedly, “What about something else? Could you imitate—maybe—a dog?”

“What kind?” Mr. Hemstreet demanded briskly. “There are all kinds, you know—Airedale, hound, terrier, chow—so on.”

“Hound,” suggested Mr. Warder, choosing at random. “I'd like to hear a good imitation of a hound.”

“I'll do more,” the guest offered generously. “I'll imitate two hounds baying at one and the same time simultaneously. It's a trick I learned about two years ago when I was out with a show named ‘Uncle Tom's Cabin.’ ”

“I've heard of it,” Mr. Warder commented.

“Well, the hounds got lost, and I stepped in and helped out behind the scenes. Listen!”

HE GOT behind the settee, crouched on the floor, to preserve the illusion, and presently there rose deep baying noises which might easily, under other conditions, have struck terror in the heart of a runaway slave. They passed through a clearing, loped on down toward the creek, and soon, as they struck the trail afresh, their mournful cries died away in the distance.

When the author of the hounds reappeared, a little flushed with triumph, the Warders applauded.

For an encore the performer gave his airplane imitation. Through his cupped hands, held again to his mouth, came the steady throb of a powerful motor at some far distance, with gusts of loudness now and then as varying air currents swept the sound up or down. It was most convincing, and at its conclusion Mr. Hemstreet was delirious with success.

“Could you moo like a cow?” asked Mrs. Warder, who had a weakness for beefsteaks.

“Why not?” Mr. Hemstreet wanted to know and, there being no reason advanced against the suggestion, he complied, again from behind the settee so that the sight of his uncowlike person should not militate against the fancy that there was, truly, a fine Jersey milker mooing in the Warders' parlor.

It was at this point that the life of the party felt called on to render something by way of information and explanation of his really unique talent.

“Perhaps you'll remember,” Mr. Hemstreet said, “that the star of ‘The Percale Girl,’ Miss Isolde Greenbaum, made her entrance in the first act by being chased on stage by a small farm dog. I was the dog.”

Nor had this been his first honor. The demands of some of his off-stage rôles, extending back over three years, had called for mechanical sounds which no human mouth could make, and for these he had himself invented contraptions equal to any necessity.

“I don't have much trouble getting work,” he said. “Near always there's a show that needs some kind of noise off-stage and I've got to be pretty well known for being the man to fill the job. But I'm not satisfied,” he added hastily. “A man in my line can't afford to loaf. All the time I'm learning to imitate new things—that's why I'm down here in Baldwin, where it's quiet and peaceful. I find I can think better in a country atmosphere, far away from the hot, grinding city.”

It was late that evening, specifically it was 11:13:27 P. M., before Mr. Hemstreet was able to tear himself away from the Warder home, for in time they called on him for his entire repertoire, and proudly, as a soldier called to the colors, he had responded.

“Come back soon,” Mr. Warder urged him as he left. “I'd sort of like for you to show me the hang of the way you hold your hands for the three cats fighting.”

Mr. Hemstreet promised heartily, and his roseate thoughts, contemplating the magnificent success of his evening, whirled deliciously as he bade Miss Kitty Warder too good night. . . .

AFTER bestowing his personal decoration of approval on the Pullman porter, whom he had named George for distinguished service above and beyond the call of necessity, Mr. Soup Hartigan dropped from the Atlantic City Limited at Baldwin, and immediately, but unostentatiously, located the station policeman.

Then, and hastily, with what is known as a peeled eye, he made a wide detour about the practically unconscious officer and entered the waiting-room. It was the ticket office that he sought, and from this office information without which he could never feel comfortable in any small town.

“What's the last train out of here at night?” he asked.

“What night?” countered the agent cautiously.

“Any night,” Mr. Hartigan replied generously; “to-night, to-morrow night, New Year's Eve, Bastile Day—I don't care which.”

“Which way?”

“Any way. I'd just as soon go north as south.”

“The last train,” the agent spoke precisely, and so revealed the secret of his success, “leaves at 11 P. M. on the 2d, unless late, and is the northbound Metropolitan Limited to N'Yawk.”

Never knowing how suddenly he might have to leave wherever he was, Mr. Hartigan regarded such information as highly essential both to his peace of mind and his welfare.

IN a taxicab bound for the best hotel in town, bar none, he picked up what he regarded as the next most important, which was the exact location of the station in relation to the rest of the town.

In this respect he was amused by a conceit that sprang into his mind; the station, he decided, must be a pariah, or social leper, for with one exception the populace of Baldwin had halted a good two hundred yards distant from it, leaving between habitation and station a good expanse of littered vacant lots.

The exception, which Mr. Hartigan noted with keen interest, was a one-story brick building, situated midway between the hem of the town and the station, and on the main thoroughfare stretching between the two. By its sign Mr. Hartigan learned it to be T. G. Warder's Drug Store, and a slight smile reflected his personal pleasure at its isolation and proximity to the station.

A sentimental man, Mr. Hartigan had elected to drop off the train at Baldwin because that had been his old mother's maiden name. It was sentiment too—because he was so fond of Danish pastry—that impelled him, when seeking in his mind for any name other than his own to inscribe on the register of the Hotel Grand, to record himself as Oscar Hamsun.

It was, then, Oscar Hamsun, rather than Mr. Soup Hartigan, who entered T. G. Warder's Drug Store a few minutes before seven that evening, fairly exuding personality and charm, and found a girl with blue-jade eyes and rose-petal complexion preparing to close the place for the day.

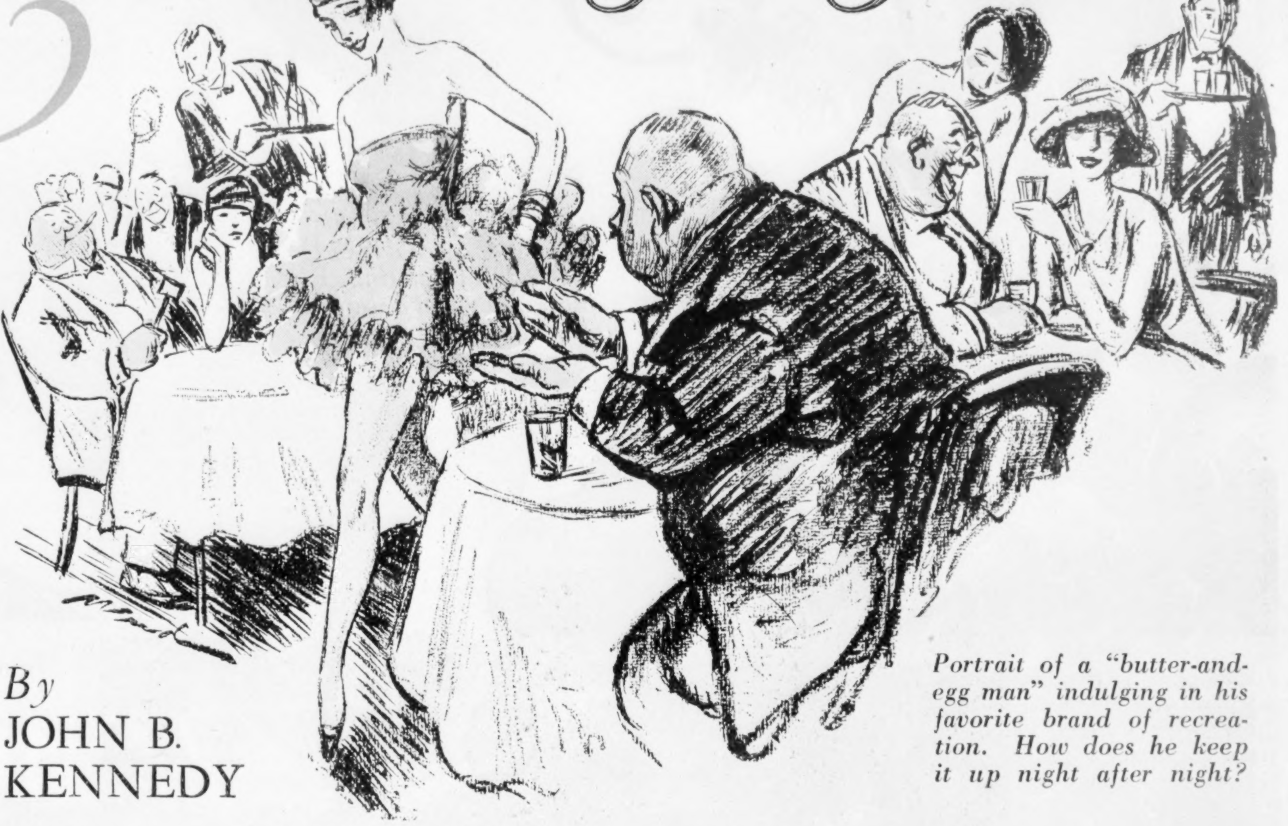
“I would (*Continued on page 46*)

How the wasters play

All Night! The Bill: $50-$1,500

WHEREVER you find enough endowed loafers, gold diggers and other male and female spenders, you are pretty sure to find night clubs. Main Street has its share of them as well as New York (where there are about fifty). They're great fun—if dancing and drinking and throwing away money between midnight and dawn is fun. *Is* it?

By
JOHN B.
KENNEDY



Portrait of a "butter-and-egg man" indulging in his favorite brand of recreation. How does he keep it up night after night?

AFTER the theatre your average citizen tells his average wife or average sweetheart that the show was good, bad or indifferent, pulls out his watch, takes taxi, trolley or train home and calls it the end of a perfect day.

There are others who call it the beginning of a more or less imperfect night. They are the citizenry of the night clubs.

In New York, Chicago, San Francisco and intervening or adjacent points you'll find them in fullest flower. Up on a second floor or down below in a basement—rarely, due to superstition or because of economic reasons, on the street level—there will be an oblong room to which you obtain access by a doorman's visa. A garishly adorned place, with small tête-à-tête tables parked thickly about a dance floor little bigger than a Queensberry prize-fight ring. Continuous music from a natty jazz band, continuous dancing, continuous drinks and intermittent food, song and mild rioting—stretched over and packed into the hours before dawn—constitute the total of the social contribution of the average high-class night club (high-class in this connotation being simply synonymous with high-priced.)

There are as many as fifty such "clubs" in New York, and the other cities contain them proportionately. The idea came from Paris via London, the night club being a blend of the lobster palace, supper club and cabaret, and retaining the worst features of all. If you go to one, you learn whatever there is to be known about all. The scenery may be somewhat different; the patrons vary in rank, riches and attire; and food and drink differ in quality and price. But the same spirit permeates all of them. Night-clubbing, the greatest of American indoor sports, is the game of the wasters of all sexes, colors and creeds who have time and money to squander.

Enter the Green Club. (You may go to the Red Club, the Blue Club and the Mauve Club and find the only apparent difference that of the color scheme.)

The walls are green, the shallow ceiling is pale green, the glasses are tinted green and the tables are covered with sea-green cloth. Green is everywhere but in the eye of the head waiter who calmly takes us in charge after we have satisfied the guard at the double-locked door that we belong.

The big-city night club has an intimacy based on the common ground of common thirst

Drawings by Clive Weed

Moaning saxophones and muted trombones conducted by a young man with a wailing violin provide a tinge of gay melancholy as the first drinks are consumed. The tables are gradually filled—very gradually, for the seasoned night-clubber has an hour or two of some other occupation before the night club claims him.

Young women enter on old men's arms, while older women enter on younger men's arms. The men are in tuxedos, the women in the usual chic theatre gowns—save perhaps some of the out-of-towners who have the ready excuse of a traveler's limited wardrobe. Flasks are produced and the waiters ebb and flow to and from a curtain-doored kitchen with silver trays of ginger ale and plain mineral waters; other and rarer waiters carry covered dishes of food.

Begin the pioneer dances of the night: Tamely graceful dancers who need no other stimulant than music. Ten or twelve couples on the floor, swirling, grinningly embracing. A bald, lean man with a bobbed brunette who might be his daughter laughingly teaching him the latest steps on a parlor floor with the rug rolled back. But a father does not look down on his plump-bosomed daughter with quite that eagerness. A chiseled-featured woman, artistically adorned, with a glittering necklace and the faintest genesis of a wattle beneath her chin, clasps a lithe youth whose copious trousers cuffs dust the floor as he passes.

Fat men, grimly determined to capture pleasure, move bulkily about—the "butter-and-egg men" of the near prohibition régime, rich workingmen romping after business hours with nondescript female companions, stenographers escaping from the tattoo of typewriters, millinery models entertaining out-of-town buyers, unengaged actresses improving the artificially shining hour or manicurists displaying versatility for the edification of patrons casually hooked in hotel barber shops. Of such is the company made.

The flasks gradually empty and the new, human containers gradually show what they contain. Gayly the band blurts into rough-and-tumble jazz. An hour has passed; it is 2 A. M., the club comes to life as the waiters file in with the "stuff" in demi-tasses. Newer guests and newer tables, crowding the dance floor, so that your "butter-and-egg man," who has been smartly rounding a corner with a self-satisfied twist of his torso, miscalculates the presence of an added table, knocks over drinks, and clumsily halts the whirl while he stops to apologize.

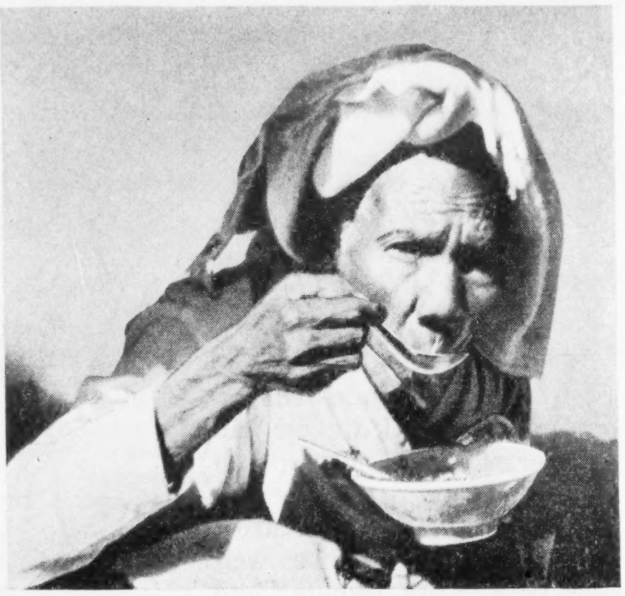
Pause in the dance as the couples sweep back to their tables, gladly picking up toy clappers, toy balloons diverted from unknown nurseries whose occupants sleep, blissfully unaware that in secret haunts childhood is being parodied by booze-ridden adults. Girls slap paunches and bald domes with clack-sticks and fat men throw balloons at girls. One girl—a gorgeously hennaed creature, is in the act of lighting her seventh cigarette over a prismatic highball when the match flame touches a balloon, which pops into spurting fire from the gas filling and her hair is threatened. Gasps and screams drowned by the blaring band. The girl frowns, swears lustily; the fat man oozes over to make humble reparation.

Then a pale tenor, the tamest and tiredest tenor in captivity, takes the floor, projects a ballad with bursts of casual passion; and the drinking goes on until he concludes in a salvo of mock applause which he knows too well to interpret for an encore. Enters, with a fanfaronade from the band, the hostess of the evening followed by barelegged young women and formally dressed young men—the ensemble staff talent of the place, like a decimated revue chorus. Briskly they sing a stale ode of welcome. The hostess flutters among the (*Continued on page 44*)

The main idea is to

Kadel & Herbert

Styles may come and styles may go, but this ancient and direct method of getting a pickaninny and a watermelon together goes on forever



Ewing Galloway

In another minute this interesting old Ceylonese will lay aside the china spoon and finish by drinking right out of the bowl

Wide World

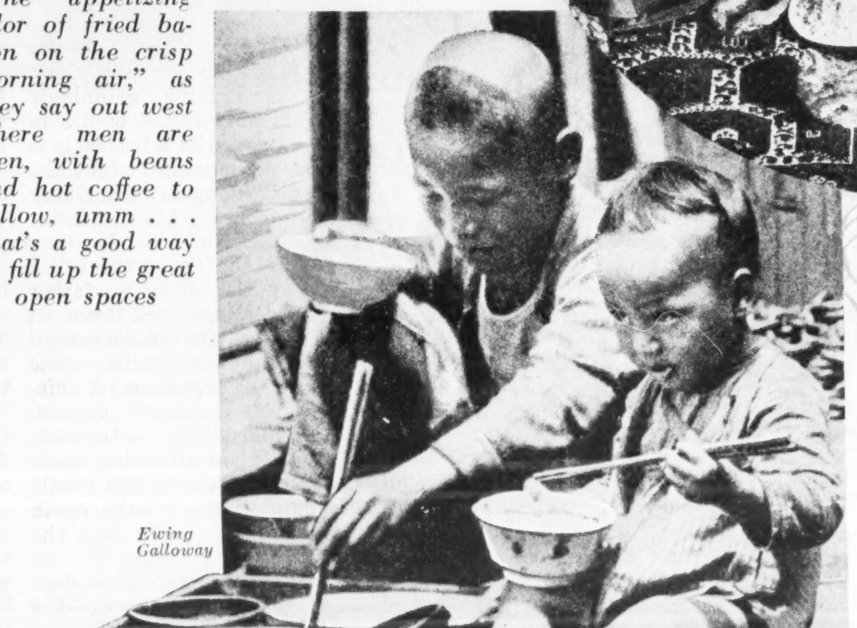
"The appetizing odor of fried bacon on the crisp morning air," as they say out west where men are men, with beans and hot coffee to follow, umm . . . that's a good way to fill up the great open spaces

Ewing Galloway

Eating with one's fingers may be the proper thing in Palestine, but we shall not touch the rice, at least until we see how it is managed by the lady on the right

Ewing Galloway

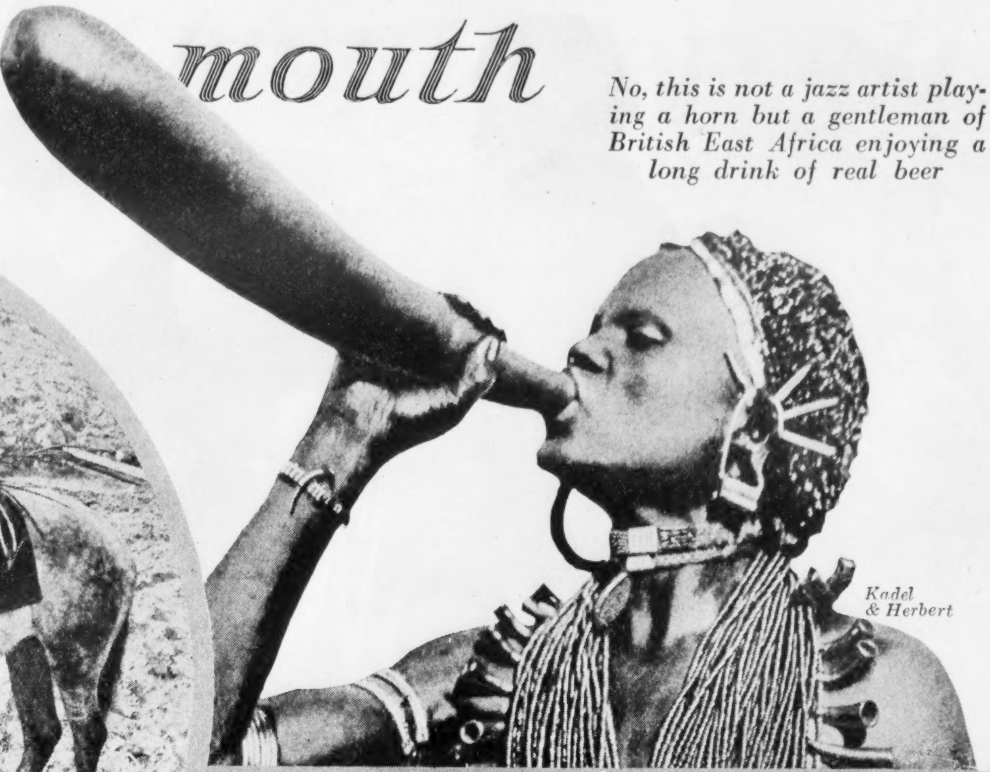
This is an old-fashioned custom that meets with the approval of the young generation. Its only protest is against the long time between drinks



Ewing Galloway

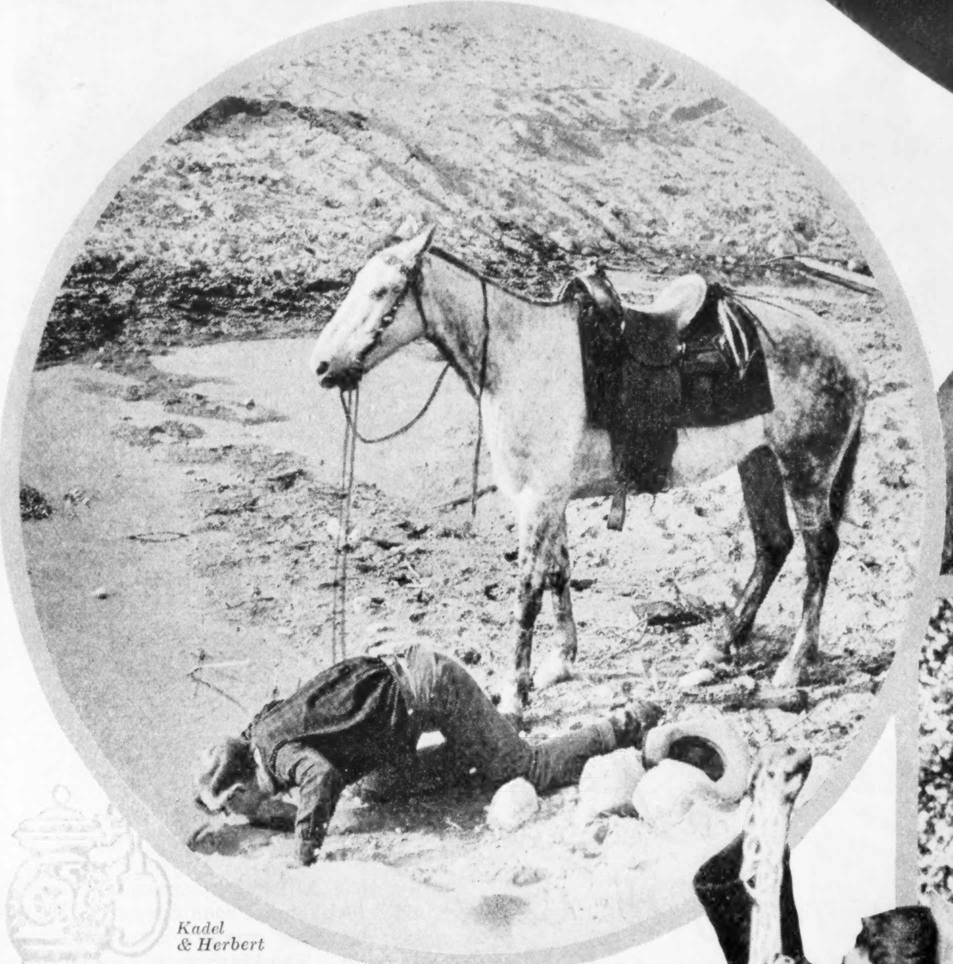
Modern biologists say it is all environment, but this looks like an argument for heredity; the way these Chinese children use chopsticks is no less than a bloomin' gift

get it to the mouth



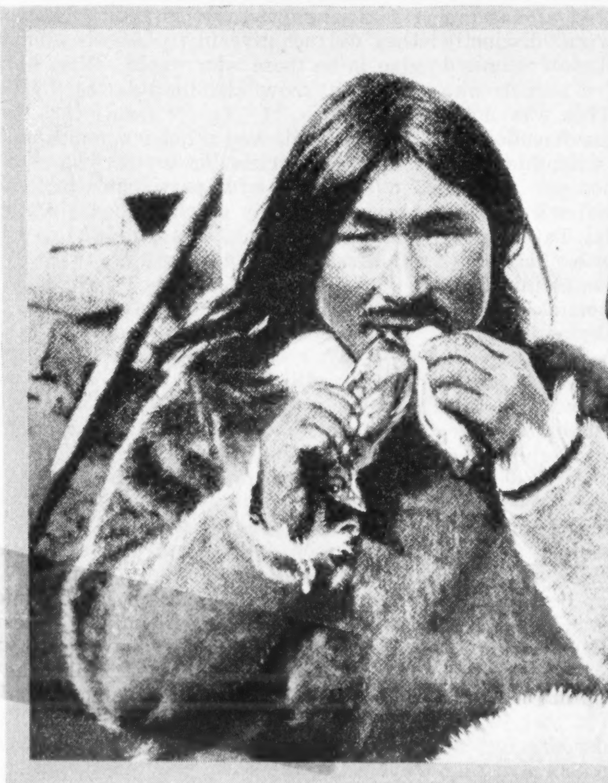
No, this is not a jazz artist playing a horn but a gentleman of British East Africa enjoying a long drink of real beer

Kadel & Herbert



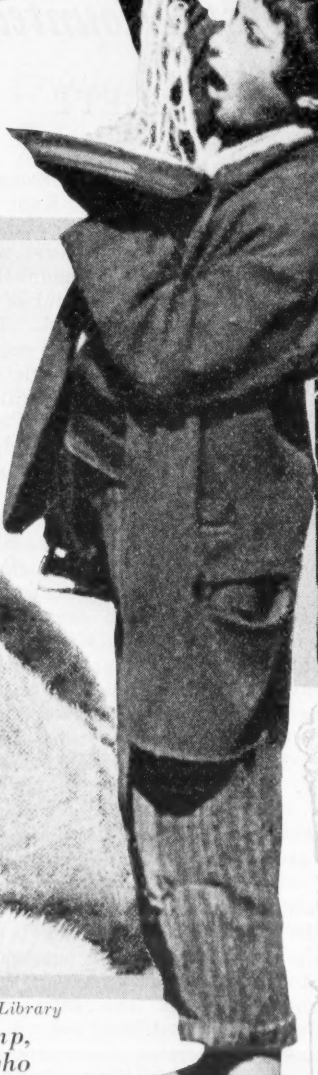
Kadel & Herbert

Where there's no cup 'twixt the drink and the lip—illustrating the correct way to quench one's thirst at desert water holes and other outdoor watering places



N. Y. Public Library

In Etah the noonday meal consists of a few plump, raw fish, eaten two at a time. We wonder who thumps this Eskimo gentleman in the back when a fin gets caught in his throat



U. & U.

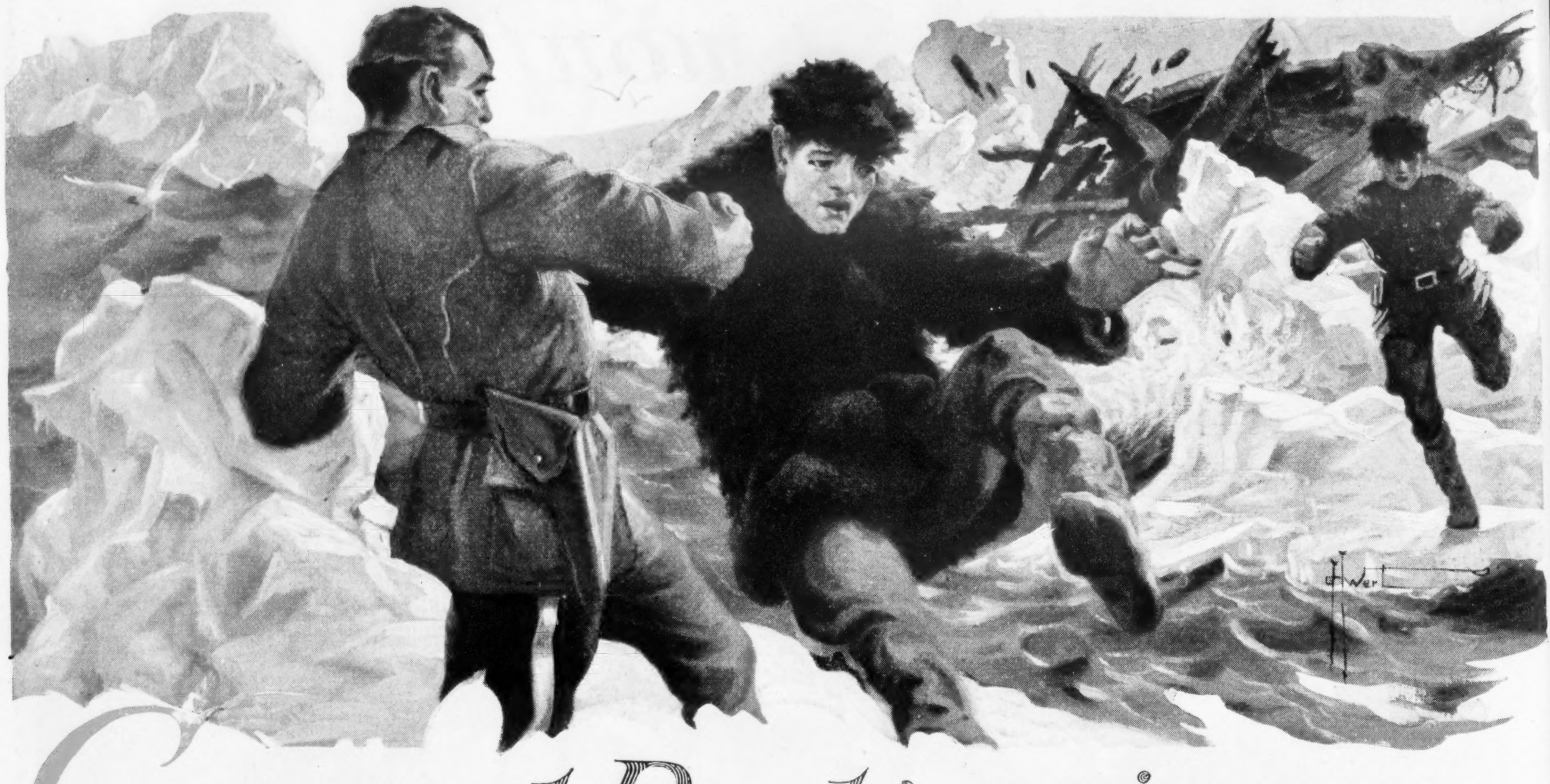
Ewing Galloway

There are those who declare that the least troublesome way to get it there is to go over to Paris and get it there

In time some of us learn to wrap it around the fork and eat it that way, but the Italian boy at the left was raised where spaghetti is no novelty—he attacks it with his bare hands

Brown Brothers

Corn on the ear—and, whether you dine at the club, at home or on the beach, there's only one way to handle it



Corporal Doak's prisoner

Fourth of the true stories of the Canadian Royal Northwest Mounted Police

By WALTER W. LIGGETT

DOAK had a rather critical experience at the outset, while he was serving his first enlistment. He was a constable then, serving with Cornelius and under Inspector Phillips of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police in the Arctic.

The three men were returning, in July, 1918, to Herschel Island after a long patrol in a whaleboat.

As they approached they saw that ice had packed about the harbor mouth. There was nothing to do but put about and run for a distant cape.

The gale took their mast out, flung the boat into the grinding ice pack and smashed it to kindling wood, in about two minutes.

The three men found themselves on heaving ice cakes, running and jumping in the general direction of the shore.

When they had traveled nearly half a mile and had reached the permanent ice pack fringing the shore they had a moment in which they felt that they had been miraculously saved.

But the gale was breaking the shore ice. A wide lead, or gap in the ice, compelled them to swim. As the shore ice broke up, they had to swim in icy water across widening leads twenty-four times. Ten hours after the wreck of their boat, they reached shore.

Night had fallen and their clothing was frozen to their bodies. They had no shelter nor means of making a fire. Herschel Island was distant twelve miles and they started walking toward it. After a mile Doak became delirious. Phillips and Cornelius helped him a mile further and then were too exhausted to carry him. Cornelius thought he could get to Herschel Island and get help. Phillips built a shelter of driftwood and rubbed Doak to keep him from freezing to death.

Six hours passed. Then a passing whaleboat picked up Phillips and Doak and took them to Herschel Island. Later a search party found Cornelius, half-frozen, marooned on a sandspit. All three men were laid up for a while from the results of exposure. All three reënlisted in the Royal Northwest Mounted. . . .

Three years later Doak was a corporal in charge of the station at Tree River on Coronation Gulf.

Whaling vessels once wintered in this region and the Eskimos had been schooled in violence by degenerate white men.

Ninety miles to the west two Catholic missionaries had been killed on the Coppermine River. One hundred and fifty miles east Radford and Street, an ethnologist and a young explorer, had provoked an assault in which the Eskimos had killed them.

The Eskimos of the region were generally armed with rifles.

Doak and the two men with him were responsible for the patrol of a coast line of more than 1,000 miles. The nearest relief post was 750 miles away in an air line and considerably further by the means of travel.

Murder as Eskimos See It

THIS was the situation in August, 1921, when word came of murders at Kent Inlet, 200 miles east.

There was no traveling overland on that rocky coast, and ice made the whaleboat too risky. Besides, the whaleboat required all three men to man her. It was necessary to wait until the ice had formed sufficiently in December. Then Doak set out alone except for an Eskimo interpreter.

In a temperature ranging from 29 to 55 degrees below zero the ice was heaving and breaking in the ocean swell and fogs poured in from the open water. Doak and the native often struck "rubber ice" and had to drive at top speed to avoid breaking through. But in ten days they were at Kent Inlet. . . .

Hanak had a friend who lacked a wife, and as there were distinctly more men than women, Hanak promised to shoot the husband of a woman who attracted his friend. This was done, but the husband had some friends, too. Hanak, his father, his wife, his child and his friend were killed.

They were killed by Pugnana and Tatamigana, but the next day Tatamigana allied himself with a youth named Alikomiak and Pugnana was slain.

Doak learned that Alikomiak and Tatamigana were in near-by villages.

All the Eskimos looked on the pair and their deeds with approval. Hanak, they said, had deserved to die. Into the refinements of their logic, however, Doak did not try to enter deeply. Although the only white man in a large settlement of natives, armed and by no means well-disposed toward him, he faced danger with composure.

He could have no help outside himself.

Harnessing his dog team and taking his native interpreter, Doak traveled for two days until he came to a cluster of snow houses where Tatamigana was staying.

The murderer surrendered. But at the idea of going further and taking Alikomiak the interpreter got very cold-footed.

Alikomiak had that peculiarity of temper which constitutes the bad man.

Taking Tatamigana both as prisoner and interpreter, Doak resumed the trail, and a few more days' travel brought him to the camp where Alikomiak was hiding. Going to the snow house of the head man, Doak required that Alikomiak surrender himself.

Alikomiak soon appeared and declared he would not submit to arrest. The kinsmen of the bad man, with loaded rifles, surrounded Doak, whose life for several hours hung by a hair.

A few hundred words of pidgin talk are the only means of communication with the Eskimos. Simple words and simple parables were at Doak's disposal. Among other considerations was the certainty that if they did not give in to him they must give in to those who would follow him. "I am a snowflake in a blizzard," he said.

Now, Doak was a hot-tempered man, but in this crisis his temper was controlled. An awful persistence took its place and finally accomplished his purpose. Alikomiak was yielded by his fellows and yielded himself.

Twilight of the Arctic Gods

DOAK assembled three witnesses from still another village, picked up the timorous interpreter, and with Alikomiak and Tatamigana as prisoners started back to Tree River.

The weather was bitterly cold. Alikomiak froze his feet and had to be carried on one of the sleds. Doak dressed the frozen feet, guarded his prisoners and drove a dog team.

It is not too certain that the Eskimo feud leading up to Alikomiak's arrest was, in detail, as given above. But it is certain that Alikomiak frankly admitted the murders for which Doak took him.

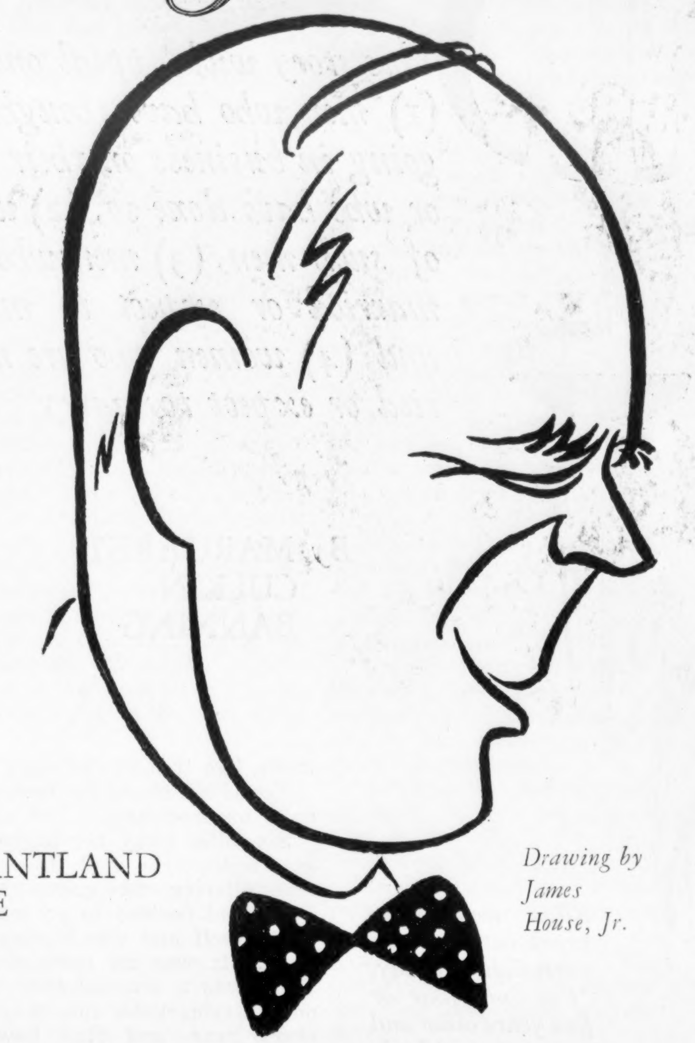
The Eskimos when angered or when touched in the sense of wrongdoing are inclined to brood.

Alikomiak had brooded and unquestionably believed that he had done right to kill.

Afterward, impressed with the knowledge that he must die himself, he acquiesced. He was not afraid of death. The principle of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and his life for one he had (*Continued on page 34*)

How will they handle 'em all?

The All-America Baseball Team of 1925 has been picked by Grantland Rice. In next week's issue you can read the line-up and find out what stars have proved by their work during the season now closing that they are—in the opinion of the greatest sports authority in this country—standing first on the diamond to-day.



By
GRANTLAND
RICE

Drawing by James House, Jr.

The crowd wants its money's worth but it sadly lacks sportsmanship

CROWDS

I HAVE been in crowds all my life,
And I possibly always will;
I have been part of their strife;
I have seen them droop and thrill;
I can hear their rush and roar
In the wake of the winning score.

I have been in crowds all my days,
And that's why I sit and dream
Of the hills and their lonely haze,
Or a rock by a mountain stream,
Or a road through the woods again,
Where there are more trees than men.

JUST twenty years ago during the first few days of October a total of 91,723 spectators paid $68,436 to see the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Athletics meet in a world series classic which found Mathewson and McGinnity launched against Bender and Plank.

At that time much mention was made of the large crowds and the enormous amount of money involved.

Last fall when New York met Washington in the annual world series jubilee, 283,665 spectators paid $1,093,104 to see Washington finish in front, and in Washington alone there were at least 100,000 disappointed souls who could find no space in which to park the human frame.

In the last twenty years admission prices have been increased 500 per cent and admission receipts have increased 1,500 per cent, but the human tidal wave seems to gather renewed force every year.

World series crowds have increased only a trifle over 300 per cent in the twenty years mentioned, but this smaller increase is largely due to the lack of seating or standing space.

In Washington last fall 31,667 ecstatic citizens saw the final game where Walter Johnson came from the shadows to regain his throne. If there had been space enough, this attendance total would have been lifted from over 31,000 to over 75,000—and possibly to 100,000. As it was, I recall a line of Washington fans that stretched more than a mile away from the park as early as 11 A. M. Thousands stood for six or seven hours, advancing a step or two every minute or so, in the vain hope that an extra seat might be left unsold.

If the vast Yale bowl was just twice its present size and able to handle 160,000, there would still be disappointed ticket seekers trying to wedge their way into the Yale-Pennsylvania football game.

There will be over a million applications for football tickets turned down this fall. Yale alone will play to more than 350,000 spectators. Pennsylvania will play to 400,000 or more. So will Michigan. Twenty million admission tickets won't nearly cover the season. The total will run closer to 30,000,000 than to 20,000,000, and the season lasts only two months.

The Muckers of New York

HANDLING the crowds physically is a big problem. But there are others that are just as difficult. Few crowds are good-natured. At least few are considerate. Part of one New York crowd hissed Eugene Criqui, a Verdun hero, game boxer and a good sportsman. Part of another New York crowd booed Helen Wills because the young American tennis star was a few minutes late for a match, her delay being due to her courtesy in permitting Miss McKane, a visitor, to have first call on the masseuse.

Ignorance, intolerance, selfishness and downright muckerism all played a part in those two instances.

The education of crowds in sportsmanship is a slow and difficult process.

There are still too many of the cheap shysters of sport who from their protection in the stands curse ball players and abuse umpires—not as many as there used to be, but still too many. There are still the cheaper physical cowards who sit around a ring at a fight and call loudly for more action and more blood, when a light tap on the nose would send any one of them howling from the scene.

Crowds are almost entirely selfish. At big golf championships the spectators are so keen to see each stroke at close range that no consideration is shown player or spectator, and few barriers are strong enough to hold back the wild stampeders.

It has been said that when admissions are charged for amateur sport the atmosphere of professionalism enters and the spectators feel they are entitled to get their money's worth in full, entitled to raise any rumpus they care to start, having paid for the privilege. Admission charges do not cause rowdyism. Open the gates free to all and it will be even worse.

In the last British open golf championship at Prestwick, Scotland, where no admission was charged, the rampaging masses came near breaking up the tournament. "There was nothing personal in their actions and the stewards did all they could to control the crowd," says Macdonald Smith, the chief sufferer, "but both Fernie and myself were engulfed. It was the wildest mob scene I ever saw or ever hope to see again."

Golf galleries are becoming harder and harder to handle, even where admission prices are charged. This is due to the fact that golf interest has advanced beyond all belief in the last few years.

Ring and Diamond Clowns

WHEN Bobby Jones meets some star opponent in a decisive test there are thousands who are willing to pay the admission charged and then race at top speed over the course to get a close-up where one can see the pulses quiver as the stroke is being made.

One trouble is that many now lured to watching amateur sport have received their education as spectators from boxing and baseball, which are plagued by side-line humorists. Just at present the best behaved of all crowds is to be found at a big football game. This is due to the fact that tickets are allotted to students and graduates only. From the start of the game the entire atmosphere is one of courtesy and fairness, this atmosphere deriving its existence from the student bodies. There are cheers for the visitors as well as for the home team; there is a fine touch of friendliness and fellowship and a distinct sense of courtesy and consideration.

A leading college president has stated that the public is now trying to take over football. If this ever happens, there will be no college football ideals left, since the public demands the best, regardless of anything else, but I doubt if the public ever will. There are too many students and graduates who want to see the games; and the demand for tickets each fall is growing greater and greater. Even old stars find some difficulty in getting more than a meager share of the allotment.

The college football crowd is one of the finest things in sport. It has more vivid coloring and more sportsmanship than any other gathering in any other field. It has been trained, through student help, in better manners. And football is too involved a game and most of the crowd is too far away for anyone to know what the penalties are for, in the main. So there is little complaining about a referee's or an umpire's decision.

A baseball fan may think that he can umpire a ball game better than a Bill Evans or a Hank O'Day, since he can see every play that comes off. But the most rabid football fan knows that he can't see half that goes on. Holding in the line, for example.

What of the Future?

I CAN still look back and recall the day when, as an official, I had to bring the ball back of the field for 60 yards—on a penalty—through a shower of rocks and curses and excited threats. But that sort of thing is about over in football.

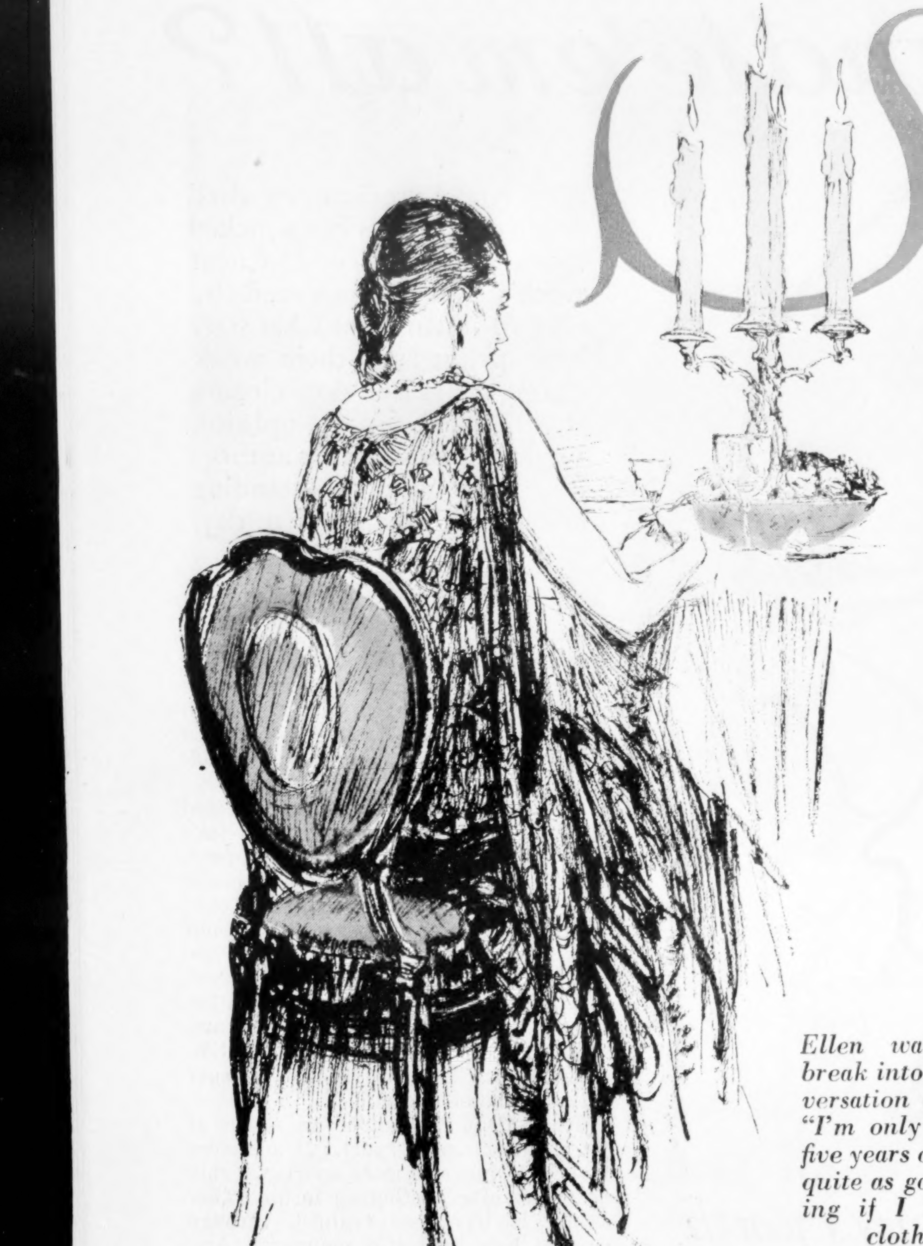
The complaint is made that these big football stadiums are wrecking the tone of amateur sport. On the other hand, they are doing a great good in leaving at least one sector where a crowd can look upon the friendly exchange of cheers and songs and get into the spirit of the game.

In the meanwhile what is to be done with the new enthusiasts who are constantly joining the sporting caravan? Huge stands and great stadiums are swamped now by the eager charge of the multitude, seeking even a lofty and far-away perch from which to view contests, whether they be on the diamond or the gridiron or in the ring. What of the stadiums or stands of the future? The physical limit where each one can see stops at stands that seat 100,000. The future looks to be one wild scramble for just one more seat.

SIDE PARTNER

This story will appeal only to (1) men who have thought of going in business on their own or who have done so, (2) wives of such men, (3) men who are married or expect to marry and (4) women who are married or expect to marry

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING



Ellen wanted to break into the conversation and say, "I'm only four or five years older and quite as good looking if I had the clothes"

"SEND up five veal chops," said Ellen to the butcher; "that's all this morning, thank you."

She crumpled the order slip in her hand and pushed the telephone back on its stand as if it were still too closely connected with veal chops. If there were only one other animal, one never-before-tasted animal! Steak, shoulder of mutton, loin of pork, veal, liver followed each other in endless procession around her week so that one of them seemed to weigh down each day. It didn't matter how you juggled their order or how you tried to disguise those inevitable cuts of meat. There was no surprise, no matter on what day they might turn up. However, you had to eat. Well, then, to-night there would be the veal chops and peas and some salad with leaf lettuce (head was really too expensive), and for dessert—it would have to be pudding. At this time in the month Ellen did not want to buy anything extra. Dagmar could make a pudding out of what she had in the house. Chocolate roll, perhaps.

IT WAS a tasteless kind of day, an autumn day which looked still and listless from the apartment window, as if it had lost interest in itself. The trees in the park outside seemed to have gone to sleep without dreaming enough to stir a leaf. Ellen gave Dagmar her directions, and the maid of all work took them without enthusiasm. She was a large, raw-boned, ugly girl who was dull enough to command only thirty dollars a month. That was all Ellen wanted to pay, all she would pay. It was as much as she could afford, according to the budget book, which was very stern on the matter of expenses for service.

"Cook rice for Dicky's lunch, Dagmar. I'll be out, myself. And give him a boiled egg and some toast with it."

"We'll have to have more eggs, then," said Dagmar.

Ellen frowned. She had ordered everything she wanted to buy to-day. It was going to be a struggle to keep the bill down to the proper amount and feed the family for the next four days. More eggs—what had Dagmar been doing with them, she asked.

"There must be a few left. They're eighty cents a dozen, Dagmar," she said reproachfully.

"Four left. I need two for breading the chops to-night and two for pudding," Dagmar defended herself.

It was unanswerable. Ellen shifted her position.

"Well, don't bread the chops to-night. Just fry them, not too dry. Give Dicky his egg, anyway."

Dagmar nodded glumly.

Ellen felt triumphant at her management. Fried chops might not be as appetizing, but the nourishment was there. She went to her desk and took out a long gray-covered account book, imposingly titled "Household Budget." Its story was written in little neat figures which marched behind each other in columns and were sometimes transferred for good or bad behavior to another column. Ellen loved to go over it. It was like an opponent, a friend, a judge and a consultant, that budget book. She liked to beat it at its own game, obey it, learn from it and then surpass its cunning. And she knew that her skill was increasing. Little incidents, like that of the eggs, proved it.

Yet as she closed the book she sighed quite unconsciously.

Six miles away her husband echoed her sigh. He had heard through some filtering office gossip that Carroll Tyler had decided to go into business for himself and was leaving the company. It was an uncertain venture. Tyler was a fine salesman who drew down a remarkable sum in commissions every year, and Ray Lowry, being treasurer of the Zenith Consolidated Motor Company as well as its office manager, knew what the sum was.

It had sometimes made him vaguely jealous to issue Tyler's check when it was so much more than his own flat salary. Of course Tyler worked on a gamble. If he was sick, if the bottom fell out of the market, the check diminished very rapidly. But those things hadn't been happening lately, and yet here was Tyler throwing away a perfectly good, successful job for another more insecure chance. It would be difficult for the company to find another man with Tyler's experience and personality. He kept all the sales force pepped up and set the speed for the rest of them. Ray thought of all these things. He thought of Tyler's easy grin and his new project of operating a flock of taxis and selling tires on the side. All on a shoe string, thought Ray—and sighed.

He was reminded after a little that it must be twelve o'clock. There was a procession of feet past his office, people going out for lunch on the stroke of the hour. His stenographer, to whom he was dictating, showed signs of restlessness, and he let her go. As for himself, he was in no hurry. It was only a step across the street to Collins' restaurant, where he always ate his lunch, and he knew exactly what he could get for thirty-five cents and how long it would take him to eat it.

The door opened, and Tyler's smile appeared, almost seeming to precede Tyler himself, big and easy and well dressed.

"Hello, Ray—hard at it?"

"Not so hard," said Ray, "come in. I've been hearing rumors about you, Carroll, and I think you need a keeper. What's the idea, anyway?"

"Business. I've a chance to make nice money."

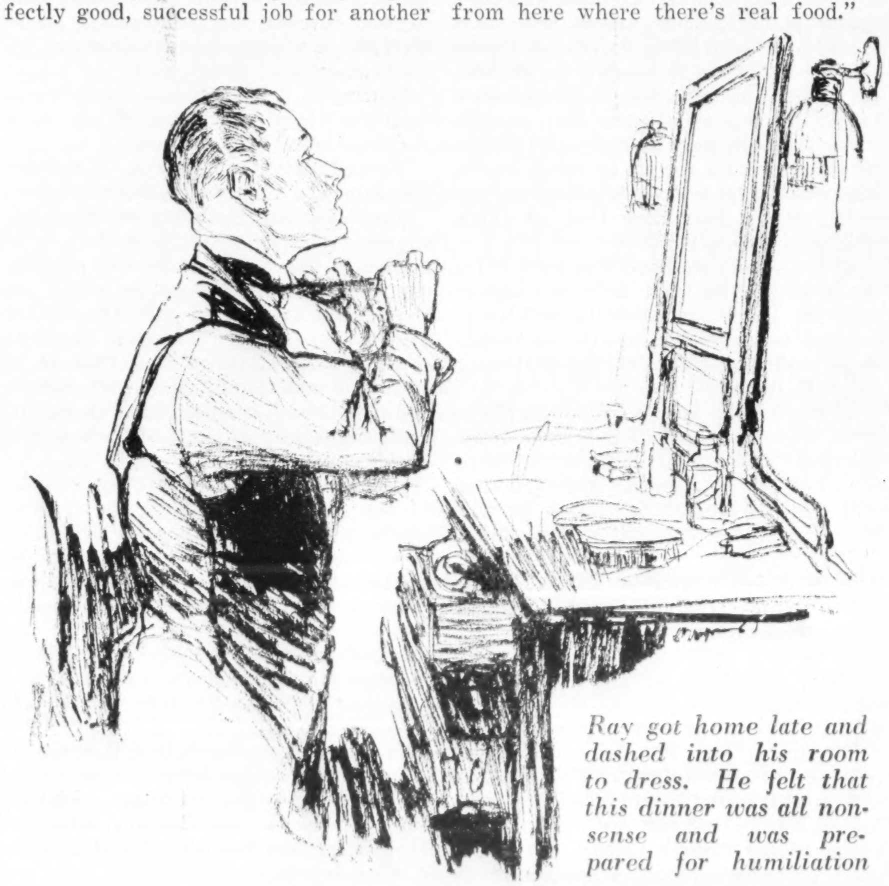
"A chance," agreed Ray, with uncomplimentary emphasis.

"My boy," said Carroll, "you don't know the half of it. I want to talk to you. Come and have lunch with me. I can't talk after twelve o'clock on an empty stomach."

RAY was glad of a chance to talk to Tyler. He put on his hat and the two men went together through the shining salesrooms.

"Collins'?" he suggested as they emerged on the street.

Tyler looked across at the Collins restaurant deprecatingly. "Oh, no. Let's go where we can get something to eat. I know a place about four blocks from here where there's real food."



Ray got home late and dashed into his room to dress. He felt that this dinner was all nonsense and was prepared for humiliation

Ray had heard of the place. It was a rather dark little grillroom set off one of the main avenues. But the tables were very clean and the patronage seemed to be excellent. He noted a number of people of importance there.

"Owned by a Greek," explained Tyler, "a Greek who has been made less greasy by marriage. His wife is an Englishwoman, and between them they know all there is to know about food."

He bent over the menu with great concentration, and Ray was faintly amused. People who put so much emphasis on food always did amuse him. He let Tyler do the ordering, denying all preferences.

YET when the oysters came he began to be interested. It seemed rather early in the season for oysters, and these were cool and delicious. With them, instead of little pellets of crackers, came brown bread in tiny sandwiches, spread thinly with some cheese paste. Tyler had ordered wisely and lavishly, and there was something vaguely exciting to Ray in seeing how carefully the lunch had been managed so that he enjoyed each course as it came along. He felt very friendly toward Tyler, and more expansive, when they came to the point of discussing the new business venture.

"What I was hoping," said Tyler, pausing to get the last of his pink slice of baked ham, "was that you'd go in with me."

"Me!" exclaimed Ray. "You mean leave my job with the Consolidated?"

"Well, you couldn't handle the two of them, could you?"

Ray laughed. "Kidding me, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. You're just the other person I need in this business. You've got the right kind of general knowledge, and you're a plugger. It's a good chance too. If we have any kind of success, we're going to turn over big money. There's never been a decent taxicab business in this town. It's always been handled by a flock of pirates. With the growth of the city you've got to have taxis, and with a good company you'd precious soon have pretty near a monopoly. Then if you have your tire agency on the side—a good high-class agency is what we'd want—"

"I don't know what you mean by 'we.'"

"Oh, that's guesswork. I need somebody. You can answer to we if you like, Ray."

"I couldn't. I've got a wife, you know. I need my salary. Can't afford to speculate."

"You've pretty near reached your maximum with the Consolidated, haven't you?"

"Just about."

"Well, where do you go from there?"

"It's enough to live on."

"Is it, really?"

"Oh, yes. Very comfortably. If you manage your expenses, you can make money go pretty far. My wife runs all our expenses on a budget."

"She must be a wonder. Most of the women I've ever known were always running around asking for more money."

"Ellen doesn't. She knows what we have, and she takes pride in keeping within her budget. She can save money on it."

"That's wonderful. However, if you would come in with me you'd be able to give her a lot bigger budget."

"Yes, and suppose it went flop. Think Consolidated would take me back? They've a record for never taking back any man that left them. They think a lot of you, Tyler, but if I were you I'd think twice. Anyway, who's going to finance this?"

"I made a little money of my own on the side this fall. I start with that. And I've got good credit at the bank, and they'll help me, up to a point. And then John Holliday is coming in."

"Is he!" Ray was genuinely astonished. Holliday had plenty of money. "You mean in a partnership?"

"No—he'll put up enough capital to buy our taxis and equip the place. He couldn't lose anything on it, really. He could always get out of it what he put into it. He'll provide about three fourths of the capital and have that much stock. As it stands, he practically will own it until we buy it from him."

He leaned over and poured some coffee into Ray's cup, savory coffee of twice the strength Ray got at home.

"I wish you'd stop saying we," said Ray; "you make me nervous. I'm really sorry, old man. I'd like to go in with you. But you see I can't afford to take a chance. That's what it gets down to."

"I don't see why not. You'll always be a good man. You could always get a job. Even if the thing failed, you'd be safe enough. You could always keep your family in food and coal. Of course if you come in you stand a good chance of making a lot of money. Look here. I figure it this way. After six months we increase the number of taxis by ten. Look at the profit on that." He began working it out on the back of an envelope.

"Certainly looks good," Ray admitted; "besides, look here at what you've forgotten!"

HE FOUND himself swinging into the discussion, to be roused by an admiring laugh from Tyler.

"That's it. That's exactly why I want you in this. Because you see those things and I don't. I tell you, Ray, you've got a good mind, a good financial mind that's wasted on those birds over at the Consolidated. If one of the firm dies, there are a flock of sons ready to go on with the business and let us make more money for them. Suppose you can live on what they give you. You can't live very well!"

It struck Ray as surprising, that statement. He had been so accustomed to the thought that it was delightful to be able to manage as successfully as he had.

"It would be pretty uncertain, this business of yours at the start."

"Sure it would. For a year or so we wouldn't know whether we were coming or going. But I tell you that we have the experience of every city in the country back of us. The safe corporation-owned taxi is an institution. Look here. These are some of the figures from other cities. Profits, my boy, profits! Rest your eye on that. A friend of mine got me this dope."

Ray discovered that it was two o'clock and was amazed. Usually he found himself through with lunch in twenty minutes at the outside, including the noon edition of the paper. They had been eating for an hour and a half. He and Tyler went back to the office together in the most friendly spirit, the most mellow mood, Ray honestly regretful that he had not known what a good companion Tyler was until he was about to leave.

"That was some lunch, Tyler! Sorry there's nothing doing on the other proposition."

"Oh, hold it open. Think it over," said Tyler. "I'll scout around a little and see who else is available. But I certainly wish you'd think it over. We'd knock them cold, the two of us."

"I'll bet we would," agreed Ray. "I wish it was possible."

Ray settled down to his afternoon's work with a feeling that he had been on a short vacation. He found that the memory of the lunch lingered, both the food and the conversation. He'd have to try that place again soon. No, he couldn't make a habit of that. Heaven knows what Tyler's check had been. You couldn't go there on thirty-five cents. Suddenly the thought of thousands of thirty-five-cent lunches in the future dragged on Ray's mind.

And that, by special arrangement with fate, was the night of the fried veal chops. It was a meal of rather less imagination that usual and not notably successful. The leaf lettuce was withered a little, and Dagmar had not wasted much thought on the vegetables.

"What's wrong with this meat?" asked Ray. "It's not very good, Ellen."

Ellen seemed to notice it for the first time.

"No, it's too crisp. I told her not to bread the chops. That's why they're so stiff. She had to fry them?"

"Why not bread them?"

"We didn't have enough eggs. If Billy was to have one for lunch, there weren't enough."

"Grocery out of them?"

"I'm running pretty close to the wind this time of the month, Ray. I don't want to go over the amount I ought to spend for groceries."

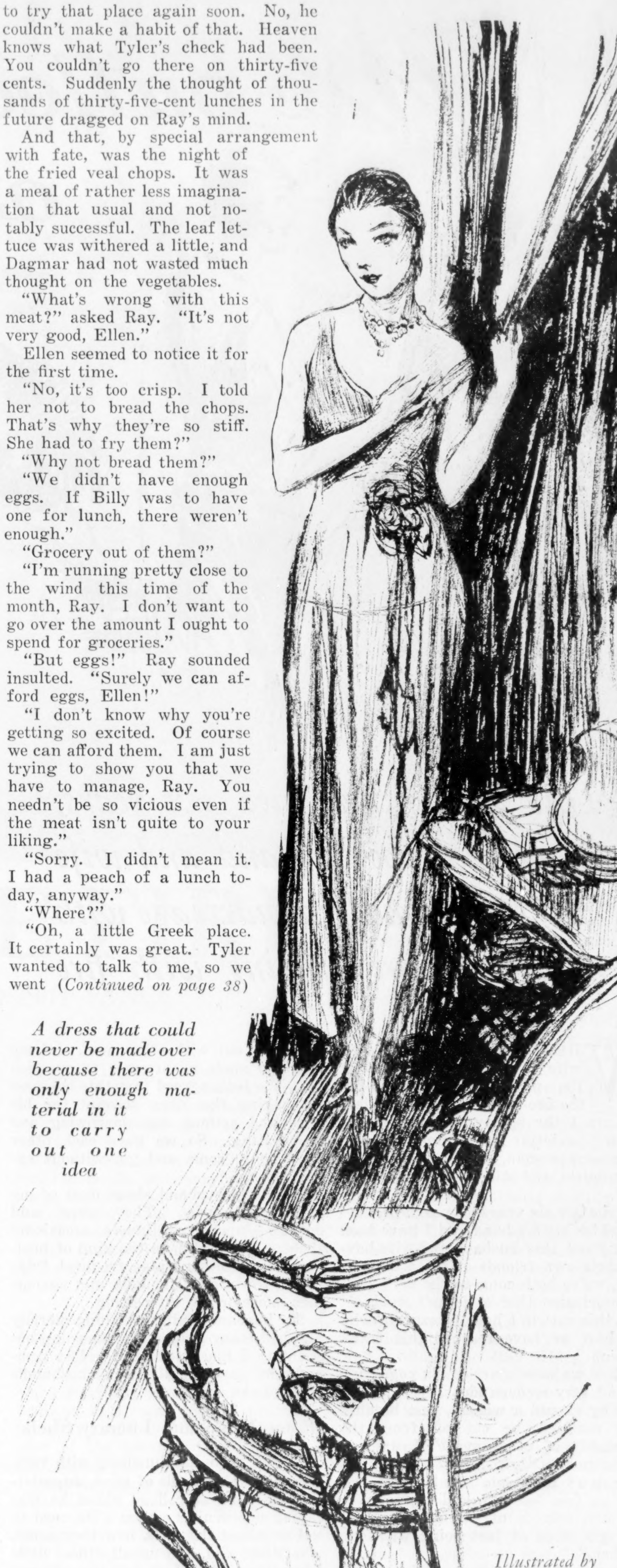
"But eggs!" Ray sounded insulted. "Surely we can afford eggs, Ellen!"

"I don't know why you're getting so excited. Of course we can afford them. I am just trying to show you that we have to manage, Ray. You needn't be so vicious even if the meat isn't quite to your liking."

"Sorry. I didn't mean it. I had a peach of a lunch today, anyway."

"Where?"

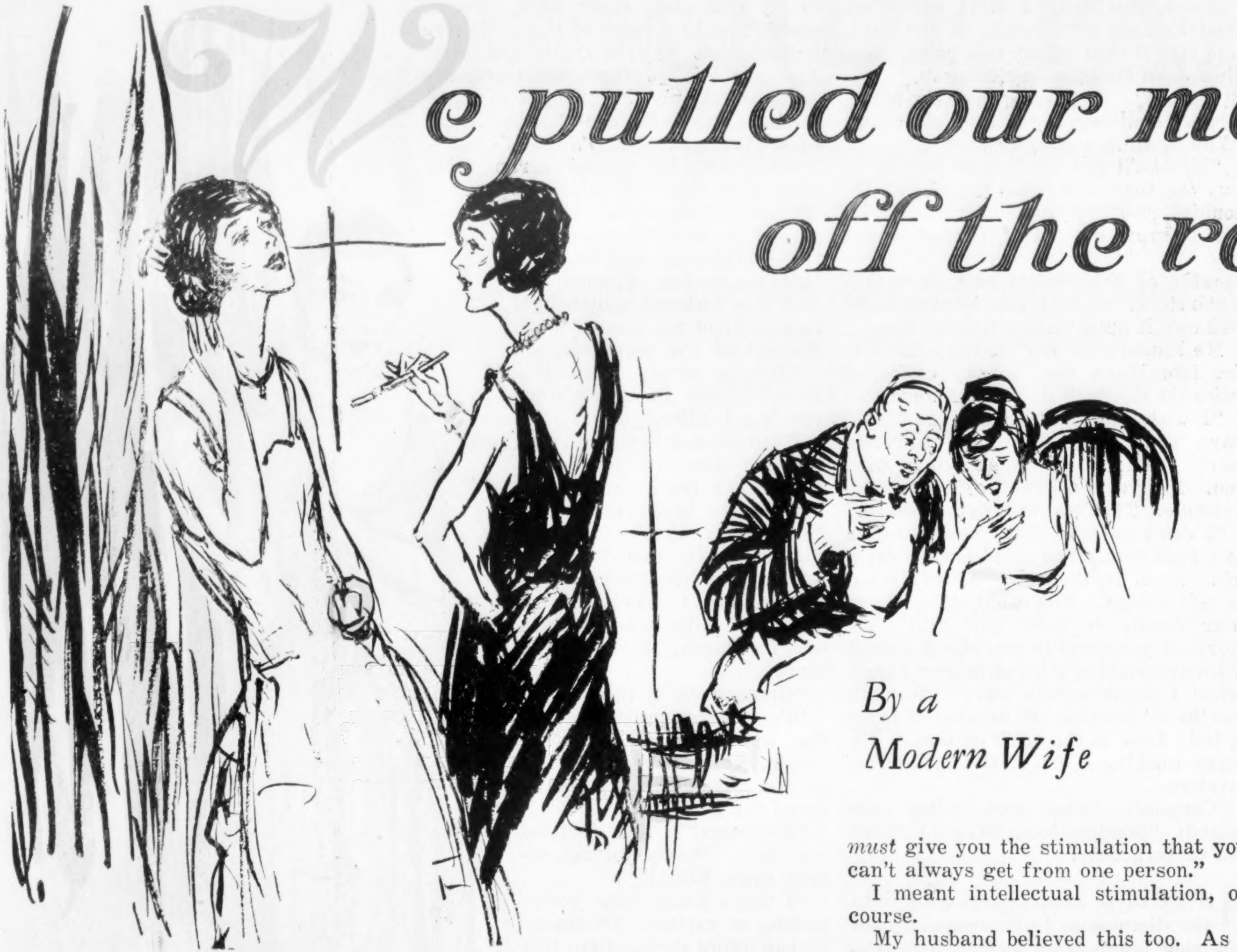
"Oh, a little Greek place. Tyler wanted to talk to me, so we went (*Continued on page 38*)



A dress that could never be made over because there was only enough material in it to carry out one idea

Illustrated by L. T. Wilford

We pulled our marriage off the rocks



By a Modern Wife

This woman, married six years, found that the husband and wife who try the modern marriage with no strings are playing with fire

WHEN I sign myself a modern wife I mean to indicate that I'm not strictly the sit-by-the-fire-with-my knitting kind. Nor am I the sporty, five-o'clock-tea-dancing variety. I'm a human person, a business woman, have a son, live in the suburbs and still care for my husband.

And after six years of marriage, during which my husband and I have been testing out this husband-and-wife-having-their-own-friends-of-the-other-sex stuff, we've both come to the very honest conclusion that *it doesn't work*.

In this article I hope to explain why and how we have reached this frank decision.

When we were married six years ago we had very modern ideas.

"Why should a woman, just because she's married, be cut off from the friendship of other men?" I used to challenge the world. "After all, marriage isn't a prison. Unless we can both be free to come and go, to have our own friends of the opposite sex, we'll get tired of just being with one another."

"A man's got to have contact with other women," was my husband's belief. "It is stimulating; that's how he gets some basis for comparison, and learns to appreciate his wife more."

This was six years ago.

During that time we've lived up to our ideas—or rather we did, until about six months ago, when we frankly admitted our surrender to each other.

I went out with other men, and my husband made no attempt to question me. We both agreed that this business of making the other account for his time and actions was narrowing and humiliating. So we gave each other freedom to come and go, without explanation.

I told my husband about most of my little adventures. They were mild enough—luncheons, dinners, occasional theatre dates. I'm in the kind of business which necessitates frequent trips out of town, and I usually met various men, more or less interesting.

My husband and I got along merrily and had many laughs over amusing encounters I had with men. Most comparisons were usually in my husband's favor, I can say that.

Enter Vamp and Literary Sheik

HE, IN turn, had luncheon with various girls, friends of mine, acquaintances he met at college where he was taking an evening course. He used to tell me about the girls, how they acted, what they said, and usually these little adventures showed me in a more favorable light.

Yes, we both thought this form of modern marriage very fine and merry.

"How can I expect one man to be everything to me, to possess *every* desirable quality?" I used to say to friends who didn't quite understand our kind of marriage. "You can't get everything from one person. Other people *must* give you the stimulation that you can't always get from one person."

I meant intellectual stimulation, of course.

My husband believed this too. As I look back now, I am sure we both believed it in a sort of way, although deep in our hearts I think we were each too vain to believe that the other could find in others qualities which each lacked.

One night we had a party at our house. It was a gay affair, with plenty of pep, punch and people. Among the guests was a pretty girl whom I'll call Vera. She lived on our street and answered to the description of the real modern flapper—rolled stockings, bobbed hair, cigarettes and nerve. She proceeded very openly—in fact, informed me in advance of her intention—to vamp my husband. We thought it a great joke, and I laughed in amusement. He's a big, quiet, serious man, and it seemed funny to think of this fresh, slangy flapper vamping him.

I had a merry time at the party, and didn't pay much attention to them, although I noticed him dancing with her frequently (she wore a soft, slinky black silk dress, with very little underneath). Once when someone did a barefoot and we all sat around to watch, she sat cuddled on his knee.

After the party we joked about it. In fact, for a long time I used to tease him, alone and in public, by a laughing call, "O. L."—meaning "on lap."

It was all quite harmless and amusing.

A friend of mine, a well-known author, with whom I lunched quite frequently, was especially interesting to me just then. I found myself thinking of him more than I had ever thought of the others. I found myself quoting to my husband, "Lee says this," or, "I don't think Lee would agree with that."

Once, across the luncheon table, Lee asked me, rather in a joking tone, "How'd you like to have an affair with me?" We had been discussing the affairs of various married couples we knew, so the question was not so sudden as it may sound.

"Oh, it might be amusing," I shrugged, with a smile. But I didn't discourage the idea, although I didn't take it seriously.

The next week I went away on a business trip and was gone ten days. When I returned I asked husband, in a joking tone, "Well, have you seen Vera?"

For some reason he looked sheepish, although he confessed:

"Yes. Took her to the Follies Wednesday night."

I smiled, but inside something sharp stuck me. We had planned to go to the Follies together.

Next day, going in to town, I met Vera's sister.

"Well, Vera certainly had a lovely time while you were away. She says that she and Roger had so many larks together. Gee, I don't see how she can stand staying up late four nights in succession. I told her to be careful. Neighbors might gossip if they saw her and Roger together so often."

Four nights! With Roger. H'm. He had mentioned only the Follies.

I spoke to him about it, perhaps with some asperity.

"Oh, I didn't think of mentioning them," he began with assumed offhandedness. "Must have forgotten."

After that I did a small, petty thing. But I was beginning to get frightened. Vera was carrying out her vamping intention more successfully than she knew. I found her and Roger together at the station or on the back lawn frequently. They seemed to be laughing at some private joke.

Would He? So Would I

HERE'S what I did: I knew she told all her escapades to her sister, Natalie, and I proceeded to pump Natalie about them by pretending that I knew, but wanted to joke over them. Together, when we'd ride to town, I used to laugh about Vera and Roger, and draw out Natalie, when she didn't realize it. She told me about many incidents that Roger had "overlooked." Taxi rides, a night motor ride to a Long Island country club, theatre dates; and one night I was told Roger brought her in our house. *This was during one of my out-of-town business trips.*

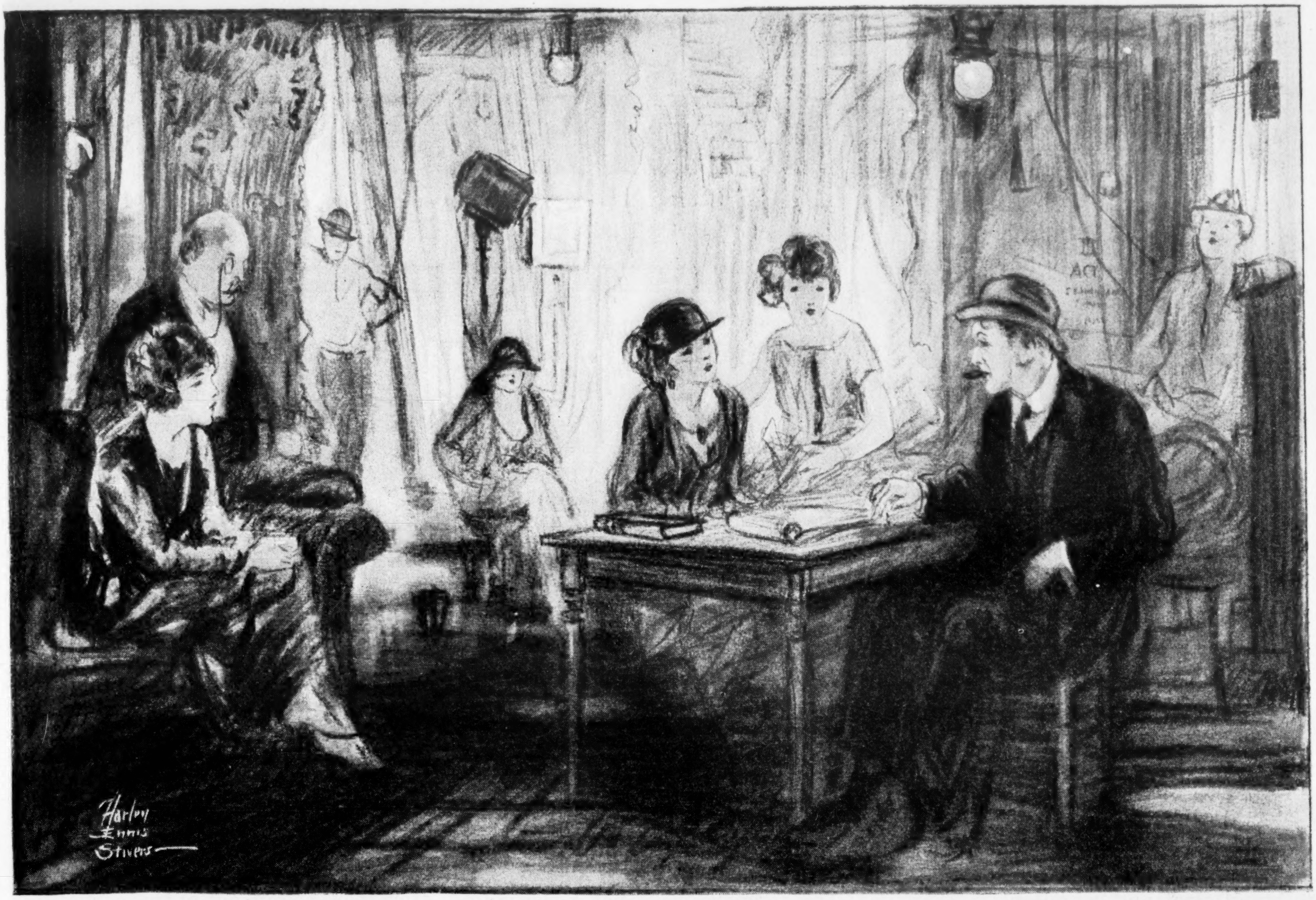
It seemed as if something in me were dying. I felt crushed. Roger, my Roger—my husband whom I loved—to whom I had so merrily told my little adventures—Roger was deceiving me. I began to realize that it was no longer a question of "You can't make a husband or wife account to the other—it's humiliating." This was plain lying and deceit.

Then I made a swift, cold-blooded decision. If Roger was going to act this way, then I would be free to have an affair with Lee. Frankly, I wasn't in love with Lee, nor even attracted to him enough to want him to kiss me. But I felt so hurt and crushed by Roger's lie that I wanted to hurt him in the one possible way I knew I could.

Up until now, with all our talk about friends and acquaintances of the opposite sex, we had really been true to each other. There were luncheons and theatres, but I really hadn't let another man kiss me, and Roger hadn't kissed another girl.

But now I felt differently. If Roger wanted to carry out his idea of freedom to this extent,

(*Continued on page 34*)



The director detected a titter and fixed its source with a severe eye. "That wasn't funny"

WHITE FIRE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks a quarrel with her husband. Lance Fairless, a friend of June's, asks Tabor to go to New York to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying that she has gone to New York with her sister. Tabor follows but doesn't find her.

Next day Tabor calls on Jennifer. On leaving her room, Tabor sees June and Lance step into the elevator with a boy carrying two bags. He realizes that June has lied to him, and why.

After walking for hours in a pouring rain he returns to the hotel in time to see Jennifer leaving. He follows her to the river and decides to drown himself but someone pulls him back. Ten days later he rouses to find himself being taken care of by Jennifer in a theatrical boarding house. Jennifer had also been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing Tabor had forgotten herself and saved him. Finding him ill she had secured rooms and introduced him as her husband, Tabor Drew. They decide to go on living under this arrangement.

Since Tabor's disappearance June has been enjoying secret meetings with Lance. Tabor surprises them one night at dinner and insists that June get a quiet divorce. He then makes them promise to marry as soon as the divorce is granted.

That night Jennifer tells Tabor that she is going away. The reader realizes that each is in love with the other without knowing that the love is returned.

Through the winter and summer she corresponds with him regularly from her work in a play on the road. Tabor goes one night to see Mona Desmond, a young friend of Jennifer's and Lance Fairless', in a play in which she has caused comment in a minor rôle. From then on he sees a good deal of Mona and she tries to induce him to help her get a job as she knows of Tabor's financial interest in Jennifer's work, though he has tried to keep it from everyone but Arlington, the producer.

Tabor goes abroad partly to get away from Mona. One evening after his return he finds June waiting to see him. She has her divorce and comes to get Tabor's help in finding Lance and making him marry her. June tells him that she is sure he will find Lance with Jennifer Challis.

He goes with Arlington to the out-of-town opening of the play in which Jennifer is to appear in New York and is surprised to find Mona Desmond in the cast as well as Nigel Tormay, a great friend of Mona's and Jennifer's. After the play Tabor goes back stage to see Jennifer. He also stops in to see Tormay and finds Lance Fairless there.

Fairless refuses to make good his promise to marry June and sneeringly suggests that, since Tabor seems to like the women with whom Fairless has finished, he wait around for Fairless to throw him another. Thereupon Tabor knocks Fairless down and all but kills him. Arlington pulls him off.

X

TABOR knew he had knocked his man down not so much to requite a malicious insult as in petulance of jealousy.

He was irked, too, by the quandary in which he had placed himself with that rash promise given June to get rid of her. It could do that unhappy woman no possible good to know that Tabor had found Fairless precisely where she had foretold he would be found; furthermore, to tell her would, under the circumstances, be too much of a piece with the conduct of a slighted suitor grasping at every means of avenging his vanity, no matter how contemptible.

Thus he wrangled with conscience and paltered and put off doing that which he had promised to do till Fate took a hand in the affair and relieved the badgered gentleman of his obligation.

The telephone call which he waited so impatiently to receive did not come till some time after the next noon; and Jennifer's voice then was pitched to a tune as friendly as that of last night in her dressing-room—which was curious, too, if the girl really had taken Fairless back to her heart. "That stingy little glimpse of you last night, Tabby, was almost as bad as not seeing you at all—I've got such a lot to tell you!" The day, nevertheless, was boding ill to her wishes; the company had been called to rehearsals in the Town Theatre, and warned to come prepared for an all-night session. "And you know what that means, Tabby—coffee and sandwiches in the wings instead of meals, and everybody dead for sleep and missing cues and biting in the clinches." She did hope, however, that Tabor wouldn't mind coming round to the theatre later in the afternoon and waiting for her to make a chance to slip out with him.

IT WAS a mind ridden by misgivings, for all that, which he took with him to the Town Theatre; but there was no Fairless in evidence; and Jennifer, when found in the wings, waiting to walk on in a scene then in process of rehearsal, welcomed Tabor without any sign of the constraint which he had half looked for.

"Tabby! How sweet of you!" She gave him her hand, a quick, firm pressure, and a smile that was warm if weary. On the half-dressed stage Burchell Brown, with hat tilted over nose to shield off the glare of banked lights, was teetering in a kitchen chair behind a plain table and giving sardonic attention to a passage of dialogue between two subordinate members of the cast. "My cue's due. I haven't a minute now—and goodness knows when I will have; Burch is a perfect demon to please to-day. But I expect you won't find it too uncomfortable out in front."

Words pronounced on the stage at that moment drew the girl as a spell might off into the stare of the lights, an entrance speech leaving her lips. And Tabor obediently found his way, through a door which opened on the dark alley back of the boxes, to the front of the house. Therein sad twilight-sheeted ranks of seats waited like an audience of apathetic wraiths all in the shrouds of ghostly convention, with here and there among them a duskier shade, almost as stirless, that might have been one incompletely dematerialized. Tabor was selecting a modest place for himself when one of these roused to wave a hand and beckon.

"That you, Tabby?" The salutation fell without the élan which one had learned to expect of the almost perfect Englishman. "What you doin' here? Oh, I know—come to trot Jenny out to eat."

"What's weighing on your spirits?" Tabor inquired, taking the seat at Tormay's side. "Is the prospect of work all winter so depressing?"

"Oh! I don't know. I don't mind slavery, so long as the pay's good, but old Simon Legree up there"—a morose nod identified Burchell Brown—"has got a mad notion in his noodle that one ought to know one's lines—just as if one hadn't demonstrated last night that sort of thing's all absolute rot—and so him and me 'as 'ad words, we 'ave. I'm trying now to make up my mind whether to

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Get Into Politics

I AM disgusted with politics: You hear this phrase everywhere at election time.

Year after year those who are too busy to vote or to take any active part in the business of government stand aloof and shout their disgust.

They think they prove their own superiority by expressing contempt for the methods and words of those running for office.

There was never a greater fallacy.

If politics is bad, make it better. If the bosses are unworthy, supplant them. If candidates do not represent the sound citizenship, bring out better men and women.

Politics is nothing but public business. We must have politics if we are going to have popular government. In this land of universal suffrage no man or woman has the right to stand aloof and complain.

Government, good and bad, is the product of politics and in the long run we get the kind of government we deserve. Inefficiency and corruption in office are reflections of the apathy or the ineffectiveness of the voters.

So if you don't like the way politicians are conducting your affairs step right into the ring and get the feel of the fight.

Good men and women battled and sacrificed during long generations to give you this right. Half the wars in history were fought for no other end.

If we show half the zeal in using the vote which our predecessors evinced in winning it for us, there will be small ground for complaint on the part of any man.

Get into the struggle or else save your disgust for yourself. The politician doesn't deserve it and he would not mind it if he did.

Clean the Slate

THERE are forgotten laws cluttering the statute books of every state and city in this country. Recently the New York World cited one ordinance in Los Angeles forbidding conductors to shoot jack rabbits from the platform of a street car.

State and national legislatures grind out 15,000 new laws every year. That is a million in a generation.

"Here!" we shout. "Hurry up and pass a law!"

When the flurry subsides, the law remains.

Every legislature, as well as Congress, should keep busy a committee on useless laws. Legal rubbish should be thrown out and the slate kept clean. Absurd statutes breed contempt for the law. Respect will be more general when the law itself is more respectable.

No Peasants Here

SOON after the American Farm Bureau Federation reported a $10,000,000,000 new crop year—an increase of 33 per cent over the 1921-22 year—a Kansas banker said there was $1,000,000 loose in his town which anyone could borrow on good security.

The farmers were not borrowing. They had not borrowed to seed and they would not borrow against the winter. But the banker was keeping open for farm tenants with farm options. Every good year boosts several thousand farm tenants into the owner group.

One of the best things about this country is that there is no peasant group, no satisfied land renters. All farm tenants have their eye on town and a job or a good farm year and a farm. And there's no better farmer in the country than a tenant who has just shifted from rent to payments.

Moving Ahead

WOMEN are an inch or two nearer to equality than they were a year ago, says a committee of the Bar Association which has been collecting the state laws recently passed. Women may now serve on juries in Louisiana.

Several states were so daring as to give women equal rights with men in guardianship. And New York State set up the principle of equal pay for equal work on the part of school teachers of either sex.

Men and women are different by nature but we no longer think it necessary to handicap weakness by discriminatory laws.

How to Spend a Million

A MILLIONAIRE recently asked the public to tell him how to give away some of his millions. Needless to say, he got thousands of letters. But it remained for that contrary critic, George Jean Nathan, to say the most stimulating words:

"Really worthy individuals need no financial help from outsiders. I know of no first-rate man or woman in America to-day who needs such assistance or wants it. As for persons of potential talent and promise, money so easily come by would, in all probability, ruin them. I suggest that he keep his millions, and, like any other sensible man, buy himself excellent wines, cigars and books, enjoy them, and let the world go to hell in its own charming way."

A brutal and impractical philosophy. But it will do us good to have a few more champions of this sort of tolerance, and a little more ridicule of the craze for pampering the unfit.

What Do You Read?

THE late Charles P. Steinmetz, the crippled immigrant lad who became a famous electrical engineer, was once asked what books he most enjoyed. Here is his list:

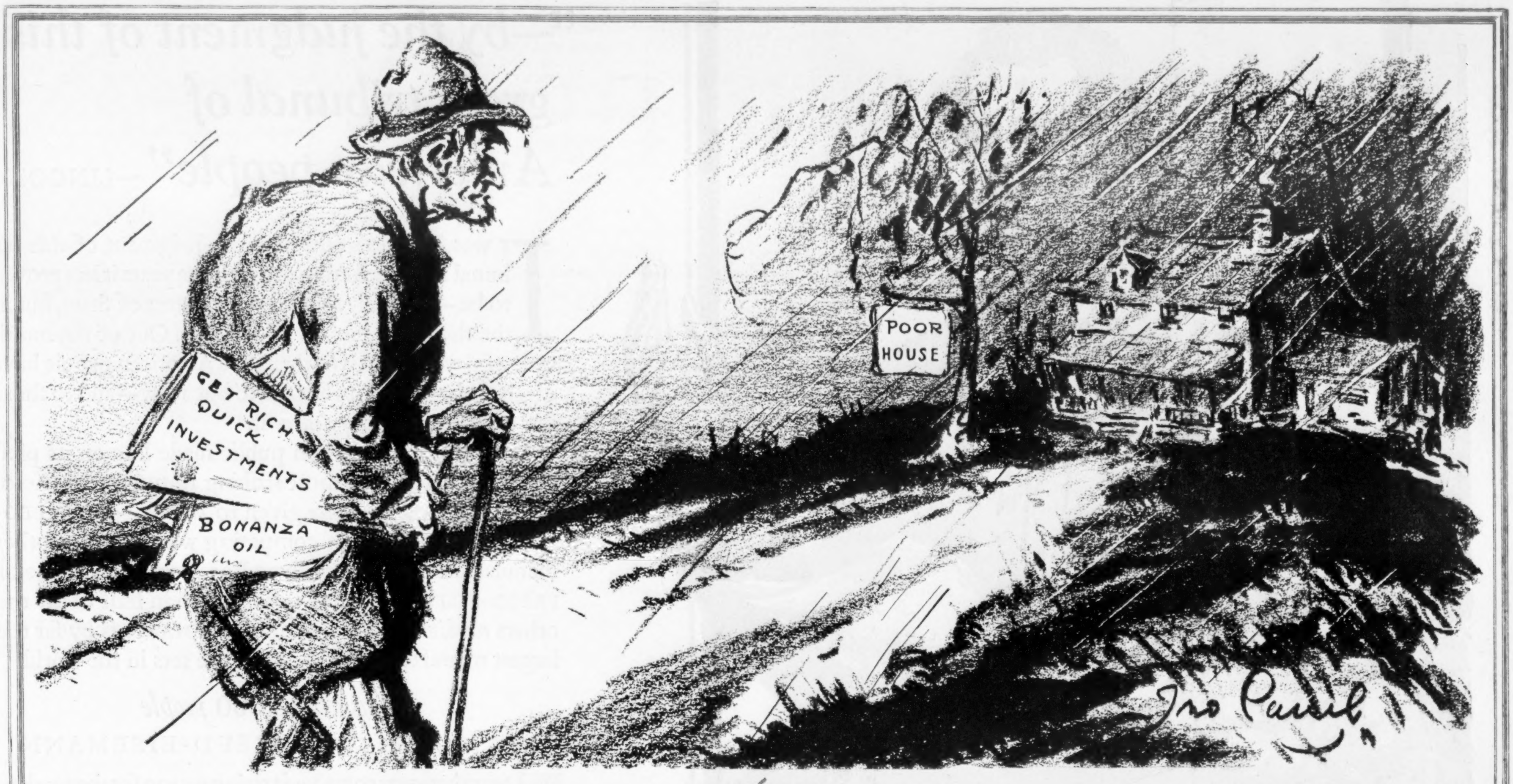
"The Odyssey," "Faust," "Odes and Other Poems" Horace, "Roman History" Mommsen, "The Jungle Books," "Treasure Island," "Darkest Africa," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Midshipman Easy," "The Deluge."

At least four of the eleven are children's books! Yet reading them helped to keep one powerful and useful mind alert to intricate problems.

The Child Pays the Bill

ARTHUR HOLMES, of the University of Pennsylvania, shows by fact and figures that every day a boy spends in high school is worth $9—to the boy in after life.

When a parent takes a child out of school he is placing a heavy burden on the youngster's shoulders. It hardly seems worth while, especially since sweatshops seldom pay as much as a dollar a day to these young employees.

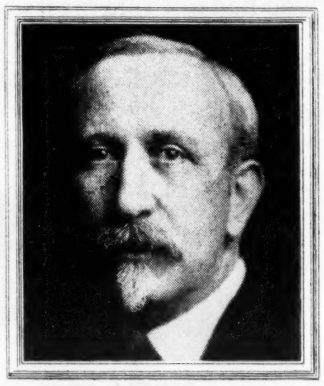


The Rainy Day

Do Women Learn Faster?

BY W. A. NEILSON

President, Smith College



EACH year the number of young women entering our colleges to pursue courses in higher education is being materially increased. The day is fast approaching when it will be felt as socially desirable for young women to have trained brains as for young men. Even in the comparatively short time that has elapsed since special colleges were introduced for women and since co-education became the rule in large state universities, women have vindicated the claim made by the pioneers of their sex who agitated for equal opportunity in education.

On the whole, women are better students than men because they are more docile and industrious. Through long habit and tradition the female mind gives obedience readily to authoritative tuition. Indeed, this instinctive readiness to accept authority is, sometimes, a handicap to women students, for in the classroom they may be as curious, they are certainly as alert, but they are not as disputatious as men.

The woman student is normally more attentive than the man. While women have their share of silly topics for gossip and distraction, my experience at both Harvard University and Smith College impressed me with the fact that the diversion of men's minds at the undergraduate age affects their studiousness the more.

Even in high school the male mind becomes as much occupied with activities external to the classroom as with the subjects of a course. Measure the hours women at school spend in discussing subjects irrelevant to study and compare them with the weeks and months when male students take up one another's time in argument over athletics, and the women will be found to be the better conservators of the precious hours of schooling.

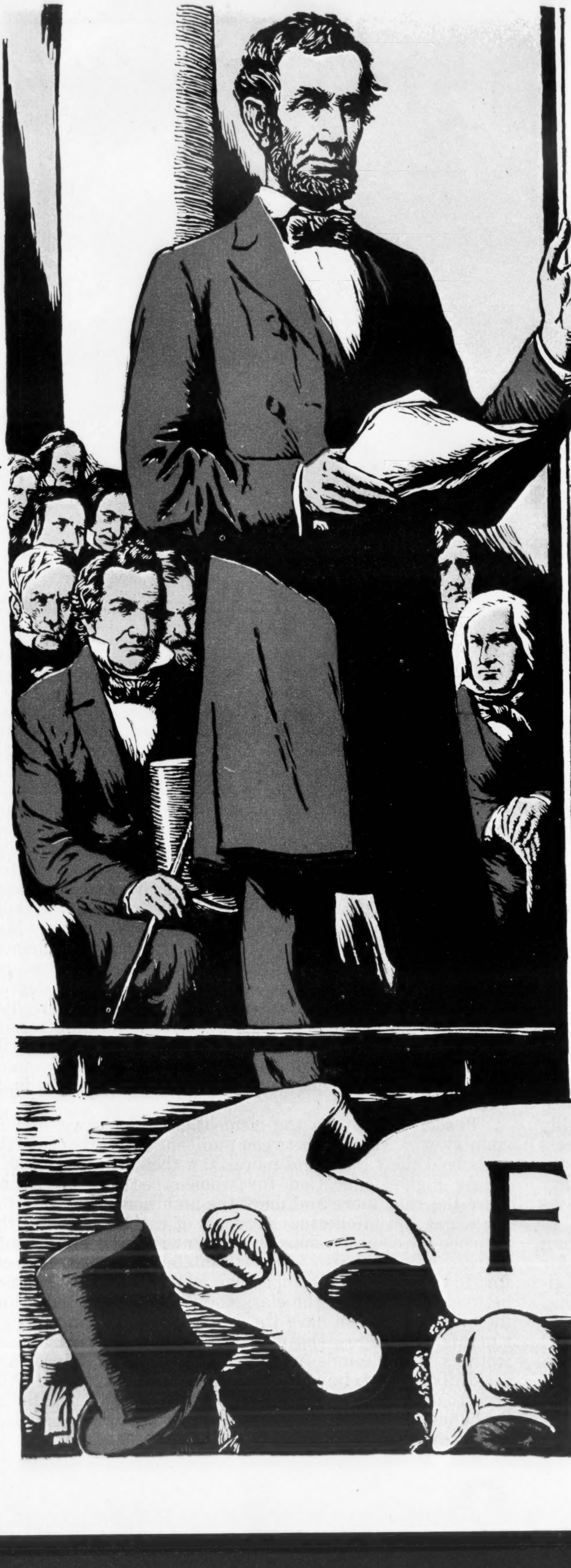
It is true that women students are less inclined to deal with abstract instruction than men; they prefer the concrete, personal, dramatized method. And in a subject like economics it is a general rule that the men excel. But in other subjects, especially the purely cultural subjects, it will be found that young women will usually lead young men.

To supply a negative answer to the question "Can Women Learn Faster than Men?" it has been asserted, and with truth, that in postgraduate courses men students are able to make a better showing than women. I think there is both an economic and a social reason for this. Men become specialists with a definite idea of increased chances for a better livelihood in time. Women may become specialists for the same reason but not to the same degree.

Again, marriage takes many if not most of the brighter and hence more attractive young women from a university career while men continue their studies. This necessarily gives men the advantage when comparison of relative mental achievement is made between the sexes as postgraduate students.

Reaching down to the elementary schools we find in country-wide contests between pupils of both sexes that the girls hold their own, and more than their own.

As higher education for women becomes more and more the rule, more and more the ambition of parents for the social and intellectual progress of their daughters, the invasion of the professions by women will naturally be more marked. This in itself will stimulate men to greater effort to meet feminine competition, and in that way balance between the sexes in the classroom may be restored. For the moment, women have the advantage. And in the long run this advantage is shared with men, for cultural mothers, mothers whose minds are trained and well equipped, are decidedly of more importance in the home-training of children than men. The culture of a household is usually in the hands of the mother, and where the mother has intellectual background she will supply it to her children.



"—by the judgment of this great tribunal of American people" —LINCOLN

It was Lincoln's faith that the judgment of this tribunal is right. And so through the years it has proved to be—not only in the great matters of State, but in the thousand choices of daily life. Out of the multitude of things offered to them, the American people have given their marked preference to but a few—and to those few only because they *deserve* it.

Last year, the American public made known its preference in Radio. The most striking feature of its choice is the *continued preference* given to *one* set—the FREED-EISEMANN. Although competing with thirteen other manufacturers of Neutrodyne Receivers, the volume of FREED-EISEMANN sales was more than half of *all* the others *combined*. Today, FREED-EISEMANN is by far the largest manufacturer of Neutrodyne sets in the world.

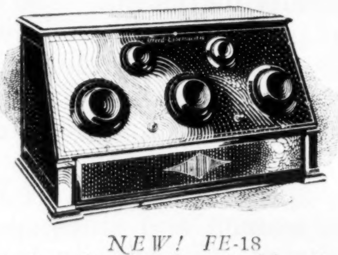
We asked 10,000 *people why they had chosen* FREED-EISEMANN

We knew there was some underlying reason for the marked trend towards the FREED-EISEMANN, because its success was all out of proportion to the limited amount of advertising we had done.

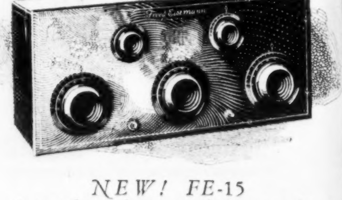
From the answers that came back, we soon saw that we had been given, in great volume, the most powerful of all kinds of advertising—*word-of-mouth recommendation from friend to friend.*

By the thousands, people wrote us, "I bought a FREED-EISEMANN because a friend who had one told me it was the best set to buy."

Each FREED-EISEMANN user, it seems, has made other users—and so on in an endless chain.



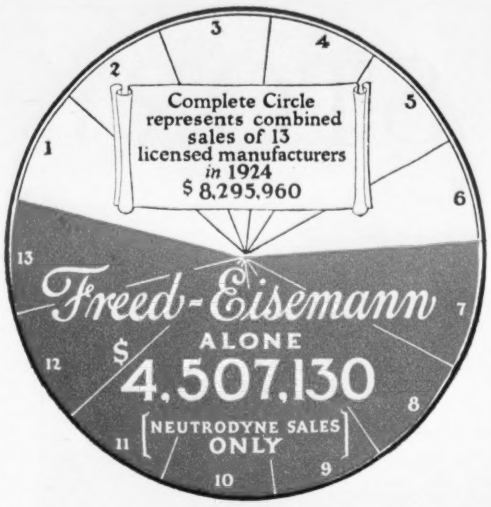
NEW! FE-18
A new five-tube self-contained dry cell receiver, licensed and manufactured under a group of the Latour patents, $90.00.



NEW! FE-15
A new five-tube storage battery receiver, licensed and manufactured under a group of the Latour patents, $75.00.

FREED-

Mastery



This diagram, based on official figures, proves FREED-EISEMANN to be, by a wide margin, the largest Neutrodyne manufacturer in the world.

A personal message
FROM
Joseph D. R. Freed

"When you select your radio, insure yourself against disappointment by choosing a set made by one of the few great, financially sound companies with established reputation as RADIO *manufacturers."*

Mr. Joseph D. R. Freed has written a booklet called "Some Friendly Advice on How to Buy a Radio." Write for a copy.

The REASONS *for the widespread recommendation of the* FREED-EISEMANN

TONE, say the lovers of good music. FREED-EISEMANN has the kind of tone that keeps music *musical.*

BEAUTY, say many of the women. "It is in keeping with the well furnished home."

DISTANCE AND SELECTIVITY, say radio fans who have had the thrill of international listening with their FREED-EISEMANN.

EASY OPERATION, say the non-mechanical, who don't know a thing about the FREED-EISEMANN mechanism except that it *works.*

Trust FREED-EISEMANN *on* PERSONAL *Responsibility*

Mr. Joseph D. R. Freed, Mr. Alexander Eisemann and Mr. Arthur Freed feel personally responsible to you for the performance of their radio set. They have inspired every man in their great plant with the same uncompromising vigilance; the same devotion to an ideal.

You will know at the first turn of the dials, at the first strain of music, that your FREED-EISEMANN has been built by clever, trained, unhurried hands to give you pleasure—now and for years to come.

You can have a home demonstration without cost or obligation

Telephone the FREED-EISEMANN *dealer today!*

A large number of dealers have eagerly sought the right to sell the FREED-EISEMANN, but we have given it to only a limited number, whom we have *selected,* for their ability to satisfy your needs promptly and helpfully.

Our dealers are so sure of the performance of the FREED-EISEMANN that they will gladly install a set in your home *without obligation*—so that you may learn at first hand the joys it will give you.

Telephone or visit the FREED-EISEMANN *dealer nearest you without delay—before his limited supply of sets for demonstration is exhausted.*

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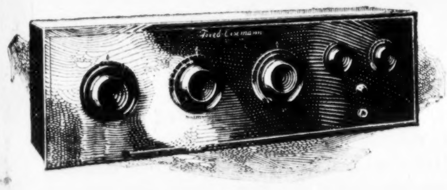
MANHATTAN BRIDGE PLAZA, BROOKLYN, N.Y.



NEW! NR-7
A six-tube licensed Neutrodyne receiver embodying an improved method of audio-frequency amplification,* $110.00.

The famous Model NR-20
A licensed Neutrodyne receiver, encased in a handsome cabinet of African mahogany, in Adam Brown finish,* $175.00.

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THE SHORT SHORT STORY

F.D. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

A Perfect Idyll

By
SOPHIE KERR

The short short story is a weekly feature in Collier's. In the next issue: "Black Max," by Octavus Roy Cohen

MISS DAVIDSON had deliberately chosen a smoking compartment to avoid the overpowering chypre and tuberose and narcissus with which Continental women are so apt to drench themselves. She preferred tobacco smoke to heavy perfume. Besides, she was traveling first-class, and it was more than likely that she would have the compartment to herself and be very comfortable. The trip from Genoa to Venice lasts all day, and the train is always late, and Miss Davidson was not so young as she used to be—except at heart, as her friends assured her.

So there she sat in the best window seat, and if she was shy and spare and spinstery she was also elegant in her beige costume, which was of Paris and good taste. No one could look at Miss Davidson's *decor* without knowing that here was a well-to-do woman of the world. And no one could look at Miss Davidson's eyes without knowing that here was an incurable romanticist.

At first, as she had hoped, she had the compartment to herself, but at Milan a man came in: a fat, blond Italian, bulging in an expensive and horrible bluish-green suit, striped shirt and gaudy tie, with a big gold watch chain looped over his stomach.

He bowed to Miss Davidson and sat down opposite in the seat next the door into the passageway. Then, at the very last moment, just when they were ready to start, a young man and woman tumbled in with their baggage, laughing, chattering, as if the chance of being left was a glorious joke.

They sat down opposite Miss Davidson too, the woman directly in front of her, the young man beside her. And they held hands, at once, openly.

The man was slender, dark, poetical, sensitive, dressed in cheap dark clothes, his cuffs frayed, his tie knotted to hide its worn spots. The woman was a little older than he, cheaply dressed too, but with a determination to be gala in a bright little trashy hat and very high-heeled pointed slippers of gray kid with purple edges. Her hands were work-worn and there was something in her eyes, a desperate greed for happiness, with a foreknowledge that it cannot last—she hurt Miss Davidson's heart with that look.

The pair talked eagerly with low caressing voices. "Emilio" she called him, and made it very sweet and musical, "E-mi-li-o," and pressed his hand and smiled at him and leaned against his shoulder. Her name was Maria, it seemed. Emilio put his face very close to her hair and talked into her ear, and though she couldn't hear a word of it Miss Davidson knew that he was talking love and longing and dear sweethearting whimsies.

The fat man was watching them too, out of the corner of his eyes, twisted sidewise to see them, and pretending to be reading a newspaper. "It will do him good to see a perfect little idyll like this," thought Miss Davidson.

Then the conductor came, and it became clear that Emilio and his friend had third-class tickets and there was an agitated colloquy that ended by Emilio paying first-class for them both to Brescia out of a very thin purse, though Maria assured him they'd much better change to the place where they belonged, and save the money. Then there was some further talk, very fast, and he paid again, a single fare to Padua, for Maria, though she again protested, opening her own shabby handbag to pay it herself. Emilio reproached her, pushed her money away, though his generosity had clearly left him with scarcely a lira to his name.

The pair went on with their tender duet, and presently Emilio brought out a pack of cheap cigarettes, and, for a lark, urged Maria to take one. With some urging, and a little apologetic glance toward Miss Davidson, she yielded, and smoked, very daintily, like a novice, coughing at the smoke and laughing at the cough. Emilio laughed too. He adored her, trusted her, found all his joy in her. And she responded to it all.

Too soon the train approached Brescia. Emilio must go. He took his battered paper suit case, dropped it hopelessly beside him, and turned to Maria. They kissed and kissed again, clung to each other tragically. Their time together had been so short, the parting was for so long.

"Addio—addio!"

"Cara-carissima!" It was a sob in the boy's throat. The fat man went out in the passageway; Miss Davidson averted her gaze, tried to appear not to hear. Oh, the poor, brave young things!

At last Emilio tore himself away and ran out of sight through the station, unable to endure staying until the train started. And Maria was left, a miserable, crumpled Maria, crying hard into her pink handkerchief, her cheek pressed into the awful crochetwork on the back of the seat, her gay little hat piteously askew.

Miss Davidson watched her with intense sympathy, wishing she knew enough Italian to say something kind to her. She was thankful when Maria's tears began slowly to dry.

Maria mopped her eyes, sat up, sniffed, and tried to steady her quivering chin. Presently she dug about in her handbag for a powder puff and mirror. She straightened her hat, bit her lips and pulled her dress into order, sighing, still grief-stricken. From her bag she produced a couple of cheap little magazines, blood-and-thunder and heart-throb fiction stuff, and one of these she opened; the other she put on the seat beside her.

And after perhaps a quarter of an hour the fat man leaned over, touched his hat and politely asked Maria if he might read that magazine. She nodded, hardly looking at him. In a little while she powdered her nose again, and then, if you please, took out a cigarette case of her own, and matches, lit a cigarette and inhaled the smoke like a veteran, with no least apologetic glance toward Miss Davidson and with not a sign of a cough. Her ease, her assurance, were sinister. Miss Davidson resented them for Emilio's sake.

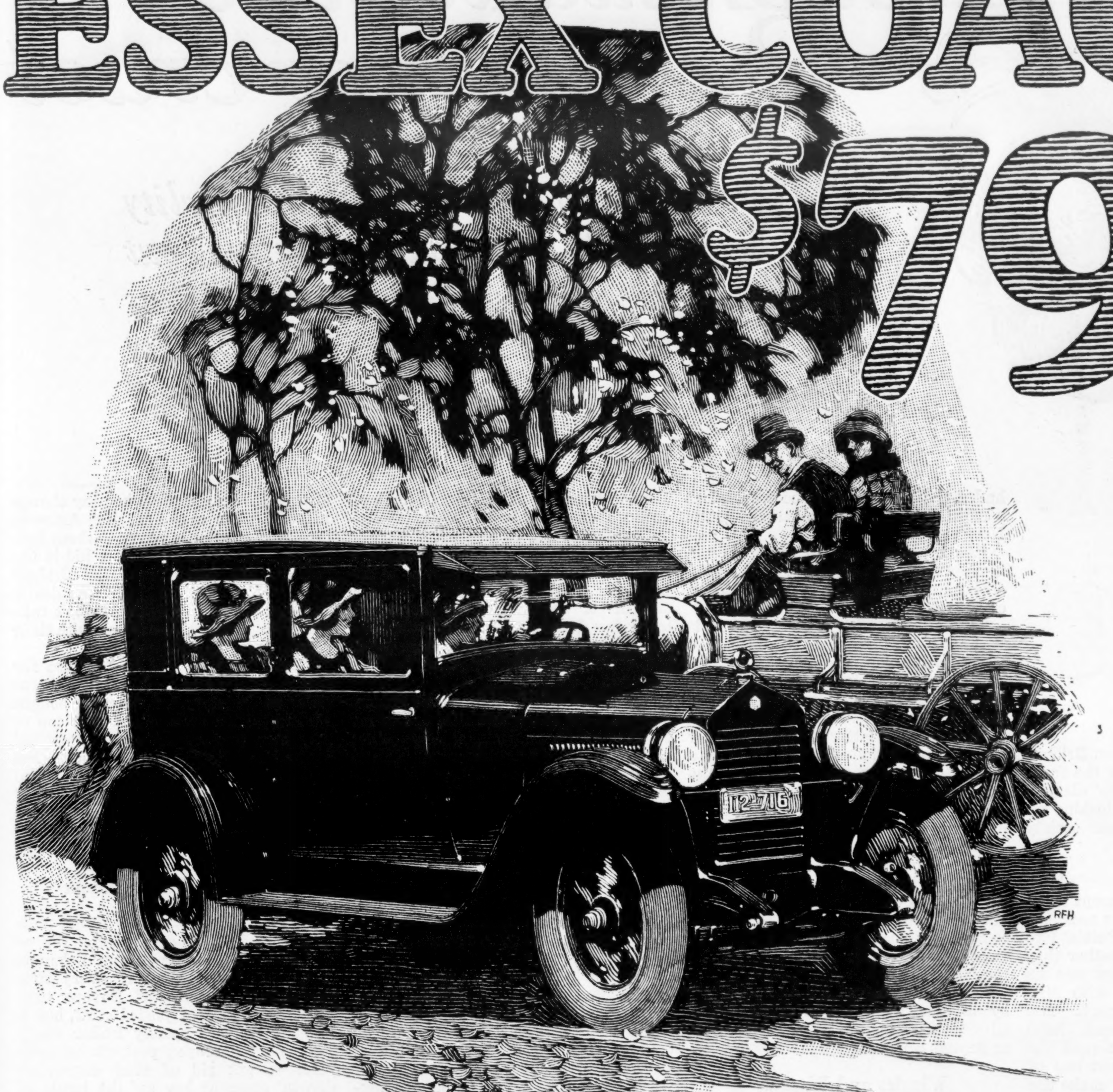
The fat man restored the magazine and made a trivial comment. She replied briefly. He spoke again, and again she answered, with a little more interest. He moved over into the seat beside her. She glanced up with a half smile.

When the train stopped at Padua they both got out. He was carrying her suit case and her parcels, and she was saying "mille, mille grazie," with the same caressing inflection she had said "E-mi-li-o." He found a carriage, and they drove off together.

So it was, even as Miss Davidson had thought, a perfect idyll.

ESSEX COACH

$795



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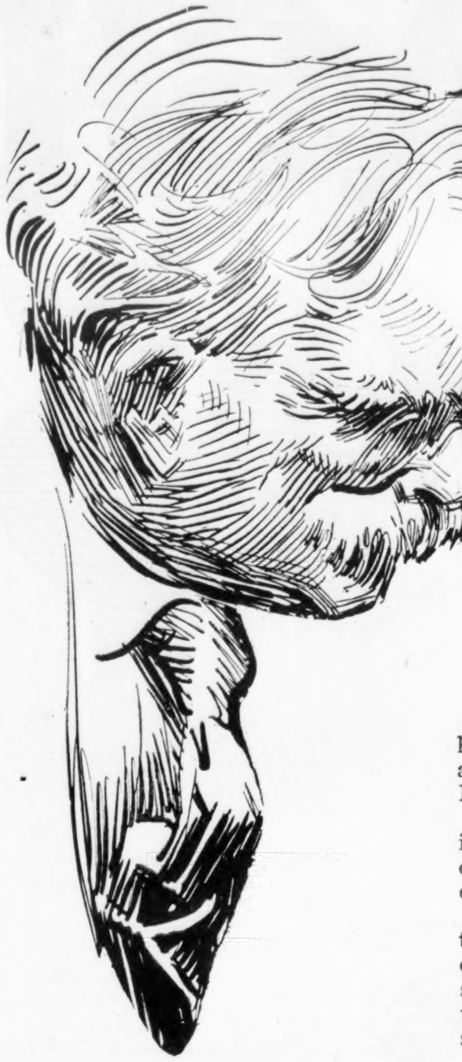


Dough makes the upper crust

"There's a lot of gossip about immorality in high life," says Uncle Henry, "but what chance do they get with cameras trained on 'em all the time? Immorality requires a certain amount of privacy"

"I SEE where Mrs. Jackson Bridger is home from a tour of the fashionable Eastern waterin' places," remarked Mr. Stubbs, looking up from his perusal of the local society column.

"Yes," said Uncle Henry. "I was talkin' with her last night. She's bein' thawed out gradually an', except for a bad case of chilblains, will be none the worse for her experience. Puttin' two an' two together, 'Lonzo, I gather that Napoleon's Russian campaign was an Old Home Week compared with Miz' Bridger's reception in Newport. The Astors an' Vanderbilts must have known she was there—she signed the hotel register herself—but not one of 'em asked her to come up an' make use of the spare room.

"She can't even say for sure that she so much as laid eyes on 'em. One night she saw a woman who was wet from the knees down, and felt certain it was a society leader who'd jest come from a dinner where everybody waded in the fountain, but, on the other hand, it might have been a Swede cook who'd gotten tangled up with the garden hose while tryin' to stop a dog fight.

Strawberry vs. Razzberry

"A DAY or two later she was in a Turkish bath, an' saw one lady give the cut direct to another lady. I was inclined to agree with her that this *must* have been a society leader, for who else could possibly carry social distinctions into a hot room, or hold to a sense of personal superiority with nothin' on but a damp sheet? Why, they tell me Napoleon quit goin' to Turkish baths because he couldn't keep the rubbers from patronizin' him.

"No question that Miz' Bridger feels pretty bitter about the whole business. Considerin' that she's been the acknowledged society leader in these parts for the last five years, never once givin' a party without puttin' *costume de rigueur* on the cards, she felt that she had a right to expect to be received as a member of the union when she got to Newport.

"As I pointed out to her, however, it wasn't so much the fault of the Vanderbilts an' Astors as it was the fault of the system.

"The trouble with society leaders is that they aren't *organized*. If one of our Baptists or Methodists, for instance, decides to go to Cleveland on a visit, havin' bet on Davis, what does she do?

"She takes a letter from the pastor with her, an' inside of a week she's on a committee to raise money to repair the parsonage roof, an' has her share of the church debt jes' as though she'd lived in Cleveland all her life.

"Same way with European royalty. Take a ruler whose principality is so small that he's got to put one leg over the border every time he pulls on his pants, or one of those Mittel Europe Prinzessins that has to step into the next kingdom while the maid's makin' the bed.

"They are received an' acknowledged by all the other royal families the minute they deposit a strawberry mark or deposit a mole.

Wiggles and Waggles

"AN' LOOK the way it is with Moose an' Eagles an' Elks an' such other American fauna an' phenomena? When they are in a strange city all they've got to do is to locate a clubhouse an' show a pin, wiggle fingers or rotate the ears after some prescribed fashion. Straightway they're made welcome an' by evenin' have reached such a stage of intimacy that they're allowed to sign the dinner check for the whole crowd.

"As I tried to make clear to Miz' Bridger, that's what society people have got to do. They ought to call a convention an' decide on a pin, hand grips, ear waggles an' some sort of password, so that when the society leaders of Chicago went to New York, or the society leaders of New York went to London, they wouldn't have to sit around hotel lobbies an' hire their dinner guests from an employment agency.

"As it is now, there's no system of identification whatsoever. What makes it worse, bein' a society leader isn't like bein' a tattooed man or a bearded lady, so that there's really no way of tellin' 'em from anybody else. In the majority of cases it's hard to believe even when they are pointed out. Same way with duchesses. When I was in London I was never shown one without feelin' that I was bein' fooled.

"In New York, to be sure, it isn't so difficult. You jes' wait until you see a man with a camera an' then follow him, for nine times out of ten he's stalkin' a society leader, hopin' to bring her down for the Sunday supplement. It's only a scandal case when the quarry shrinks an' tries to hide her face.

"There's a lot of gossip about immorality in New York high life, but in my opinion they're a pack of lies. What chance do they get with cameras trained on 'em from the time they get up in the mornin' until they go to bed at night? Why, the poor devils are lucky if they are able to give themselves a hurried sponge bath without havin' a newspaper photographer jump up out of the plumbin'.

"We may have gone far from the old Victorian standards, 'Lonzo, but immorality still requires a certain amount of privacy.

"An' don't forget the servants, either. In the few homes of wealth that I've been permitted to visit the butlers an' valets had the soft, noiseless tread of wild animals. When I wanted to pick my teeth or sit around for a while in my stockin' feet, I had to secrete myself in a dark closet, lock the door an' then pile furniture against it. Even so, I always had the feelin' of eyes upon me.

"Comin' back to Miz' Bridger for a minute. I've never been quite able to understand why she, an' others like her, are so crazy to be recognized by New York society. In my humble opinion it ought to be the other way around, for society leaders in places like Chicago, Topeka, Denver, Grand Rapids, Keokuk an' Kansas City are much more to be admired an' commended than all the Astors an' Vanderbilts put together.

A Battle of Wills

"FOR one thing, almost all of the Four Hundred are so much further removed from the source. Old John Jacob Astor an' the first Cornelius Vanderbilt, for instance, have been dead a long time, an' the present generation don't have to worry about 'em comin' into the parlor while company's there or sittin' out on the front porch in their shirt sleeves where everybody can see 'em. When money's inherited from a great-grandfather there's nothin' to conceal or live down.

"On the other hand, old Jackson Bridger is very much alive an' there's always the danger that he may change his will. It's easy for Miz' Astor to give a swell dinner party without butter on the table an' the rolls hid in the napkins, but every time Miz' Bridger tries it there's a battle to the death. Self-made men like Jackson don't take kindly to playin' hide-an-seek with their bread.

"Gettin' him to put on his coat for dinner deserves to rank with the great victories of history, an' when she bought the old man a dress suit I was one of fifty men that helped rope, throw an' hogtie him. Bein' a society leader west of the Alleghenies comes under the head of arduous occupations like mule drivin' an' calls for a sustained force of character such as would leave an Astor all exhausted.

Cutting a Way Through

"TAKE the comparatively simple matter of interior decoration. It's no trouble for the Vanderbilts an' Belmonts to change their furniture every time the thrifty artisans of Europe turn out a new batch of period stuff, but it takes a Western society leader weeks to dislodge a crayon portrait an' even years to get rid of steel engravin's showin' stags at bay an' the battle of Gettysburg. An' only Heaven will ever know what they suffered gettin' Oriental rugs in place of Brussels carpets.

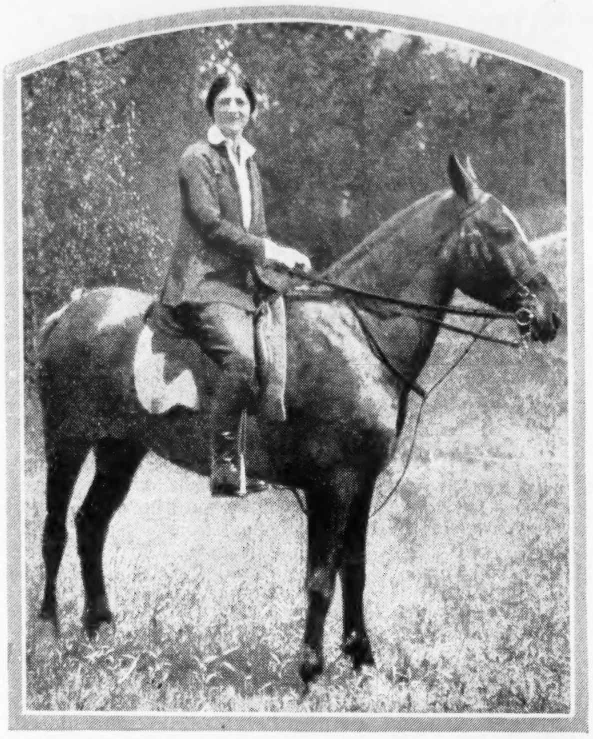
"You've also got to remember that New York society is an old established concern, for I reckon it must be all of two hundred years since Commodore Vanderbilt ran his ferryboat an' the Astors taught the Indians that it wasn't right to lay up treasures on earth. There's no spade work to do while women like Miz' Bridger have got to build from the ground up, often startin' in with only one doily an' not exactly knowin' what R. S. V. P. means.

"For another thing, New York's a big place, while in smaller towns, where everybody knows everybody, it's no easy job for a society leader to know jes' who to speak to an' who to cut, an' to draw a line between people she's grown up with an' sometimes done washin' for.

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, if you ask me, I'll say Miz Bridger is a much bigger woman than any member of the Four Hundred."

"Huh!" sniffed Mr. Stubbs, "I never saw a woman that made such a fool of herself!"

"That's because you haven't been around much in society," said Uncle Henry.



"ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation.

I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman."

Mrs. F. R. Conner, Florence, Ky.

"I BEGAN TO EAT Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short: I am fighting fit in every way. Overwork does not bother me. My endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it."

Walt Marsh, Belleville, Ill.

A Story Told by Thousands

How they corrected their ills—regained the vitality of youth—through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-21, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

†

LEFT

"SCRATCHES FESTERED, pin pricks turned to boils—I was a rival for Job's 'laurels.' My nerves were chaotic; I developed a morbid, craven terror of pain. A neighbor suggested yeast and, though cynically doubting the remarkable cures narrated, I took 4 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily between meals for one month. The incredible happened. A boil just starting dried away painlessly, minor blemishes on my back, which I had had in series for years, totally disappeared; I grew steadily stronger, and life reassumed normal perspective. Finally I, who had dragged to my housework, half fainting from the least exertion, had *surplus energy and wiped dishes dancing to phonograph records!*" Mrs. R. G. Booth, Port Washington, N. Y.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

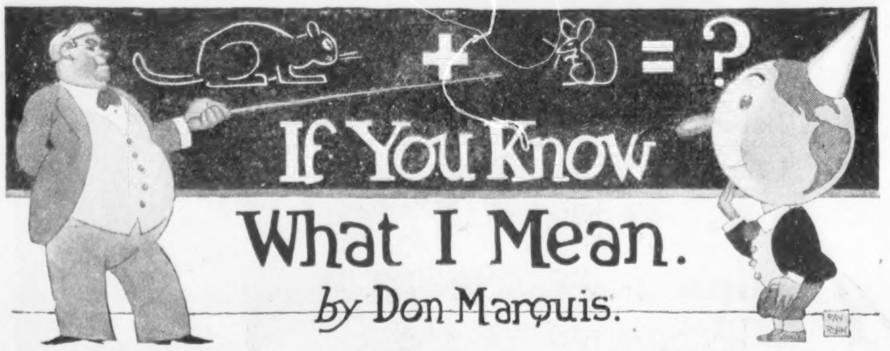
"THIS SPRING, desperate from years of constipation and unavailing attempts to cure its resultant evils, I read this definition by a physician: 'Yeast is an antiseptic and is effective in all diseases in which there is threatened putridity.' I began taking one cake in warm water before breakfast and at bedtime. My looks a month later demonstrated a release from cathartics. Continuing the treatment, I gained daily in vigor. Years of intestinal poisoning take their toll of youth; so I shall continue to drink my yeast."

Mrs. Carrie M. Crema, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THIS SPRING, just recovering from a serious illness, I asked my physician if Yeast would do me any good. He said that it was very good, so I began eating it. I am no longer troubled with indigestion, headaches, or stomach troubles of any kind, nor do I any longer wish to hide my face on account of the pimples. Instead of the pale sallow look, I have a good rosy complexion. And now I can eat a hearty meal, and enjoy it. Fleischmann's Yeast has wrought this wonderful change, for at present I use no other remedies."

Miss Jenny Chartrand, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

EAT
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST



If You Know What I Mean.

by Don Marquis.

THE Old Soak came in to see me the other day, and his mien was downcast.

"I've quit kiddin' myself," he said, "about legal liquor ever comin' back to this here vale of tears. All of us old mammals of iniquity is just a-going to dry up and fluff away like cat-tail fluff or dandelion blossoms when their golden hair turns white. There ain't any hope as I can see; even a camel can't eat sand. Such liquor as there is ain't liquor.

"Hennery Withers was tellin' me a story last week that shows how sad a condition the human stomach has got into. Some relations of his wife come to visit with them, and they hadn't been there more'n three days afore an epidemical plague of bedbugs broke out in the house. The relations says the varmints was there when they come, and Hennery's wife allows they imported 'em, and Hennery don't dast to express any opinion at all, because after all it was his wife's relations.

"But his wife gets a full quart of some kind of bedbug poison at the drug store, and Hennery drinks half of it that night by mistake. A properly human stomach, with that inside of it, would have screamed three times like a wildcat and galloped to the grave, carryin' its owner with it. But Hennery's stomach didn't. It just cuddled up inside of him and purred for more. It laughed and crowed like a baby with a new rattle.

"Hennery had so accustomified his digestive ornaments to prohibition liquor that when they got hold of that insect poison they took it for a compliment. 'Has the human race come to this?' says Hennery.

"A few of us old-timers like me and Hennery will keep on drinkin' for a few years more, and then pass on to a country where reformers cease from troublin' and the wicked is at rest, and the younger generation, that ain't trained its interiors the way we have, will either kill theirselves or quit, and drinkin' will be as extinguished as the Egyptian Faroes. I'd quit myself if it wasn't for the principle of the thing. Many times the last five or six years I really wanted to quit, and everybody wanted me to quit, and I could 'a' quit—but it was always my principles that held me to it."

Three Things With a Kick

MR. HAWLEY (the Old Soak's real name is Mr. Clem Hawley) says he has no interest whatever in the light-wine-and-beer movement. "The trouble with light wines," he says, "is that they are light; and beer is nothin' but beer. I never could stimulate my enthusiastics any where soft drinks like that is concerned. I was raised on the Old Testament, hard liquor and calomel: three things that has got some kick into them."

GOSHEN, IND., is trying to get on the map along with Dayton, Tenn. There dwells in this land of Goshen one Mr. A. E. Kunderd, who is a gladiolus grower. Mr. Kunderd has succeeded, after years of experiment, in hybridizing his gladioli and producing several new varieties. This matter was recently brought to the attention of the church to which Mr. Kunderd belongs—and now Mr. Kunderd has been expelled from the church. The church leaders held a conclave and decided that "if the Almighty had wanted the gladioli hybridized he would have made them that way."

No doubt the church authorities are convinced that they have brought about a great religious victory, and perhaps there are several nice old ladies of both sexes in Goshen who will purse their lips and exchange the opinion that Mr. Kunderd will broil for a million years in hell fire for his wicked interference with the manifest intentions of the Almighty with regard to gladioli.

See if Burbank Cares

IF MR. KUNDERD gets a million years of unremitting agony in hell fire, just think of all the hundreds of millions of years that are coming to Luther Burbank, who was one of the pioneers of this iniquitous business!

It had not occurred to Mr. Kunderd that he was a rebel against the divine order of things.

All the Goshens are not in Indiana. There has been a surprising recrudescence of this sort of thing in many localities in America during the past few years. Goshen is a state of mind, a medieval state of mind. In the long run, however, it does not interfere with the growth of the gladioli, nor many other blooms horticultural and intellectual. It is so idiotic that it destroys itself.

ARCHY the cockroach was in recently and gave it as his opinion that men have about as much to learn from insects as insects do from men.

Archy, you may remember, is not the ordinary sort of cockroach. He was once a free-verse poet, he claims, and the free-verse poet died and its soul went into the body of a cockroach. Ever since then Archy has been strong for transmigration. He uses my typewriter, painfully butting out his communication with his head, one letter at a time. He has to get along without punctuation, as he cannot reach the shift keys on the machine. He remarked:

if a pound of butter
could think it would
probably think it was the
center of the universe
whereas the cow who was the
godmother of that pound of
butter feels sure she is
the center of the universe
and the man who owns
the cow laughs in a
superior fashion because he
knows that he is the center
of the universe
boss it may surprise you
but a lot of the insects
are laughing at you human
beings all the time
for your airs of superiority
and conceit you have never
yet invented a form
of government that works
as well as the bee hive
or the ant hill
and if left to yourself
you would starve where a
mosquito would grow fat
and which among you has the
beauty of a butterfly
or the steady industry
of a tumble bug
o why should the
spirit
of mortals be proud

The Old Summerton Temper

Continued from page 7

the country like the measles, what more natural than that Cliff should turn to Jeff, first for suggestions, then for advice and finally for downright action? As a result the railroad bonds were sold and Cliff became possessed of a line of oils, mines and industrials which certainly ought to pay him 10 per cent, if not a clear 15.

It was on a Tuesday that Cliff made the exchange; and on Thursday night Aunt Margaret said, "I'm sure I don't know where Jeff Parsons got the money from, but he's been riding around town to-day in one of the nicest little coupés you ever saw. . . ."

She paused then and looked at her sister—a look that said, "You tell him"—and Aunt Elizabeth, dressed like an old Colonial picture—the very picture of tranquillity, all except that scar upon her cheek—Aunt Elizabeth said, "I think you ought to know it, Clifford. Katherine Kreisler has been riding around with him all afternoon; and just before you came home they went out together again; and from the way she was dressed I think they were off for the evening."

Cliff began to see a light then—a very dim one and a very uncomfortable one—but still enough so that after dinner he took his list of new securities over to Mr. Dawson, cashier of the First National; and Mr. Dawson told him exactly what he thought of them.

Cliff went home then—a strange, queer feeling inside him—a sweetish, sourish feeling that he couldn't quite define. And of course he didn't know it, but when he returned to the tranquil haven of 76 Maple Avenue and let himself in his lips were closely held together like those of the Stern Lady whom he had seen upstairs—the Stern Lady who had married in a temper and died in a temper and had brought such deep disgrace upon them all.

AT THE office next morning the Wise Egg was soon going strong.

"Gentlemen," he announced to the Tame Six, and they all sat humped over their drafting boards, "I have news to tell you. Our Ingenious Shirt-Preserver is learning to wiggle his ears. Twice this morning I have caught him in the act. To-morrow I shall bring him a carrot; we may have music then."

Cliff hadn't slept well that night; and, whether or not it was partly for this reason, again he felt that queer feeling inside him—that uncertain churning which he had experienced the night before.

"Of course I may be mistaken," said the Egg, "but it seems to me that not only are they wiggling, but that his ears are lengthening as well. Perhaps it were well to keep a record of this upon the wall. Now, taking to-day's length for a starter—"

He opened his calipers and reached over the board. Cliff looked at him and pushed his hand away.

"Stop it," he said.

He spoke gently, almost in a detached voice, as though his mind were on something else—upon a suffocating feeling that seemed to be expanding his chest, for instance—or a quickly crescending "Boom-boom-boom!" that was beating somewhere inside him like one of the magic drums of Oudh.

"Just a moment," said the other, reaching over again. "It's all in the interest of science, you understand."

"Stop it," said Cliff, pushing the advancing hand away for the second time. And tremulously added, "Please!"

"It's all right, Shirty dear," was the soothing answer. "Courage now; it will only take a moment."

Perhaps as he reached over for the third time he wouldn't have been much surprised if his victim had burst into tears. Instead of this, however, that ballooning feeling in Cliff's breast, sweetish-sour and altogether compelling, suddenly seemed to lift him from his feet, suddenly seemed to fill him with warm, passionate strength; and the next moment—stools, tracings, ink and trestle forgotten—he was lunging over the drafting board, chopping down with both fists at the Wise One's head. The board collapsed with a noise that was heard throughout the floor, and straightway the fight was on.

It might have been different if the Egg had been prepared; for, however willing Cliff was, he knew nothing about fighting—indeed, knew nothing whatever just then except a consuming desire to hurt his tormentor as much as he could and in the shortest space of time; but the latter had gone down in such a snarl that he couldn't get up at first; and by the time he was on his feet Cliff was ready to charge again, and this time he caught his antagonist one of those blows on the nose which some inspired sporting writers refer to as "Whang-doodling wallops" and some as "Happy haymakers" and some as "pop-eyed picklers," according to the alliterative fancies of the hour.

IN ANY event, the recipient of this beautiful blow went down again like grass before the scythe, and, going right down after him, Cliff immediately proceded to rake him, and scatter him, and tedder him, and do him up in windrows, so that when the wagon came they could carry him to the barn. Toward the end he had a harder job of it, being obliged to keep tearing himself away from the restraining hands of his colleagues; and, just as everything seemed to be getting inextricably mixed, the hall outside a jam of spectators, the cell inside a wreck, a shrill, protesting voice was heard upon the outskirts and old R. G. came pushing through so that he could see for himself what nice young men he had working for him in his drafting department.

"What's all this? What's all this going on?" he demanded.

Nobody answered. Perhaps they thought that the answer was obvious enough, and Cliff was so busy fixing up the last windrow that he didn't even hear the question.

"You, sir!" exclaimed old R. G. advancing and pulling at Cliff's shoulder. "You—the man on top! You will report to my office immediately, sir! Immediately. Do you hear me?"

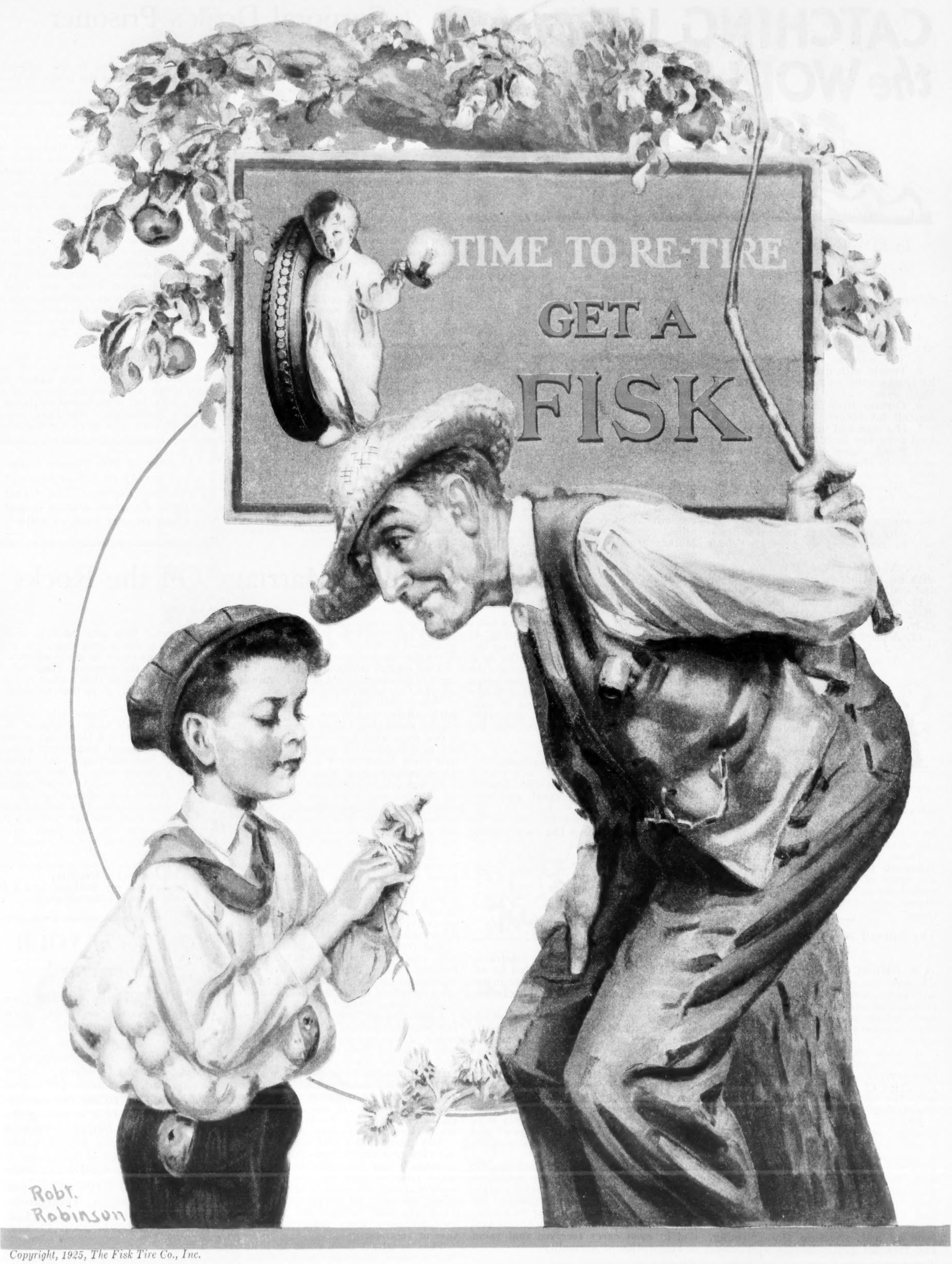
He went away at that, breathing hard himself, and it might have been the surrounding silence which helped to bring Cliff back to earth. He drew a deep breath which had something like a shudder in it and slowly got up.

"I don't think he's hurt—much," he said, helping the others to lift the one who had lately wanted to measure his ear. "I think it's the ink more than anything else." And after the Egg had been wiped off, and felt over a little, and spoken to in order to see if he could peep back intelligently, Cliff turned to the spectators who were watching him now with owlish looks of solemnity, and, giving them all a rueful glance, he tucked his necktie into his waistcoat and said, "Where does the old man keep his office? Anybody know?"

(*To be continued next week*)

Have You Told Us

why you agree or disagree with what William Johnston had to say in his scathing criticism of the medical profession, which appeared in Collier's of Sept. 5th? Don't delay your contribution! The contest (in which prizes of $25, $15 and $10 are offered for the three best letters) will close October 10th. Address Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.


TIME TO RE-TIRE
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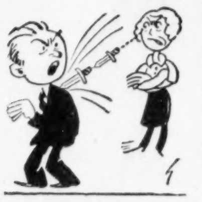
CATCHING UP *with* the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

Science Says You Are Silly if You Believe:

1. Beginning an undertaking on Friday is bad luck.
2. The number thirteen is unlucky.
3. People with greenish eyes are not as trustworthy as people with blue or black eyes.
4. Certain lines in a person's hand foretell his future.
5. If a man had faith enough he could heal a broken limb.
6. People born under the influence of certain planets show the influence in their characters.
7. All men are created equal in capacity for achievement.
8. Some animals are as intelligent as the average human.
9. Any physical or mental disease can be contracted by thinking about it.
10. A child comes into the world with an instinctive knowledge of good and evil.
11. Especially bright children are likely to be weak and retarded physically.
12. A person who does not look you in the eye is likely to be dishonest.
13. A square jaw is a sign of will power.



14. If you stare at a person's back, you can make him turn round. This is a form of telepathy.
15. An expectant mother by fixing her mind on a subject can influence the character of her unborn child.
16. A high forehead indicates intellectual superiority.
17. A man's character can be read by noting the size and location of special developments of his head.

These, as Professor H. K. Nixon of Columbia University has pointed out, are some of the "ideas which in the main have had the stamp of disapproval placed upon them by modern investigations."

The Spread of Primitive Religious Practices

AS CHURCHES grow larger and more conservative, all conspicuous and spontaneous displays of religious enthusiasm are frowned upon. So converts whose zeal demands outlets for their emotions are forced to form new sects.

In some churches the ancient custom of "speaking with tongues" has been revived. This consists in the rapid repetition of pious words and phrases, and the utterance of unintelligible ejaculations and mutterings.

The "dancing" often referred to in reports of "Holy Roller" services might rather be called prancing, for it consists in pacing back and forth with a high step and the head thrown back, like a tight-checked horse. Other physical manifestations of supernatural "power" or "gifts" are jerkings and twitchings of body, features or limbs, beating the head against the floor or seat, shouting and groaning, and frenzied gesticulations of various sorts, depending upon the idiosyncrasy of the individual worshiper and the contagion of his example.

Such phenomena are familiar to the student of the history of religion.

The Shakers got their name from their writhing and trembling, jumping and dancing.

In 1732 the Jansenists became so conspicuous by their "speaking with tongues," prophesying the end of the world and performing faith cures, that the scene of the miraculous manifestations, the cemetery of St. Médard in Paris, was closed by the king's command.

The present appearance of such phenomena in America is obviously a folk movement, due to some unseen influence of the time, for it is not due to the advent of some magnetic personality, like Irving, Brigham Young, Mother Ann Lee, or Dowie, but appears spontaneously and simultaneously in various distinct churches and communities.

Still Unconquered

ALTHOUGH newspapers report "cancer cures" about as often as they do earthquakes, it is still as impossible to prevent cancer deaths as it is earthquakes. The report of the British Empire cancer campaign states that among persons over thirty years of age, 4,672 more died of cancer in 1924 than in 1923, and 1921 showed an increase of 2,328 over the previous year.

Temperamental Insurance

WE CAN now get insured against all manner of external accidents and injuries.

Why should we not be able to insure ourselves against the catastrophes that arise from within? Why can we not insure against "brain storms" as well as hailstorms? Against loss of temper as well as loss of baggage? Against mind explosions as well as mine explosions?

The best thing about fire insurance is that the building is inspected by experts. The best thing about life insurance is the regular medical examination.

Is it too much to hope that physicians may in time become sufficiently wise and sensible so that they may be able to diagnose our temperament and give us warning of our weak spots in time to prevent a breakdown or outbreak? In one of our leading universities fifty-nine students voluntarily applied to the department of hygiene for mental examinations. Twenty were found to have "definite neuroses" and fourteen to have "minor personality defects."

Many of these were in good health; but they harbored a secret inhibition or temperamental twist which might have ruined their future careers. By applying to the mind doctor in adolescence, they learned to know themselves and in most cases received real relief or restoration of normality.

Corporal Doak's Prisoner

Continued from page 18

taken was perfectly clear to him.

As the feet still needed attention, Doak had Alikomiak in his own bunk house, apart from other prisoners and witnesses.

Alikomiak could not understand why Doak did not kill him and have done with it.

The thought of leaving his own country filled him with extreme terror—the terror which the thought of death did not bring at all.

He brooded. He thought of killing himself and spoke to the other Eskimos about this solution. But his countrymen all warned him against it. They had heard that if a man killed himself he went to hell, an unbearably hot place, to stay for years upon years.

Alikomiak concluded that Doak must be made to kill him and, knowing Doak's temper, thought he saw a way to do it.

So on the morning of April 1, 1922, while Doak was still sleeping, Alikomiak arose and got the policeman's pistol and laid it on a chair close to his bed. Then he took the rifle and placed himself across the room.

The Eskimos are pretty good anatomists and good shots. Alikomiak intended to give Doak a flesh wound in the thigh. Doak, he felt sure, would grab the pistol and shoot him dead within a minute.

Something went wrong. Alikomiak was nervous or Doak moved suddenly in his sleep. The bullet entered the thigh and groin and went obliquely through Doak's body.

Doak did not die at once, but it is doubtful if he was ever fully conscious afterward.

Alikomiak rushed to the bed, after a moment, and put the pistol in Doak's hand, crying: "Shoot me!" but Doak's fingers did not grasp the weapon.

Alikomiak, panic-stricken, remained in the cabin with the dying policeman, like a rat in a trap. Toward noon Otto Binder, factor of the Hudson's Bay Company post, left his own cabin and walked over to visit Doak. Alikomiak saw him coming, thrust his rifle out of a window and fired. Binder fell dead fifty yards away with a bullet through his heart.

Alikomiak had now, for a time, passed beyond good and evil. He came out of the cabin and chattered of killing the other policeman, but his own countrymen disarmed him. Afterward, at his trial at Herschel Island and until he stood on the gallows platform, only one thing seemed clear in his mind, and this was that Doak ought to have killed him out of hand. "I said: 'Then you kill me now.' "

Doak had died, but the twilight of the Arctic gods had set in. A year later the white man's law was to deal again with the Eskimo slayer of the white man but with fewer mistakes in Eskimo psychology. But that, besides being another, is a more hopeful story.

Another of Mr. Liggett's true stories of the Northwest Mounted Police—"The Great White Frontier Passes"—will appear in next week's Collier's

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Pulled Marriage Off the Rocks

Continued from page 22

then I too would do it. My plan was stupid—I'll admit it. But I really cared for my husband.

That night I told Roger all Vera's sister had ignorantly told me. I was furious, and icy in my determination.

"Very well, Roger. Go on with this little affair with Vera. I just want you to know that I plan to go away for a few days with Lee. But I won't hide it—as you did. I'm going to be honest and open about it. I don't believe in being sneaky about such things."

It was a terrible scene. It crushed all the life and heart out of Roger. I never saw him cry before. Now he sobbed. For the first time, he said, he began to see what it all meant. And his little adventure with Vera had been a silly joke. She was just a fresh, adventurous little flapper, and he had enjoyed playing around her, just to see what she would do.

"Don't, Helen," he sobbed. "Do anything you want to punish me—but don't go away with Lee. Don't, Helen. You know, you're the only one I ever loved."

For four days Roger and I lived in cold restraint. He was crushed and humble—and despite my icy reserve I wanted to take him back. But—but—always before me came the picture of Roger kissing Vera.

I began to see that I wasn't the free, independent married wife I had boasted being. I was just a plain, old-fashioned wife, much in love with my husband, and honestly jealous because he was paying attention to another woman.

One night Roger came home and quietly asked me to sit on the sofa and talk things over. It was raining outside, and we had a warm, blazing log fire. The room was cozy and quiet.

And Roger and I that night came to one very true conclusion—the most momentous in our lives: *that modern marriage freedom does not work!* If we were married, we were to stick to each other because we loved each other. That was easy because we found our own company more interesting than that of strangers.

That is why I have come to believe that modern marriage as we tried it can't work. One may be able to play lightly at it for a long time, but eventually things come to a showdown. It gets beyond the playing stage all too soon. And because that's what is bound to happen—well, it is best to stick to each other.

"As I see it," Roger told me that night, "one can't seek outside of marriage for variety. I think one woman, if she is intelligent, and wants to make a go of her marriage, can present enough different sides of her personality to a man to make herself perpetually different and interesting."

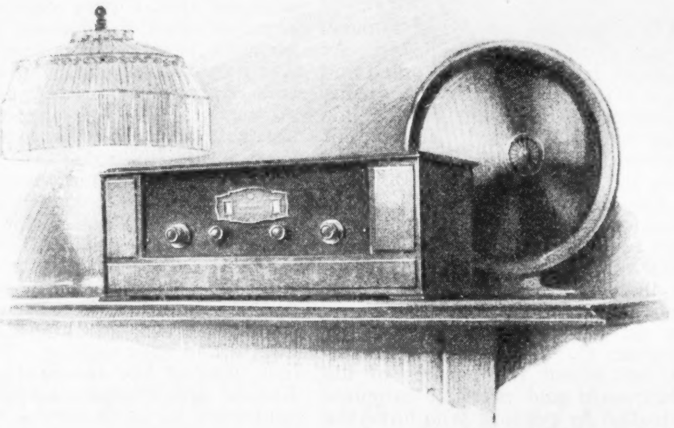
I think he is right. If a woman really cares for a man, she can find joy and happiness even in marriage. Given the right amount of mutual respect, intelligence and *the will to make a success of marriage,* I am convinced that it can be conducted happily.

In any event, my husband and I are content to remain old-fashioned.

Tell Us of YOUR *Experience!*

IF YOU'VE *ever "pulled your marriage off the rocks," we'd like to hear from you. We'd like to know what the "rocks" were—and how you managed to come through safely. Limit your contribution to 500 words and send it to us before November 7th. If it is among the three best letters received we will pay you $25, $15 and $10 for it; and if we print it we'll do so without using your name, provided you tell us you wish to remain anonymous. Address Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.*

BOSCH BUILDS RADIO



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"PURE NORTHERN WOOL
from sheep that thrive in the snow"

The Man Who Rules the Senate

Continued from page 10

ingratiating voice and an easy flow of innocuous conversation unimpeded by pestiferous ideas, and you have a creature God sent into politics. The North Topeka folks called him "Our Charley." So when he was twenty-four years old he was elected prosecuting attorney of Shawnee County—the county which contained the capital of the state of Kansas.

Four years before young Curtis was made prosecuting attorney, in 1880, Kansas had adopted prohibition. Young Curtis, whose fame as a jockey was still fresh in the minds of his fellow citizens, was elected by the wets. They did not question him. They took it for granted that he was with them. And then the day after his elevation to office he went to work on the open saloons of Topeka with all the energy of a crusader. The wets had forgotten about Pamelia Hubbard and the New England conscience!

The Palaver of Him!

CURTIS closed the saloons of Topeka. He was triumphantly reëlected. At twenty-eight he retired from office and became a criminal lawyer with an assured practice. He made money; his law office was busy. Every fall he went out campaigning for the Republicans.

It was in the spring of 1892, when Calvin Coolidge was a scrawny freshman stepping on his feet at Amherst, that they nominated "Our Charley" for Congress at the Fourth District Convention in the little town opera house at Emporia.

Early in his congressional career Congressman Curtis discovered an important fact about the politics of his day: that ward and precinct caucuses are controlled by persons who have the greatest interest in controlling these meetings. Caucuses control delegates to county conventions, and county conventions control delegates to district and state conventions, and they all control nominations of political parties. Those, therefore, who control caucuses control nominations, and those who control nominations rule the land.

In Congressman Curtis' district control lay with the railroads, the Santa Fe, the Missouri Pacific and the Rock Island. In Topeka the Santa Fe shopmen and the Santa Fe office people, working with the Rock Island employees, appearing in the party caucuses could control a minority of the Shawnee County convention sufficiently large to dominate it. In Atchison the Missouri Pacific employees held the strategic position. In Horton the Rock Island men dominated. Thus all over America the railroads and the organized industries controlled politics.

Being a practical man with a good brain Curtis went to the sources of control. He made friends with the railroad attorneys who handled this railroad vote. Later as he came to know his way around in Washington he made friends with those who controlled the Kansas railroad attorneys, and so became entrenched in power. He was undefeatable in conventions by reason of his accurate knowledge of the forces that dominate men, and at the polls he commanded majorities because of the charm of his personality—the palaver of him—and because he had personal relations with all his district.

In Kansas, in those days of the first decade of our century, his enemies charged that Curtis was not a statesman but an errand boy: an errand boy for place hunters, an errand boy for the railroads, an errand boy for the old soldier who was sadly marching into the sunset. But Curtis has his side. To understand that side is to understand the man who, almost next to the President of the United States, is influencing the course of our country.

Curtis' mind is factual. If he had gone to college he would have been a scientist. He never has cared particularly for money. He cares less for theories of life. "Jobs please friends" is a simple statement of fact. "Friends help in elections" is another simple statement. There was that end, the Kansas end. The Washington end ran thus: Men give jobs to friends. To get patronage be friendly. Make friends and serve Kansas; let the reformers go rave. So Curtis became messenger for those who had favors to give. He profited not one penny for himself. He was an honest agent.

Speaker Reed early discovered how Curtis could be trusted. Reed used Curtis. And Curtis became Mercury for Cannon. Cabinet members trusted Curtis. He did not lie; he did not steal; he did not blab. He never stopped working until the job which he had in hand was done, and always it was someone else's job. His commission was slight—just jobs for his friends. Three times has he been offered a federal judgeship by grateful Presidents and declined.

Now as to his friends: they also were subjects of scurrilous comment by his political enemies. His political enemies charged that Curtis' friends were the scum of creation, that he never picked men of parts and consequence. Deducting the customary seventy-five per cent for political exaggeration these statements also are capable of fairly accurate demonstration. But here again Curtis has his side. It is this: His friends have all died poor.

In 1903 Curtis, backed by the Missouri Pacific, the Rock Island, the Santa Fe and finally the Union Pacific, ran for the Senate and failed. The anti-railroad feeling was growing in Kansas and his railroad support, fearing defeat, left him. But in 1907 Curtis had easy sailing. That was the last year of the convention system in Kansas and Curtis went to the Senate supported by all conservative forces of the state and the country in so far as they function in the state. The liberal group said, "Wait until we get Curtis at the primary," and for seven years they waited. Then in the primary of 1912 Curtis had the majority of the Republican votes in the state but not a majority of the legislative districts, and so under the law he failed. Stubbs defeated Curtis for the nomination. Curtis' friends and the Democrats beat Stubbs at the polls. Two years later Curtis beat Bristow for the Republican nomination and came back an easy winner at the polls.

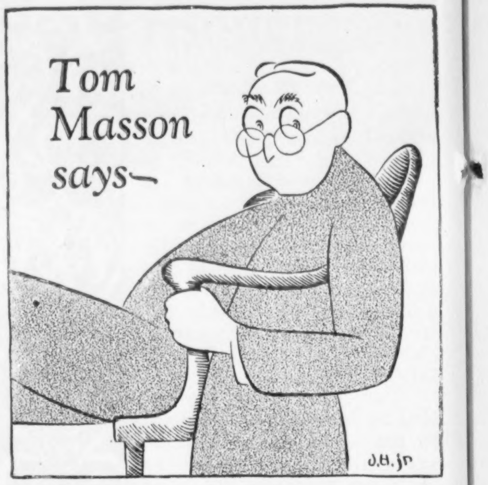
His senatorial career has been most interesting. It was, of course, a replica of his earlier career.

During the fourteen years in the House, Curtis had met and worked with a majority of the men whom he met in the Senate. He learned in the House of Representatives that if he wanted a measure adopted one of the poorest ways to get it adopted was to introduce it; one of the best ways was to let a member of a committee that naturally would be in charge of the measure introduce it, then to play upon that member's vanity, to run errands for that member and other members of the committee, until he had a majority of the committee under obligations to Curtis, and then to steer his godchild through the rapids of parliamentary procedure until the measure became a law.

He Gets the Day's Work Done

WHEN he went to the Senate he had one chairmanship, the Committee on Indian Depredation. In the next session of Congress he slipped into the Appropriations Committee and into the Committee on the Five Civilized Tribes. Session after session he kept growing into power in committees where there was direct power over government rather than over legislation.

Major issues mean little to Curtis. The very fact that he has been in Congress a third of a century and has sponsored no pet measures of national importance makes it possible for him to take such measures as the gods provide and wrangle them through the Senate much as a horseman cuts his pony out of a herd.



IT IS *always up to a homely girl to become a comic strip.*

* * *

The new Union Station in Chicago is so large that every day it can take care of 50,000 arriving and departing criminals.

* * *

The word "Realtor" has been admitted to Webster's dictionary. If Noah Webster finds this out he will rise in his grave.

* * *

Bernard Shaw has been praising our public schools. Not satisfied to get our adult population down on him, he wants the youngsters to join them.

* * *

The best way of being sure of taking a back seat is to buy your ticket at the box office.

* * *

Henry Ford says he believes in moderation in all things. With one exception.

* * *

Someone suggests that tobacco will be prohibited next. But haven't we already got enough brands of tobacco?

* * *

If publicity is really enjoyable, the skeletons in our family closets are having a rattling good time.

* * *

Henry W. Longfellow's birthplace in Maine is to be moved to Philadelphia. If he had been born in accordance with the present style, they would have to move the Portland hospital.

* * *

Oil has been discovered in Australia. All they need now is a crime wave and a couple of movie stars to make a good start as an up-to-date democracy.

* * *

It seems strange that because a fellow isn't too fresh he is referred to as "a good egg."

* * *

Centenarians are becoming so numerous that it is high time for them to get together and agree on some system of living.

* * *

It doesn't look as if the girls who have been trying to swim the English channel this summer will do much regular overhand commuting until next spring.

* * *

Two more motorists have crossed the Desert of Arabia and report diminishing sheiks. Indeed it is doubtful if the supply of sheiks on hand will last during the present sex movement in literature.

* * *

According to Sir William Joynson-Hicks, there are only 8,000 persons in the local English jails. If they want any more to fill their quota, we will be glad to help them out.

* * *

The air may soon be so full of flying machines that storks cannot get about.

But Curtis is an instrument in the forces that control movements. He does not inspire movements, is not greatly interested in the whys and wherefores of causes. But he does get the day's work done. The short session of the Sixty-eighth Congress, closing March 4, 1925, found Curtis in complete control of the Republican majority for the first time.

The marvelous thing Curtis did was to close the Senate without all-night sessions. For the first time in forty years this was done because Curtis kept the calendar clear; kept measures grinding through, adjourned early, left the senators happy and cleaned up the slate.

Now as to his relations with Coolidge. Curtis' Kansas friends felt that Curtis filled the bill as a Vice Presidential running mate for Coolidge; that he was a Western Republican and a regular Republican. Moreover, they presented his name for Vice President. The President's New England friends allowed Curtis to be ignominiously snubbed in the Republican convention of 1924. When the Senate sustained the President's veto under Curtis' leadership it sustained it with one vote—that of a Democrat under personal obligation to Curtis.

A leader who could get one vote to make a majority could have got twenty, when the majority was assured. Curtis, knowing how canny the President was, doubtless expected the President to notice this. It proved Curtis a free man. Curtis will follow the President because Curtis is a partisan, but Curtis also is a man before he is a partisan; a man whom Coolidge must study, must consider and sometimes, perhaps, must conciliate.

By way of recreation Curtis sometimes slips off to Baltimore and watches the races. They are to him what poker or women are to other statesmen who need diversion. He loves Oriental rugs and knows something of them. Color pleases him. Officially he has to eat large numbers of good dinners, but food is not one of his indiscretions. His weakness is for his fellows. He likes to chat, to reminisce, to outline plans for things and then to work them out.

The West is Mated to the South

SUCH is the man whom the President of the United States must rely upon, whom the Republican party must use in formulating the legislative policies of this country during the next half decade. His life's story is peculiarly American. He is uniquely the product of a democracy, but he is also a Westerner. The old West is in his blood, the Wild West, the West of the Indian, the trader, the cowboy, the booming West of the eighties, the expanding West which came under the plow after the Civil War, the restless West which has produced two major political upheavals in half a century—populism and Roosevelt insurgency.

If the administration follows Curtis it will minimize its mistakes. For the West is not New England; in emergency the West will not follow New England. The West, spiritually, is mated to the South. Curtis, with his French and Indian blood mingled with that of New Hampshire and New York, with his childhood and youth spent in the rollicking, lusty environment of a happy-go-lucky people at their play, brings to leadership in American politics, with all his conservatism, with all his distaste for issues and causes, a solvent which may in some crises change the acid of New England to a palatable potion. That potion may in some crises save the country which he so passionately loves.

Americans in Opera

Continued from page 11

last season made as much of a triumph on the concert stage as did Tibbett on the operatic—the Ponselle sisters, Rosa and Carmela.

Meriden, Connecticut, was the birthplace of both. Their father ran a restaurant and hotel. Carmela, the elder, began by singing in a motion-picture theatre in her little home town for fifteen dollars a week.

From the movie house Carmela went to the great city and got a job singing in a cabaret at a salary that was staggering. Forty dollars a week! In a short time she and her sister were singing in "small time" vaudeville houses and bringing down the gallery gods, than whom there are no finer critics.

A noted maestro heard the girls. Both showed remarkable promise. Both, however, needed training. Training meant money, and both could not afford to give up jobs that supported them. Carmela, the elder, decided that Rosa should get the chance. "Big time" vaudeville suited her for the time being, she said. So the younger entered the course of training which found its climax on the center of the stage of the Metropolitan one night when she sang Leonora opposite Caruso in "La Forza del Destino."

Then once again Carmela was heard by a concert maestro and again considered a find. On Sunday nights the Metropolitan Opera House holds a concert audience. On such a night did Rosa Ponselle, leading opera singer, and her sister, Carmela, novice to this stage, take turns in singing, and the calls for Carmela, hitherto unknown to this audience, were as loud and vociferous as those for Rosa, who was known. Carmela has been signed up by the Metropolitan Opera Company for the coming season.

Certainly, this is a story of American effort and American success. Lest, however, there be complaint on the score that these girls were of Italian descent, here are singers as American as are Boston beans or ham and eggs. Digging into the very near past there is Louise Homer, who comes from Pittsburgh. Or Geraldine Farrar, who saw the light of day in Melrose, Massachusetts, the daughter of a father who had made a name for himself in American baseball. Or Mabel Garrison, the girl from an old Baltimore family who was taken to the heart of New York's music lovers on just such a night as saw the triumph of Carmela Ponselle. Or Cora Chase of Haverhill, Massachusetts, coming of the same kind of New England stock as Clara Louise Kellogg, Anna Louise Cary, Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames. And for a typical New York background—not old New York, but the New York of the bubbling, singing, melting pot—there are Sophie Braslau and Alma Gluck, both of Old World parents and New World fame. All of these, or most of them, are today singing on the concert stage only, but all have known what it is to bow to the plaudits of an opera night.

We are not finished with the American women. Just as they hold their own among the sopranos, they hold their own among the contraltos. The group consists of thirteen singers. Five are definitely American. Henriette Wakefield comes from Norwalk, Connecticut; Marion Telva, from St. Louis, Missouri; Merle Alcock, from Andover, Missouri; Mary Bonetti, from Lynbrook, New York; and Cecil Arden, from New York; and Jeanne Gordon and Kathleen Howard are both naturalized Americans, born in Canada. All of these sing leading or secondary rôles.

These are by no means all the names of American singers. There are many more. The Chicago Civic Opera Company has its quota of them. But there isn't space to name them all.

Not the least satisfactory feature of the story is the fact that the vast majority of the singers retain their American-sounding names. It shows that we have progressed as a nation. Time was when nothing in the world of art could pass unless it was served up in a foreign sauce. Apparently we weren't sure of ourselves. We were still apologetic when it came to an appreciation of a home product. Those days are gone forever.

Make your Razor Blades last longer

Try this lather and see the difference—

AN improperly softened beard is bound to dull the edge of the keenest razor. The more thoroughly softened your beard is, the easier the razor cuts, the longer the edge lasts.

Here at Williams, we have studied this softening process for years. The whole secret of Williams lather is that it does a real job of beard-softening.

It instantly takes hold of the oil-film on each hair. It breaks down that film, brings moisture in direct contact with each hair so that every part of it is softened through and through.

And yet Williams lather, powerful beard-softener that it is, leaves your face so soft and soothed that its daily use is beneficial to the skin.

You can prove that Williams will give longer life to your razor blades by making a week's test of Williams. We will send you a free trial tube for the purpose. Simply fill out coupon below or mail us a postcard.

The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains twice as much cream and is the most economical tube of shaving cream you can buy.

WILLIAMS
Williams

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap.

Mail this today for FREE *sample tube*

The J. B. Williams Company Collier's. 10-3-25
Dept. 310-A, Glastonbury, Conn.
If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial tube does not have Hinge-Cap)

....

....

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. 150-drop test bottle free. Write Dept. 310-A.

Can one tobacco satisfy a man with 45 pipes?

This smoker has found a tobacco that makes his good pipes taste better and his bad pipes taste good

You might imagine that the law of averages would require a man with 45 pipes to smoke a variety of tobaccos.

Evidently, it doesn't work that way, for here is a pipe connoisseur who after vainly trying every tobacco his tobacconist could mention, finally got around to Edgeworth. The result is, his humidor is now "Edgeworthized."

Mr. Sonnenblick makes application for a life membership in the Edgeworth Club. All in favor say "Aye."

But first read his letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

When a man has 45 pipes he certainly is up against it for an all-round tobacco. But first, about my pipes. There are 2 Dunhills, 6 Comoys, 4 BBB's, 4 Kaywoodies, 2 Petersons, 2 GBD's and the usual meerschaum, calabash, corncob, etc. Some were sweet from the start, others remained obdurate and bitter despite the fact that I used every American brand and every English brand I could get or my tobacconist could mention. Fancy prices! Hang the price. I wanted pipe satisfaction. The brands I tried failed; the mixtures I made failed because the tobacco varied.

I saw the ads written by Edgeworth smokers, but they sounded too good to be true. I didn't try Edgeworth in despair, but just to see how less bad it might be. Well, it is praise enough when you know that my office humidor has been "Edgeworthized." Now my good pipes taste better and my bad pipes taste good.

If you've got a life membership open, put me down. It's the King Bee of tobaccos and I think I'm a qualified judge.

Respectfully yours,
Ira J. Sonnenblick.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
LARUS & BRO
EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
PLUG SLICE
EDGEWORTH

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5J South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Side Partner

Continued from page 21

over there. Tyler's a good fellow."

"Did he pay for the lunch or did you?"

Again Ray's tone had a touch of insult.

"That's hardly a proper question, Ellen. It doesn't matter."

Ellen's expression indicated stiffly that it did matter.

Ray took only one bite of his chocolate roll. He didn't like sweet chocolate things, and Ellen might have remembered it. Such a dinner! He wondered what Tyler would have thought of it.

"Well, how about a movie?" he asked, trying to come back graciously as they left the dining-room.

"We went to one this week. And we want to go to see that road show next week, Ray."

"What if we do?" asked Ray, just as if he'd never heard of a budget.

Ellen looked exasperated. She did not know what the matter was with a usually reasonable person.

"I don't think we ought to spend so much on amusement," she said.

"It seems to me," said Ray surprisingly, "that our amusement and not our duty ought to guide our pleasure once in a while."

It was Ellen's turn to be insulted. Secretly she was ashamed of the dinner and hurt by being out of the mood of her husband.

"I do what I can on the money you make. I'm not magic, you know. And money certainly isn't magic. You can't spend it in one place and have it in another. You can see in my budget book—" She made a gesture to get it, but Ray stopped her.

"It seems to me that I'll have to make more money," he said.

"But you can't."

"Why not?"

"You've told me yourself that you've pretty nearly got to your maximum at the Consolidated, that the job isn't worth more than six thousand."

"Then I'll have to get a job that is worth more."

"What's the matter with you tonight, Ray? You have something on your mind."

"Tyler wants me to go into business with him."

If she had been pleased by the suggestion or even held her peace, the outcome might have been different. But she was unwise. On top of a poor dinner she made his judgment for him.

"You wouldn't dream of it! Why, it's a gamble, as you told me last night."

"It's a very good gamble. It's an excellent gamble. There's big money to be made, my dear, and I see no reason why I should let everyone else get in on the big money."

SHE had the woman's terror of a secure income failing her, slipping out of her grasp, and the hideous feeling of dependence which comes to married women who realize every now and then that their very bread and butter depends on some man's reasonableness and discretion.

"You'd have to leave the Consolidated."

"Of course."

"But what would I do? Where would the money come from to run things? I've got to have three hundred dollars every month from somewhere, with Dicky's school and clothes and food and service and rent. I can't do it on less. What we have saved can't be touched."

"I'd want to put that into the business. Tyler would take me in just because he wants and trusts me, but I couldn't do that. I'd have to put something in. He's sinking all he has in it."

"It's madness!" she cried, and Ray became convinced that it was wisdom. He didn't know what had suddenly made him weary of his wife's judgments. Perhaps it was the contrast between his lunch which someone else had paid for and his dinner which he had paid for.

"I don't want to go on forever, hagridden by a petty budget, penny-pinching, eating fried veal, do I?" he asked bitterly. "Can't we even take a chance?"

"But what would we do if you failed?"

"I can always earn a living, Ellen. I know too darn much about automobiles to let you starve."

"Oh, it's not good sense," she said; "it's not reasonable to suddenly tear up everything like this. Everything was going all right. We have all we need. We have a car. Dicky's schooling is all planned. What's made you so discontented?"

"I don't know. I'm tired of the way we do things, I think. I don't want to measure everything with a pint measure the rest of my life, Ellen. I'm tired of the food!"

It came out with absurd emphasis. Ellen looked at him blankly, the budget book dangling from her hand like a useless weapon.

IT WAS only a tiny earthquake, one of the little shivers that are almost imperceptible in big business matters, this affair of Tyler and Lowry leaving the Consolidated and going into the taxi business. The Consolidated did not show any effect, even when the first green-painted taxis appeared on the streets of the city. But it was earthquake enough to jar Ellen loose from all her habits, all the habits she had formed so sanely and reasonably during eight years of married life. It hurt intolerably to see her work discarded at first. She had not known how orderly she had become until she was deprived of the instruments of order. It seemed that she had married a different man from the one she had thought was her husband.

The gray budget book gathered dust in the pigeonhole of her desk. How could you budget on the kind of income she had now, which was given out irregularly? Ray promised that things would be soon stabilized, but sometimes when she looked at his absorbed face Ellen had sickening worries. He was so heart and soul in this thing, interested as she had never seen him interested, devoted now to Tyler, eager in the praise of John Holliday. And then there was the Holliday girl.

She had met the Hollidays at their own house one night at dinner. There was no Mrs. Holliday now, only a grown daughter, explained Ray, so it was Mr. Holliday who asked them to dinner, and they had gone, Ray rather excitedly, Ellen without much enthusiasm. Ellen liked people she had always known, in college, in clubs, at bridge parties. She did not enjoy dives into new and more important circles of society.

But of course she had to go, and there was Janet. Ellen wore black lace which she had been very clever about, for it was still rather modish after a number of remakings. Janet Holliday wore a dress that could never be made over. It was the kind of dress, color and fashion, that Ellen always called "extreme," but it seemed to suit Janet.

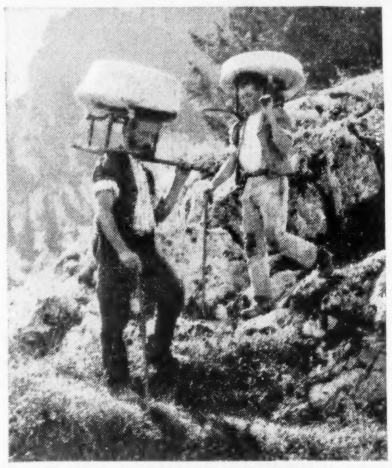
Yet she was not a common girl, not a vulgar little flapper. She had passed the flapper age and was possibly twenty-three or twenty-four. She kept her father's house, in which every room surprised you with ideas of its own, and she read books and had traveled and obviously been adored. It wasn't very easy to discount Janet Holliday. Ray sat all through dinner and admired her fatuously as if he had never seen a girl before, until Ellen wanted to break into the conversation and say, "I'm only four or five years older than she is and quite as good looking, if I had the clothes!" Ray kept piling on compliments too about everything, the dinner and all that.

It was a good dinner, and the Hollidays evidently made rather a specialty of their dinners, for Janet talked easily about the way to make sweetbread mousse with truffles, and obviously she herself had planned the menu. Mr. Holliday bragged about that too. He was very devoted to his daughter. Then they talked taxis, and Janet joined in. She thought it was a great project, had ideas about advertising special rates for women shoppers which both men took most seriously.

It was not too pleasant an evening for Ellen, and the post-evening seemed worse when Ray and she went home, he so exhilarated by Mr. Holliday's really old brandy that he could talk only of the time when he was going to have a house like the one they had just left. He also dwelt lingeringly on the dinner. Their own apartment with its few "good" pieces of furniture looked ordinary that night.

"We'll have to do something for the Hollidays one of these days, Ellen,"

What's It All About?



At first we thought these were furniture movers—and then we were shown the depths of our ignorance. What do you think? For the best answer we will pay $5.00

NUMEROUS answers came to the two pictures, reprinted on these pages from our August 8th issue. Prize-awarding was a difficult process, and we finally decided to give two prizes in the case of the above contest. One goes to a schoolboy whose geography book seems to be making more impression on him than it does on most little boys, and the other to a man who gives some interesting details.

Robert Graham,
Maywood, Cal.

Contest Editor:

This is a picture of two Swiss men carrying cheese up and down the mountain side.

I remember seeing such a picture in my geography.

I am nine years old. I like Collier's very much.

Fred Eidenbenz,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Here's how the loaves of Swiss cheese are carried from the cheese makers' cottage, high up in the Swiss Alps, down to the storage cellars in the valley. The loaves have an average weight of 150-200 pounds, and are carried by means of a peculiarly built supporter which, however, is the best suitable and has been in use for centuries. It is a hard job to carry this load sometimes several hours down the stony path. On the return trip from the valley the Alps farmer has to carry his supply of foodstuffs up to his cottage. The man on the left does not carry cheese, but in the basket, covered by a white cloth, are the food supplies for the week. Naturally only in summer, when the cattle is seasoning on the high Alps, the cheese is made up there; in winter cheese-making is done in the valley. But the summer cheese is considered much better and finer.

In two months you will eat here in New York of the real Swiss cheese which has been made during this summer in the Swiss Alps.

suggested Ray. "I guess we better take them to the Majestic for dinner some night."

"Why the Majestic?" asked Ellen coldly. "They entertained us at home."

"Oh, we could hardly do it here."

"I don't know why not. This apartment may not be sumptuous, but it's in good taste. I'm not ashamed of it, even if you are."

"Certainly I'm not ashamed of it. It's all right. But you were talking about asking them to dinner here."

"Well?" asked Ellen, again with some hostility.

Ray hesitated. "Oh, you know. We don't have the kind of food they're used to. Not that it isn't good food and all that, but—"

"I am not in the least afraid to ask the Hollidays to dinner here," said Ellen coldly. "I think we could satisfy their hunger."

Ray's lack of answer was insultingly skeptical, but he thought he was tactful when he did not openly disagree.

It may have been because the winter was bad that the first outlook for the new taxi business was so cheerful. The first four or five months of the company showed promise and began to hint at profit. Ray was confident, and Tyler became addicted to a broad I-told-you-so grin.

And then spring came—spring with its promise and its first encouragement and its new life and its general air of prosperity which it seemed so glad to spread around generally except in the Green Taxi office. It skipped that place as if it felt that it couldn't provide for everyone. For, with the fine weather, little cars, which had been put up for the winter, came hopping out of their garages and secret caches. People became extravagant and bought new cars. Ladies who had dived into taxis on shopping trips found it exhilarating to walk. Men walked home from work as it grew warmer. Commercial travelers carried their own valises for two blocks to the hotels. All these manifestations of spring fever cut deeply into the taxi business, and while the operators of the cabs had to some extent anticipated it they had not counted on such an early spring nor such a very fine one. Even when it rained at night, the sun shone cheerfully the next day.

THERE was interest due on the notes Ray and Tyler had signed. There was a constant stream of repairs to be made on the cars—and paid for, even though they tried to meet that in part by establishing their own repair shop. The tire agency made only enough to pay for the wages of the men who sold and repaired tires and the overhead of that part of the establishment. Ray Lowry's face began to grow thinner and his mouth straighter as he spent day after day trying to fit together the parts of the business into a puzzle picture that would spell profit or at least solvency. It was largely on his shoulders to solve the puzzle. Tyler could not be made to worry, possibly because he knew what a good salesman he was and that orders would be waiting for him in any concern he chose to take up with if this went flat. Not that he expected it to go flat. He was a steady optimist and one full of ideas.

"What we need," he said one day to Ray, "is a side line that will carry us during the summer depression."

"Side line!" groaned Ray. "We can't pay for what we've got. Don't suggest anything more."

"Wait a bit. What I mean is a real paying proposition."

"Is there such an animal?"

"Sure, there is. A few motor busses to run to and from the villages around here. There aren't any yet, and there are bound to be. They've all got them in the southern part of the state. No trick at all to have ten or twelve busses full every day in the summer with people going to and fro. Look at the traffic those branch trains have. People would much rather ride in busses, and besides we could curve around on the state highway here and cover the smaller settlements. Look here. Here's a plan for a route. Now, as far as expense goes, you'd soon be making money. Besides, you could use some of these taxi drivers on the busses."

He outlined the plan, and Ray listened intently.

"Green Taxi bus line," concluded Tyler—"good advertising all around."

"It's good stuff if we had the money to buy the busses. I haven't any more. How about your bank, Tyler?"

"They'll lend us all we want when we begin to show a profit," grinned Tyler. "How about Holliday?"

"He's not as enthusiastic as he was."

"No, and I know why. There's a proposition to buy us out from the Domino Cab Company in Chicago."

"I wonder if he'd try this bus scheme, and put up for it."

"If we could sell him on it."

"You try it, Tyler; you can sell anything."

"I have tried. He didn't bite."

"Did he turn it down?"

"No—not exactly. It's hard to get an answer from him, especially in that busy office. I wish you could get hold of him for a few hours somewhere and ram it home."

"It's not so easy when you don't belong to his clubs," said Ray. "Well, let's worry along and let him think it over. I'll be seeing him one of these days."

He worked late that night, and when he went home was still absorbed in the thought of Tyler's plan. It was late, and he was hungry. In the ice box he found little to console him—a few cold vegetables and the remnant of a pork roast. But he made a sandwich and was sitting on the edge of the table eating it when Ellen came in from a lecture.

She was cool in her greeting. It was her usual manner these days. Never had she taunted him with failure, but she watched his worry as one who had long anticipated it and warned him against it.

"How is everything?" she asked. "Working late again?"

"Yes, I was working. What did you think I was doing? Playing polo?"

"I didn't know but what you might be calling on the beautiful Janet Holliday."

"If you'd do a little calling—if you'd hold your end up we might be getting along better."

"I'm no climber," she said shortly and turned to leave him; then came back:

"I meant to tell you that I have to pay Dagmar to-morrow. We can't go on like this."

"Well, we'll have to for a little, Ellen."

"How am I to pay her next month? Do you realize I've been using my savings on a maid's wages lately? I can't use up any more on running expenses."

"I'm sorry, Ellen. It can't be helped just now."

"I'll have to let her go."

"Not much of a loss, is it?"

"She was something, anyway! Where is it going to end? We had a bank account, and you would throw it away. We were self-respecting people going along comfortably. Now look where you are! It was all just a crazy scheme. I'll have to put Dicky in public school. And Heaven knows what we are going to live on. Next thing we won't be able to pay our rent."

He shrugged in the ugly mood of a man blamed beyond endurance.

"It's all your fault," she said conclusively.

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Ray abruptly. "It's your fault too. It's more your fault, maybe. I've never had a bit of help from you since I started this. It was a good plan too. It's good business, and I know that when I see it. You've been standing off hoping I'd fail. Well, if you'd been able to meet the Hollidays socially, to follow up that dinner they gave us, to hang on to them, we might not be in such a bad way. You can't expect Tyler to do that end of it. But you claim to be intelligent. Why don't you use your intelligence?"

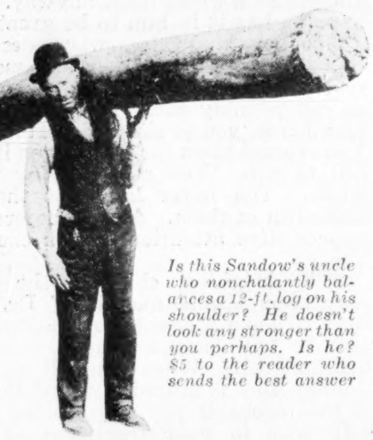
"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I suppose not. You're too busy being sore because I didn't want to keep on working nine hours of every day to earn a right to have a Swede girl slam a clump of Hamburg steak down in front of me. You weren't any help then. You were skimping and saving on my meals, my comforts, my little pleasures so that the house could be run your way. I don't care what happens very much, Ellen. I'm glad I'm out of that old rut, and if I land in the workhouse I'd prefer it to going back to the dead old way. It's been living, anyway, and I know now that I've got brains, and, somehow, I'm going to use them."

ELLEN burst into tears. It was the first time in her married life that her husband had made her weep, and in the middle of her devastating sense of the injustice done her, and the unkindness, she was full of rather fearful respect for the man who could drive her to such lengths. Ray looked abashed, and the black hollows under his eyes seemed to darken. But he let her cry until she looked up and said with a kind of washed-out reasonableness, "Are things really all gone to pieces?"

(*Continued on page 40*)

What's It All About?



Is this Sandow's uncle who nonchalantly balances a 12-ft. log on his shoulder? He doesn't look any stronger than you perhaps. Is he? $5 to the reader who sends the best answer

THOUGH there were several good letters in answer to the foregoing question, the greatest number of votes went to Mr. Parsons and his letter, therefore, is printed below.

Sydney H. Parsons, Jr.,
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Having lived in four of the Central American republics for eight years, and seen men carrying a log such as one of the pictures show, I may explain how it is done.

The man is probably no stronger than you or I, but the log he is holding is no ordinary one; it is Balsa (or Balza), the lightest known wood in the world (cork not included). The name is Spanish and Portuguese from the Peruvian word "Balza."

The native men tie several logs of this wood together and make a raft, or a "balsa," as it is called by them. These "balsas" are used to ferry the meager crops of their crude plantations across the "esteros" and rivers. It is also used as the float on the outriggers of "cayucos" (dugouts).

Native children fashion miniature sailing cayucos from it, and have exciting races. It is used in pack frames that fit on a man's back.

Life preservers and safety floats, which are used on ships, are made of this light wood. On account of the very large air cells throughout the fiber in the wood, it is one of the best of heat insulators and is used between the walls of ice chests.

My father recently carved out the center of a section of Balsa wood in the shape of a shotgun barrel and stock (disassembled). This gun-case has proven very satisfactory, being light in weight and still protecting the gun from jolts and strains. The Balsa wood is also light in color and easily cut.

Were I living in Honduras, as I have been until last year, it would be a delight to send you a sample, large enough for your gun.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM
Dermutation Process
THE MENNEN COMPANY
MENNEN

the non-removable top

Sorry!

LAST Spring I asked for a name for the new wonder capless top of the Mennen Shaving Cream tube. I offered a prize of $100.

I'll never be the same man again.

The names came in by hundreds, thousands, mail bags full. When the contest closed, I had no office—it was a storeroom for names. 140,000 of them. Nearly a ton of paper. Twenty-one miles of letters, end to end. If I studied each name for one minute it would take 280 ten-hour days to go through the lot. And many are so good I want to admire them for hours.

I've had to get help. Mr. Mennen is helping. So is our sales manager. We hired a big advertising man to help.

I know just how you feel. Each morning as you give the magic cap a quarter turn and miraculously the silver tongue of Cream oozes through the solid head of the tube, you think of that perfect name you sent in, wonder what you'll do with the $100 and wish to blazes I would hurry up and send the check.

Honestly, I'm doing the best I can. It's sifted down to a few hundred stem winders. Please be patient. Don't write. We'll be able to make the final selection very soon. Somebody will positively get the $100 in time to buy a Fall suit or the Winter coal. And he will have the satisfaction all his life of having named the most ingenious, trouble saving, amazing device introduced to shavers since the days of shaving mugs—as startling in its way as was the perfection of Mennen Shaving Cream to hard soap sufferers.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

222
BURGESS
BATTERY
TWO
CELLS
BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
BURGESS
NO.

Dependable

THE battery is the heart of your or any flashlight, and your care in selecting the very highest quality will be repaid in generous measure in longer service and dependability under every condition.

Burgess Batteries—Flashlight, Radio and General Ignition—are electrically, chemically and mechanically perfect, and for fifteen years Burgess Flashlight Batteries have been the true standard of quality in the flashlight field.

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BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
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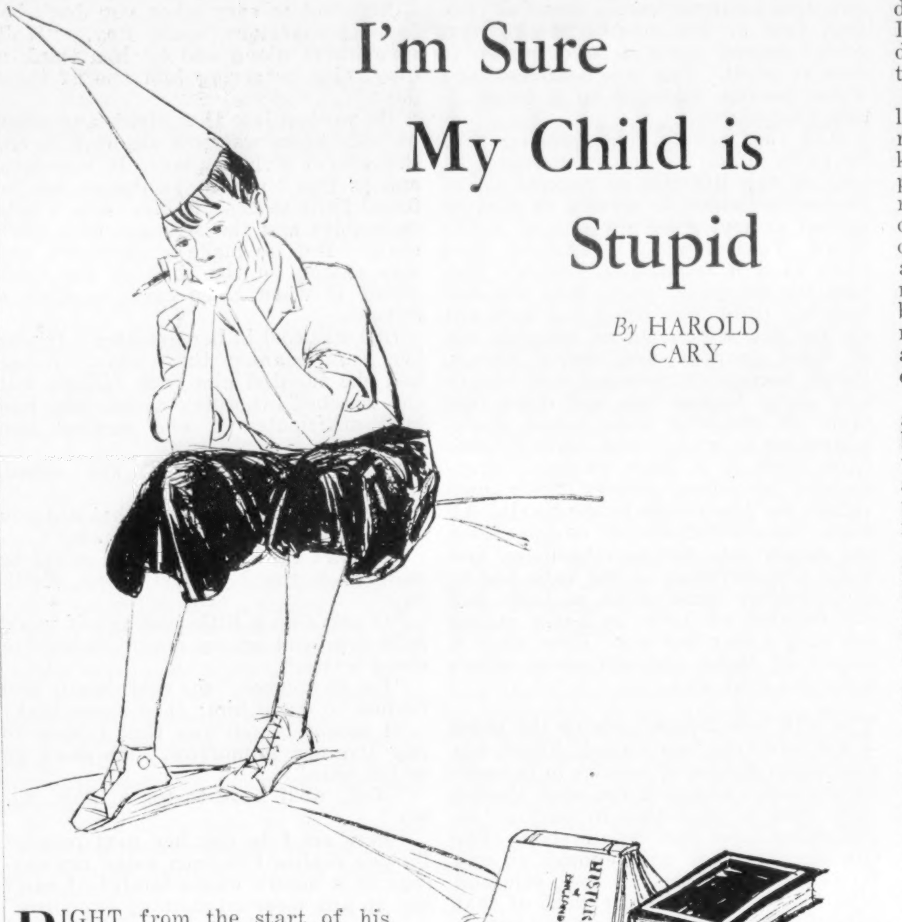
BURGESS
FLASHLIGHTS &
BATTERIES

I'm Sure My Child is Stupid

By HAROLD CARY



RIGHT from the start of his life I suppose all of us worry more or less about the new baby's mind. But, except in the case of youngsters who have obvious mental defects, our fears are generally groundless.

Dr. Jessie Taft, the Philadelphia children's psychologist, recently told me of the difficulties that the average child has to drive through and the mental anguish which he endures. For example: he sees a plate of food. "His eyes are bigger than his stomach." He announces he can eat a barrelful! He fails. From the time he is a year old his failures begin to be frequent, and they are all quite obvious to the little fellow.

"Life, through infancy, childhood, and even adolescence, is most often one disheartening failure after another," Dr. Taft told me. Working with hundreds of children, she meets the situation with them day after day.

When we are very young and even in later life we wish to accomplish so much more than our strength or skill or knowledge permits. But wait! In one place we *always* succeed. Maybe you remember the experience (a common one with most of us) of sitting by a fire or lying awake in bed fighting glorious and victorious battles, or dreaming of making vast fortunes, building huge bridges, driving a car two hundred miles an hour. Great happiness is achieved and success is easy in these day dreams, these flights of fancy.

Many a child comes to be regarded as stupid solely because he is baffled by his failure to reach the success of which he dreams. He less often risks an effort. It would end in failure, anyway. When he tries something his good intentions are foiled. He stops trying.

"Now," says Dr. Taft, "since the youngster won't try, he appears to be stupid. He may fail dismally on the most scientific tests. He dares not try to learn a multiplication table. He dares not try anything. Yet at two years, or ten or fifteen, he thinks of himself as a great man, anyway. Perhaps he has it in him to be great too."

The cure? Praise, when deserved, real love from his father and mother; spacing punishments just as far apart as you possibly can. You encourage a race horse, you praise a dog fulsomely. You reward them for effort even if they fail to win. You make *trying* worth while. You never laugh at them or make fun of them. A child deserves as appreciative attention as you can give him.

"The brightest child in the world may seem stupid and dull," Dr. Taft says. "Take a chance on spoiling him and he will have a chance to be his brilliant self. When you tell me your Johnny Boy is stupid my first thought is that probably you aren't being properly wise in your treatment of him. Better buck up and try a new tack. You may crush him for life."

Side Partner

Continued from page 39

"It looks pretty bad," he admitted, and told her the facts.

"But I should think it would be good business for Mr. Holliday," she said.

"Oh, it is. But you have to make him see it. And he's so busy. You see him for ten minutes, and he's rushed, and you can only half explain, and then later he meets someone at the club or out on the golf course who has no use for the taxi business, or the man who owns the Domino system comes to town and they hobnob at his club for hours—what chance have Tyler and I? Holliday likes me, all right. I'm not sure he wouldn't try to place me somehow. But I haven't had a chance to sell myself to him; that's the trouble." He looked drearily at his wife and added, "Don't take it too hard, Ellen. I didn't mean all that stuff I said. I was tired and sore, and I suppose I took it out on the nearest person, that's all. I'll keep on for a little, and who knows? Something may turn up."

"Let's ask the Hollidays to dinner," said Ellen.

"I don't think that's very feasible. Picture of Dagmar!" answered Ray—imitating. "And I ought not to afford a hotel dinner."

"Dagmar's leaving to-morrow—you forget."

"Well, that's all the worse. You can't do it yourself."

"I wonder," said Ellen. "I could get Mrs. Peterson in for the dishes and to keep things hot. And you can get a maid from the tearoom for a dollar an hour."

"Oh, don't try it," warned Ray; "honestly, Ellen, it would be worse to have them and bore them than not to have them. And I know what you're up against."

"I know quite a lot about cooking. I had that course for a year after I left college."

Ray patted her. "Forget it, dearie. Go to bed and forget it. It doesn't matter."

But Ellen did not forget. She remembered, and she had plenty of time to think about it next day. Dagmar left, and the kitchen seemed strangely peaceful. Ellen wondered why she had kept her so long—if it was because she wanted her or because Dagmar was better than nothing and had fitted into the budget. There were a good many things, as she came to look into it, that had been kept on in the same way. Rather dull food and unsatisfactory amusements which had fitted financially into her scheme had been accepted, always for the preservation of the budget.

SHE began to figure on her accounts from force of habit. She had about two hundred and fifty dollars left of her savings. That would pay for clothes, rent, food for several weeks—she stopped. That was the old method which had strangled the imagination out of her. "The most important thing in our lives now," she said to herself, "is Ray. To keep him from feeling crushed, if this business goes on the rocks. To keep up that spirit he had three months ago, if I possibly can. And at least it's worth trying to see what I can do."

Her cheeks had little red spots in them as she called Janet Holliday and asked her to dinner. She hated so much to be refused, and Janet was friendly but not helpful as she regretted having another engagement for Thursday.

"How about Saturday?" asked Ellen, the red spots hotter. "I've wanted to have you for so long."

Janet thought Saturday would be quite all right.

"And this is Monday!" Ellen realized in a panic as she hung up the telephone. "What shall I give them to eat?"

She had a dim memory of what she wanted in the cupboard, but she had to hunt for some time before it was discovered in the bottom of a drawer. It was an old green cookbook that had belonged to her mother; a cookbook full of gentle injunctions to the bride and with blank pages in the back on which the bride might store her accumulating knowledge in the fine slanting handwriting of a lady.

There, copied in that desultory way of her mother's, was a maxim, wedged in between a cookie recipe and instructions on boiling lye for drains.

"Living is an art; the housekeeper may be a great artist."

That made Ellen feel a little queer, though she smiled over it. She flopped over a few more pages and found what she wanted. It was headed in handwriting that vainly tried to make itself large enough for a title:

FAVORITE MENUS OF MY FRIENDS

Each friend had been given two pages. There was Mrs. Henderson's dinner with filet of partridge and green grape salad and rum sauce on the ice cream. Opposite the menu were the recipes attendant on it. There was Mrs. Davis' with bisque of clams, chicken breasts, asparagus salad, lemon sponge. There was Mrs. Winter's with grapefruit and apricot brandy as a beginning and marron syllabub for a fine finish.

Two hundred dollars for spending instead of doling out! Ellen knew it was madness to spend it all. She had to hold herself to it rather stiffly once or twice, but there was always a goad she could apply. She could think of the dinner at the Hollidays' and take a fresh spurt. She would have fifty dollars left in the bank, and that, she figured without apportioning it too closely, would hold them for a week while she got a job, if she had to. That was something she could do that her mother could not have done. She could go to work to help her husband. In the meantime she could spend two hundred dollars.

Ray was excited when he heard of her invitation. He was glad the Hollidays were coming and faintly embarrassed by it.

"What are you planning, Ellen?" he asked nervously.

"Oh, I'll get up a nice little dinner."

"Well, spread yourself a little, Ellen. I'd like them to see us at our best. You know. No fuss or splurge. But at our best. You know."

"Would you like to ask Mr. Tyler?"

"I'd like to, all right. He could put that proposition up to Holliday. I don't see why not. Tyler's a prince of a fellow. Of course he doesn't run with Holliday's set, but—"

"But Mr. Holliday was a floor-walker not so long ago," supplied Ellen.

"And Tyler's family used to own the Burns block. Sure, let's ask him."

Ray got home later than he had expected on Saturday and dashed into his bedroom to dress. It had been a wretched day. The rumor that the Green Taxis were sold out had been floating around rather freely and had come back to him. He felt that this dinner was all nonsense, and was prepared for humiliation.

Ellen's effects were ready, but she had left them until the last moment. Ray was still dressing impatiently when she came out, in her new dinner dress of cornflower blue that was so fresh against her soft clear skin—a modish dress: one that could never be made over because there was only enough material in it to carry out one idea. She brought in the great bowl of white lilacs from the kitchen and put it near the window and lit the candles. From somewhere came that delicate fluster, that glow of preparation which she remembered from her mother's house. Ellen guessed what made it. She wanted her guests. She was eager for them to come and to take her hospitality.

Tyler felt it at once. He doffed his bluff salesman's manner and became the Carroll Tyler who had a tradition of gentle breeding. The Hollidays felt it, becoming very comfortable and admiring in the cool, pretty room as soon as they entered and began to talk to Ellen. But Ray felt it most of all, and bewilderingly. It was hardly like the room he knew, this festive, friendly place with everyone so happy and two beautiful women, one of whom was Ellen.

THE maid announced dinner, and Ray again felt a sick worry. And then he saw the dining-room. He had forgotten the silver candlesticks. He had forgotten how much old silver Ellen had. He had forgotten how beautiful iris and lavender candles can be, if he had ever known. He shot one glance of appreciation at Ellen as they found their places.

It began with grapefruit in high glasses flavored with cherry and something else.

"We don't drink anything ourselves," explained Ellen to Tyler, "so our prewar cellar is neglected. Yes, it's rum. One of my uncles gave me a fine cellaret for a wedding present. He kept so much that he died of it, poor dear. But they say he was an expert."

"He was," Mr. Holliday advised her.

After that they didn't like to mention the soup, but they did. It was the kind of soup that it is bad taste not to mention.

"Do you, really?" asked Ellen. "It's cream of almond. An old recipe of my mother's. This, by the way, was one of her favorite menus for guests, this dinner to-night. I hope you like it."

Of course they liked it. The corn pudding had to be liked, and the roast lamb, and there was sherry with it that Ray had quite forgotten was in the cellaret.

Strips of Canton ginger at the end—a man's dinner, and a lady's dinner too—dinner over which men grow friendly and imagined differences in social status or real differences in financial standing grow inconsequent. Tyler, quite mellowed by his sherry, brought the matter up with a frankness which Ray would have thought impossible.

"You don't want to let that out-of-town cab company bunco you out of a good proposition, Mr. Holliday," he said.

"I don't want to let you boys in too deep if the thing doesn't pay," answered Holliday.

"Don't worry about us. We're there to make money, and we'll make it if we have a little time. Now, this bus proposition—"

"I wish you'd run a bus out to Lake Nokomis," said Janet plaintively.

"No reason why we couldn't. There must be a hundred cottages out there now. With all the service and the special deliveries, even letting out the people who have their own cars, we could make a bus pay its way, I think."

"It would be much more convenient for everyone," said Janet. "On rainy days lots of people don't like to skid all the way in to town."

"That's just one of a dozen needs," said Ray. "Now, on this line we could go by Lake Nokomis and include Red Bear and Whiting and Trout City—here's a little map of it."

DINNER was over, but they were all too interested to move. Ellen poured more coffee.

"We hate to go," said Holliday, two hours later. "I don't know when I've had such an evening, such a really pleasant evening. Fine dinner, charming place you have here. I've wanted a chance to talk to you boys too. I like that scheme. We'll just put it over and say nothing to the Domino crowd. Don't want them horning in. Come around to-morrow, Ray."

"All I want now is a little stock," said Janet Holliday. "That's what we ought to get, Mrs. Lowry! We've sat in on these councils."

"You've done more than sit in," said Ray. He was holding Janet's hand in farewell, but his eyes were on the dress of cornflower blue.

The Holliday car hummed gently away, and Tyler was swinging his cane to an I-told-you-so tempo as he walked home. Ellen blew out the candles and reëstablished the furniture in its accustomed places. She did it slowly, happily.

"I don't know how you did it," said Ray humbly. "I never saw anything like it in my life. It was a stroke of genius. Holliday will come all the way across, I think."

"I got it all out of a book," Ellen told him, "but not a budget book. A cookbook, this time."

GLENN PARIS

"Ain't it lucky I brought my umbrella, Genevieve?"

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White Fire

Continued from page 23

buckle down and learn my part or jump to the Shuberts and see life." The leading man slouched lower, bending a glower on the stage. "Mona's been let out," he announced abruptly. "And the lassie they've put in her part is an educated actress—knows all the tricks and uses them like turning on a tap to fill a graduate glass with just so much distilled acting."

Tabor made sympathetic noises. So that was the young man's grievance! "That the new incumbent?"

A girl had just picked up a cue in the scene which was engaging Jennifer, a good-looking creature of intelligent type; Tabor rather liked the way she was reading her lines from a bound sheaf of sides.

"That's it: Cissy Maurice."

The business on stage began to take on some emotional tension, and Burchell Brown sat forward abruptly, thrusting his hat back from a lofty forehead. "Just a minute," he drawled, as the actors with one accord suspended and looked to him—"just—a—minute."

EYES deeply recessed in a cadaverous mask cast back down the aisles of time. "I remember putting on a piece for Mike Sullivan, back in 'Seventeen—a war play and a darn' good one, too, but it only ran a few minutes. Why? Well, the leading lady got flustered and read a tricky line in the wrong key. In the second act she was the mother of a likely lad of nineteen, who had been born, as folks do say, out of wedlock. It was a garden party, and the boy's father, whom she hadn't seen since they had parted on a discreetly dark stage at the end of the first act, twenty years before, came on and spoke his first lines up back in this garden set, where the mother couldn't see him. She gave a start—graphically illustrated, a hand fluttering to an agitated bosom—and said: 'My God! where have I heard that voice before?' "

The director detected a titter and fixed its source with a severe eye. "That wasn't funny; it wasn't funny the way I read it just now, and it wasn't funny the way the author meant it; but it *was* funny that first night here in New York, the way the leading lady delivered it. The audience brayed at it like a whole stable full of wild asses. Every time the row would let up a mite and we'd try to go on somebody out front would give another hysterical whoop, and the whole damn' house would be off again. We had to ring down, and Mike Sullivan, who was half-lit as usual, got clammy feet and closed the show. It never did play but that one night in New York."

The young man at Tabor's side started. "Oh, nothing!" he replied hastily to a look of inquiry—"only I remember that flop; I was in the house that night."

"I'm telling you this unhumorous anecdote," Brown resumed, "because it's a true story, and we don't want anything like that to happen to this piece, which is chock-full of just such tricky lines—society drama laid on over a melodramatic framework—so every line's got to get over just right or we're sunk. If you read that last line of yours the way you did just now, the opening night, Cissy, it's going to get a laugh and turn a dead serious situation for Jenny into screaming farce. It's perfectly all right for you to be kittenish, that's what this awful part of yours is; but in scenes like this you want to play as if you didn't forget all the time you'll be a grown-up some day and have heart problems of your own to stretch you on a rack of anguish. Now let's try it once more, please."

He dragged his hat down over his nose and relapsed into apparent somnolence while the four players went on with the rehearsal.

When Jennifer was able to bring Tabor word that she would not be needed again within another hour, he insisted on taking a taxi over to Louis Sherry's. "If you've really got to keep going all night, there's no sense whatever in making things worse for yourself with a property meal."

"Always the thoughtfulest of men!" the girl gratefully sighed. "But how fearfully theatrical you've grown in your speech!"

"Association with Arlington, I shouldn't wonder. And, going on what he said about you last night, I fancy you've found as good a friend in him as I hope I have."

"Do tell me, Tabby: I want to be flattered till my vanity's all gorged and torpid."

Tabor unblushingly extemporized; but when he offered to resume, after their hasty dinner, observed that Jennifer's attention had ceased to glow. "Something wrong, Jenny?"

"No—I don't know." She smiled to him in conscious wistfulness. "It's splendid, of course, to hear such things said about yourself, and think you're going to be *some*body at last, but—*I* don't know, Tabby! Success can't make you happy if it doesn't spell happiness to the one you care for."

"Any real reason to believe it won't?"

"I've no reason to believe it will mean as much as my selfishness, Tabby, makes me wish it would. But we can't have everything—happiness heaped up on top of success, I suppose, would be too beautiful even for the deserving. I've been a bad girl, Tabby, and I want to 'fess up and be forgiven."

She brushed cigarette ashes into her drained demi-tasse, after the mode of the Maison Benelli, flashed an apologetic smile, and immediately was pensive again. "I wonder do you know, Tabby, I never told you the real reason why I ran away from you. If it comes to that, I wasn't sure of the real reason, myself, then. I ran away, Tabby, because I was in love with—somebody—and of course that made it impossible for us to go on living together."

"I didn't know, though I more than once suspected, Jenny."

Nothing in *his* voice betrayed him, Tabor was sure; no word or sign of his, he swore, would ever embitter with knowledge of his pain the cup of happiness she was seeking to set to that parched sweet mouth.

"I'm sure you must have; but I'm glad I've told you at last, it makes it easier to tell you the rest. You see, when I found out I was in love and—it was hopeless—I thought I ought to try to put my love away, and being a stupid idiot, when another man came along and wanted to make love to me I—well! I let him. I thought maybe that was the solution; I didn't love him the least bit, but I didn't dislike him, and, I told myself, I didn't deserve anything better and maybe that way I'd learn to forget."

"So that was what was going on last summer!"

"I'll never make a good liar to anybody I'm fond of, Tabby. While that affair was running its course I just couldn't write to you the way I used to in the beginning. But the more I tried to fall in love or just let go and drown my conscience in an infatuation, the more the other love, the real love, proved its strength by holding me back. And then yesterday"—she gave a curt laugh—"well! yesterday the affair simply blew up of its own accord. I couldn't stick it any longer, Tabby—he's too much a rotter."

" 'Yesterday'?"

"Last night, then—at the Davenport, just before the show, when Billy Coin told me somebody had smuggled a bottle to Mort Fales and he was so drunk he wouldn't be able to go on. You see, I knew who had done it and why; I'd seen him sneaking into that room with the bottle hidden under his coat, though at the time I didn't know it was Mort's room and thought nothing of it. But when I realized that he had done Mortimer that blackguard's trick simply to give himself a chance—I knew I could never even think kindly of Nigel again."

"Nigel!"

"BUT you must have known!" Jennifer remonstrated with honest eyes. "I mean, from my letters. I told you about his joining the McGuire stock; and then I had to stop saying anything about him because I was trying so hard to believe—I couldn't write to you about him while that was going on, Tabby."

"But," the amazed man muttered—"Tormay! I thought he and Mona—!"

"Why, you know there was never anything in that affair. I remember telling you at the time they were merely amusing themselves—pour passer le temps. Otherwise I would never have permitted Nigel to make a fuss over me out there, the way he did—I'm a foolish woman, Tabby, not a mean one, really. It would never have happened at all, what little did happen, if I hadn't been so heartsick and lonesome; and Nigel did manage to make me believe for a while. . . . He *is* a good actor, you know, and he can be perfectly charming to play around with when he's on his good behavior. I never imagined he would turn out such a thoroughbred cur."

"And you didn't tell Coin or any-

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body else what you knew, last night?"

"I couldn't, Tabby—we'd have never been able to go on with the show. You don't think for an instant they'd have let him play Mort's part if they had known, do you? Besides, I never believed he would do as well as he did, or persuade Mr. Arlington to keep him in the cast for New York. But I told Nigel this morning, on the train coming in, that I knew, and that I wanted him to keep as far away from me as he could get, all the time off the stage, from now on. And he got rather ugly." The girl's eyes contracted in unhappy reminiscence. "You see, Nigel had such a low opinion of me at heart that to have *me* turn *him* off hurt—well! as much as anything could hurt him, I guess. I don't mind telling you I'm a bit worried now about him."

"Why? What have you to fear from him?"

"I don't know; that's what worries me. I do believe he's capable of doing anything to get even and—I'm worried. . . . That's the whole story of my silliness, Tabby. And I know you know I'm sorry and won't ever be so foolish again. And do hurry, or we'll be late getting back, and Burch will work himself up into one of his cold rages."

A PARADOX of psychology which reason denied as preposterous, something akin to the mood of a nightmare, manifested in the seclusion of the taxicab that raced back across town: constraint like a dead wall, invisible but painfully palpable, held their hearts and minds apart whose elbows all but touched; and at the same time Tabor was physically and emotionally aware of Jennifer in a degree that passed all precedent in their relations.

He dared not look at her to whom he could not speak, the woman he loved in love with another man, his very love come back into his life more lost to him than if she had remained away forever, in this cruel recrudescence of a passion which she had once called dead, but which had lived on in spite of every denial and adversity, like an immortal flame aspiring on the altar of her heart. . . .

"Aren't you going to scold me, Tabby? I wish you would."

He felt his heart vibrate to those wistful, lightly remorseful cadences, and perceived that he might hold himself in hand only by persevering in that blind stare of his out of the forward window.

"Scold you, Jenny? What right have I to sit in judgment—?"

"The right I give you, Tabby, when I beg to be scolded."

But this, Tabor thought, was too much. Impossible though it was to credit her with any heartless intention, he could not go on permitting her thoughtlessness so to tax his endurance.

"Don't you think, Jenny," he suggested as gently as he could, "it would be kinder, and more fair, to reserve that right for the man whom you will, I hope, some day marry?"

"Oh!" That slight cry was without reproach but curiously dashed, a cry a child might have given who met a snub where it had confidently looked to find sympathy. "I'm sorry, Tabby. Ignorance of the law, they say, is no excuse; but I won't do so again, ever, that's a promise. And Tabby: Do something for me, please. I'm too full of myself these days, too much an ego on edge with overwork and excitement, to be trusted. I think it would be better if we didn't see each other again till this first-night ordeal is over. You do understand, don't you, Tabby?"

"Oh, quite."

The cab was coming to a standstill by the stage door of the Town Theatre.

Tabor took home with him a disturbing impression of her smile at parting—only that it were idiotic to imagine such a thing, could have sworn there had been tears behind it.

But once, halfway in his homeward walk, he stopped dead, stricken in his tracks by a thought like a thunderbolt! There *had* been tears close to the surface of that farewell smile, tears of compassion welling upon sudden penetration to his secret heart. That night had tried him too hard, had broken down his guards without his knowledge. Now Jennifer knew he loved her, and knowing how sorry was his case, pitied him. . . .

For two days the man had nothing to do but nurse his bruises and listen to the machinery of life tick away the wasted hours like an old clock in a lonely room. . . .

The afternoon of the second day brought the bleak excitement of ordering flowers for delivery to Jennifer's dressing-room that night. Arlington had telephoned to say that the first performance would positively come off as advertised. Miss Cissy Maurice was doing satisfactory work in rehearsals, and Tormay was now at least letter perfect in his part. Arlington felt he hardly needed to add that the employees had been instructed to give Tabor the run of the house, the mere mention of his name would pass him wherever he might wish to go, behind the scenes as elsewhere. As for himself, the manager would accept an invitation to reel round to breakfast the morning after and go over the press notices with Tabor; but would not be found within miles of the theatre during this first performance—was much too wise in these his senile days to subject his poor dear arteries to any such trial.

Tabor, having dressed and ordered his motor for eight, dined and was trying to make himself believe oversmoking alone was responsible for the tremor of his hands, when Ridge brought in a note.

It had been delivered at the door; the messenger was waiting. Tabor thumbed up the flap, and found two enclosures, a note and a newspaper clipping.

"Dear Tabor: It seems I did your Miss Challis an injustice. The enclosed, from this evening's Sun, will explain. Lewis, who will bring this, drove the party to Greenwich last night. He was discharged this morning, and came to me with a curious story, which I have asked him to tell you. If you believe him you will do as you think best, of course. I believe him and—shall do as *I* think best—June."

The clipping tersely reported the marriage by a justice of the peace at Greenwich, Connecticut, in the small hours of the morning, of Miss Mona Desmond, a young actress favorably known to Broadway, to Mr. Launcelot Fairless, of the socially prominent Philadelphia family. . . .

"Show the messenger into my study I will see him in a minute or two."

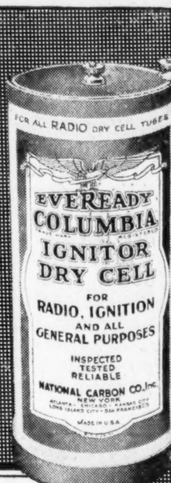
Tabor needed at least that long to orient himself to the changed universe which this news had set beneath his astounded feet.

THE man Lewis whom he presently went to interview was so true to the pattern of a class, which a wheel-mad civilization seems able to turn out of its forms in any quantity to meet its needs, that he looked a proper chauffeur even out of livery. Tabor had engaged him some two years since to drive June's car. When June left Philadelphia for Reno, it appeared, this Lewis had passed into the service of Fairless. "And a bum change it was for me too, Mr. Wynne. I don't mind night work now and then, but up all night, 'most every night, is something else again. Not only that, but I'm accustomed to driving for gentlemen who train with gentlemen—"

"Quite," Tabor interrupted with an eye on the clock. "I understand Lewis." Five minutes to eight, and Arlington had said the curtain would go up at eight-twenty sharp. . "You have something to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. I thought you ought to know, sir, because they kept mentioning your name all the time they was framing up this dirty job. But I'd like to say, first off, I ain't the kind that makes a habit of chasing all around and telling on people a person drives for. It wasn't that bust-up I had with Mr. Fairless 'safternoon made me want to tell you about this frame, but because it's dirty work, Mr. Wynne, the meanest kind, and ought to be stopped if they's any way to do it."

(*To be concluded next week*)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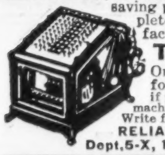

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Would You Swap Jobs With This Man?

By FRED C. KELLY

BY FAR the most successful man of my acquaintance is Frederick Roderick of Wayne, Me., and Winsted, Conn. I call him the most successful because he contrives to do the things he wants to do—and he usually does them better than anybody else does. The thing he particularly cares for in life is to spend all the time possible in the Maine woods. To do this he must not only make a living during the winter months, but must do so at a job from which he may be spared in summer. That's why he is superintendent of a scythe factory. Scythes, being used in summer, are manufactured mainly during the winter.

When the ice goes out of the streams and ponds in Maine and trout begin to rise again, Roderick migrates from Winsted, Conn., to Wayne, Me., to begin about a half year of life in the open. For two months he acts as instructor in a boys' camp. While he draws a salary for this, he might be willing to pay liberally for the privilege of association with boys in their first enthusiasm over the glorious outdoors that he loves.

When the boys go back to their homes "Pop" Roderick, as they call him, is their hero. (Isn't it something to be a hero to a new crop of boys every summer?) They have seen Roderick excel all others as pitcher, catcher or batsman in their baseball games. In a swimming, diving, canoeing, tent-pitching or outdoor-cooking contest Roderick would probably walk away with first prize even in face of first-class competition. For a time he played professional baseball in a New England league, but the life didn't appeal to him. Then, because he is endowed with a baritone voice, he was offered a leading rôle in the original "Ben Hur" company. He did that for a season or two. But theatrical life too failed to interest him. "What's the use of being alive," he asks, "if you aren't doing what you want to do?"

A year or so ago he played golf for the first time. Shortly after that he began to win golf tournaments in Connecticut. Then he took up trap-shooting and won prizes at that. He is in constant demand all over Connecticut as an after-dinner speaker. On one such occasion he was seated between two governors of states, both of whom became his lifelong friends. Two janitors would have found him equally natural and agreeable.

One man who has known Roderick since childhood said to me: "I never heard him kick on an umpire's decision, never saw him mad or even unhappy, never heard him say anything mean about anybody; and, what's more, I never knew anybody to say an unkind word about *him*. When he wins any kind of contest, everybody, not only spectators but those who competed against him, seem glad that he won."

He not only loves life, but tries to make everybody else enjoy it as much as he does.

How the Wasters Play

Continued from page 15

guests, large, capable, spurring the waiters to attack on tables where the drinks are running low.

Solo dances by the young girls, frisking duets between girls and men (all the while the band growing jazzier and jazzier), louder and louder murmurs and calls and chorus intonations from the tables—and the Green Club is at its greenest. Hour after hour the fun rides on and on, the entertainers rushing to the floor amid band blares at every respite between the periods of dancing. The entertainers have all day in which to sleep, the "butter-and-egg men" and their companions have all night in which to live. Hang the time, hang the expense—until the dawn when the tables begin to clear and the bandsmen begin looking at their wrist watches.

But before that time arrives switch to the Red Club. Here is a place of lesser social significance. The band is colored, the waiters are colored, the entertainers are colored. Only the hostess is white—a giddy blond whiteness. Gin is the prevalent drink—gin served like water in tiny decanters, flickering with synthetic promise in the bright lights that endow the red ceiling, the red walls, with sensuous warmth. The dancing is unrestrained, these colored "raggers" thrusting their examples of jungle pep before the eager eyes bent on them from serried tables. Raucously "mammy" songs float through the blanketing smoke.

How do they keep it up, night after night? And it is kept up everywhere!

The same moon that floats over Broadway and over the Loop, that sees night-clubbery at its clubbiest when all good people are in bed and even the not-so-good are that way inclined, does the same stuff over many a Main Street where the bloods and their ladies take the second turn to the left and enter bright boxes of noise and refreshment dedicated to the same cause of time-killing as the big-city rendezvous.

Proceed from city to city, from twenty-five thousand population to fifty thousand, from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand, and so on up, and you'll find the night clubs prospering, each with its clientele of selected if not select souls—the sports of the community.

Neighborly quality clings more to the small-city night club, for its frequenters when quite sober and in broad daylight can call each other by their first names. The big-city club has an intimacy based on the common ground of common thirst, of a common leaning toward extravagance, money to be spent, ladies to be looked at. The difference between the big-city night club and the small-city night club is essentially the difference of the dollar.

One thing I find they all have in common—small town and big town. The average age of the female customers is from ten to twenty years below the average age of the males. I don't pretend to know why women can thrive without sleep better than men. Possibly the reason is wrapped, with other biological secrets, in the cradle of time. But after observing night life in many cities I have discovered that women are the sleepless sex. They stand night-club life better than the men; and without their wildly eager coöperation the night-club industry would languish. Of old, men would occasionally forgather and sit through the night drinking away their health. Prohibition has brought about the alcoholic equality of the sexes.

Society has tried to avoid the vulgar interference of the police. Society has attempted to organize genuine clubs, not the camouflage-licensed hold-ups run only for profit. One such high-toned club is the Embassy in New York—and it has replicas in most of the large cities. The rich man of Scripture can romp through the eye of a needle far more easily than the uninvited non-Nordics can crash the gates of the Embassy. Once through its velvet-veneered portals, you witness more dignified dissipation, less robust frivolity than in the ordinary night clubs; that is why the ordinary night clubs persist and prosper.

The snobbery of Boston, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia fruitlessly attempts to throw about itself the protective coloration of blue night-club membership tickets. But true Bohemia is not ordered by house-committee by-laws. Social lightning strikes where it listeth.

When the night-club furor swept the cabarets and supper clubs into pay-as-you-enter mediocrity, when famed dancing couples were being snatched up and paid anywhere from one to two thousand a week by promoters of the newest form of organized idiocy, there came to New York a flaxen-haired youth, dapper, urbane, fun-loving. His Royal Highness Albert Edward Christian George, etc. The Prince of Wales, no less.

Bored stiff with social functions (just as the "butter-and-egg men," bored with business, yearn to romp unrestrained), His Royal Highness accepted a certain invitation—aimed at random—to New York's most garish night club.

I have it on the word of Texas Guinan, mistress of night-club technique, materfamilias extraordinary to the rich and slumberless souls who revel expensively till the dawn, that the Prince with Lord and Lady Mountbatten, Major Metcalfe and others of his suite, selected her club for entertainment. Three head waiters, two doorkeepers, an orchestra leader and a cigarette girl corroborated this tale:

There was bustle and enthusiasm in a narrow room on Forty-sixth Street—the El Fey Club, and the place was crammed. The zenith hour came—no earlier than 3 A. M., when the oiled owls who haven't had a drop of dinner proceed to make up for lost time. The guardian of the brass-grilled door blinked at the headlights of a huge foreign car, whispered to a lanky youth in a satin-walled elevator. The elevator shot up to announce the Prince, shot down to receive him.

"Tex" Guinan halted the music and announced:

"Pals, the Prince is coming. Don't gawk. Let him have a good time. He's bored by curiosity. Even his horses throw him to take a good look at him. Let him be one of us."

The Prince came; the Prince saw; the Prince conquered. "Butter-and-egg men" will talk of that night when they are gaffers seated at chimney corners talking to their grandchildren—if they have any.

The Prince drank; the Prince laughed; the Prince chatted. Flowers were rushed to the club from an all-night florist who caters especially to night clubmen's whims. Balloons and blossoms danced from table to table in the drifting smoke. The Prince also danced—if fifty couples jammed on floor space not large enough for a "butter-and-egg man" to do his daily dozen (if he does it) can be said to dance.

"Tex" Guinan signaled, and there bounded on to the floor six cold-faced little angels—with Hawaiian costumes originally designed to drink through.

Terrific applause and showers of yellowbacks rewarded them. One after another, celebrities took the floor—danced, sang, recited. Each table contributed some item to the program, one stout "butter-and-egg man" going so far as to intone a drinking song. The hostess approached the Prince's table. Would the Prince care to participate? The Prince would. He arose. Silence. Even wine-gurgling was muffled. In a clear half baritone the Prince recited an ancient, banal rhyme, stanza by stanza.

There were shouts for an encore. The Prince smiled. Pleasantly, as ears strained and tables crunched, he told the story of his grandfather, Edward the Wit—Edward VII—and Mark Twain. Twain, visiting England during Queen Victoria's reign, wrote the Queen begging Her Majesty to use her influence to promote adoption of a reciprocal copyright arrangement between Great Britain and America. He gave the Queen his credentials. He knew her son. Edward, then Prince of Wales, had been driving down Piccadilly in the royal brougham while Twain drove up—on top of a bus, wearing a new overcoat and yellow gloves. Years later, when Edward was reigning gloriously, Mark Twain again visited England; was welcomed to Buckingham Palace. "We've met before," said King Edward. "Where?" asked Twain. "Don't you recall," said the King, "that day in Piccadilly? I was riding down in the royal brougham. You were riding up atop a bus wearing a new overcoat and yellow gloves."

Ecstatic laughter. The Prince bows. Smilingly—for dawn streaks the edges of the curtained windows—he rises. All rise. The Prince of Wales makes a neat speech hoping he'll be welcomed again. Vociferous ayes. And the great car carries the Prince away to Long Island, following this hectic ceremony of putting the royal stamp of approval on the commercial night club.

Yet the royal smile could not eclipse the grim specter of Volstead. Padlocks clattered along Broadway. But what of it? The night clubs are corporations. Close one and the same partners reincorporate and open another. The padlock slows up but doesn't stop the "butter-and-egg men" bounding forward, pleasure intent.

"It's romping for the rich," says Miss Guinan, super-hostess. "We don't want patrons who can't afford it. The rich have always had their pleasure, and they'll always get it. Why, they step right off ocean liners to come to my club."

She has sheaves of telegrams, sheaves of letters—from names great and near great in all parts of the world. The Prince of Wales suggested that she run a night club at Deauville. Attractive. But in America the dollar flies just as readily as the franc in France, and the dollar stands higher in financial circles.

From her I learned many things. To the young, the boys and girls whose pin money could pay the hire of railroad presidents, these time-killing orgies are part of the process of wild-oats sowing. But these older men, the men who have conquered fortune and can show their juniors better ways of conserving it—what of them? They must have their fun. They can preach to us in their sober, weighty comments on prosperity or lack of it; but they can spend their hundreds and thousands a night in the great game of killing time with a boomerang. The folly is theirs. Let them keep it. There are enough in the ranks of the rich who remain permanently sane.

They can pay the freight that enables a doorkeeper to receive $100 a week and a head waiter the same. The keen-eyed doorkeeper receives tips from all for the petty flattery of recognition. One millionaire made it a practice to give his waiter and the head waiter $50 bills at each visit. Even the hat-check girls make as high as $60 a week.

An average night's bill, Miss Guinan can tell you, is $50—the record "bad news" is $1,500. Begin with couvert charge of $3 and up, sandwiches at $1.50, mineral water at $2; caviar and pâté de foie gras are two-figure items. And what have we at the end of the reckoning? Profit? The most famous night club pays $150 weekly rent and sublets the hat-checking privileges for $125! And an average night's takings are about $1,200.

Miss Guinan makes profligacy square somehow with philanthropy. Her profits are put to good use. She supports a camp for noncompensable wounded war veterans in the Adirondacks. She met them when she toured France as a war entertainer. Her clients rally to her support; one corporation president gives thousands of cigarettes; the head of a mammoth grocery ships pleasant surprises in edibles; a seating manufacturer attends to chairs and hammocks, and a shipyard operator provides boats.

That is a separate story, a by-product of bibulous romping that has few enough by-products of any use.

You may think, if your means won't stretch to fancy-price frivolity, if you are perforce resigned to nightly movies, radio or magazine reading, that you are missing something; that you would be among the thousands who spend the millions in the ceaseless warfare on time. But—

If inclined to fall for the glittering bait, to romp with the rebuilt sports and swap shoe money for headaches, take a tip from one who has made the rounds and only then on orders from a ruthless editor: You can duplicate the net total of a long morning in a night club by the simple, inexpensive process of sitting on the kitchen stove all night in your winter pajamas, chewing a Turkish towel while the phonograph plays "Bambalina." Give me the kitchen—every time.

She Knew
MARTHA WASHINGTON

and she—the charming, keen-eyed wife of one of La Fayette's soldiers—knew George Washington too, for she spent a day at Mount Vernon as the guest of its distinguished owners! Writing home to her mother-in-law in France, she described that visit. In other fascinating letters she described the customs of Washington's day, the great personages she met, the way people—rich and poor—lived in America shortly after the Revolution. The first of a series of those letters (just translated) will appear

in next week's

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Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Boycott

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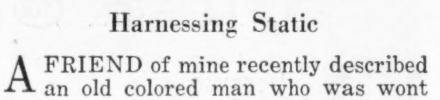

eeeeOWeeee!

Harnessing Static

A FRIEND of mine recently described an old colored man who was wont to purvey sweets to the students in one of our colleges some years ago. This son of Ham prided himself on his complete knowledge of two languages—English and Profane.

Those of us who are gifted with the latter tongue have applied it vigorously and frequently in describing our opinion of static. That vagary of Nature seemed to be about the most useless thing in this varied universe. Now a New York lighting company is utilizing it as a means of warning the approach of a storm.

By this means it is possible to start up the additional generators needed to take care of the extra load when all the office building lights are suddenly turned on. Man is beginning to learn how to use Nature's scourges as well as her bounties.

Some Punishment!

LUTHER BLAKE of San Francisco informs me the announcer of a local station was recently pinched for speeding. Luther reports the climax to the incident as follows: "In court he pleaded ignorance and was given a light fine. 'On Monday evening of each week,' the judge added, 'you can spend ten minutes reading over the state motoring laws, and don't forget. By the way, you can read those laws over the radio; I'll be listening in.' "

The Heavy Tithe

"ONE Sunday evening," writes W. H. Esslinger, "down in New Orleans, the proprietor of a radio shop was entertaining a few passers-by with the services of a local church. A ragged old darky slouched up and stopped to listen, and incidentally took a lot of kidding. When the collection was being received at the church they told him the crackling noises were the money being dropped into the contribution pans. Just then an unusually loud crash of static came out, and the old darky shouted: 'Lawdy! some o' dem white folks sho is gettin' 'ligious!' "

Ending Bald-Head Row

AFTER definitely announcing that we may believe it or not, Henry Malone of Albany, N. Y., boldly asserts that radio head phones have grown hair on his bald spot. Let us hope his experience will not become universal—it would be a shame to end one of our most cherished institutions—the first row of every burlesque theatre.

Some Family

DICK WINSLOW is the ten-year-old "reporter" who broadcasts each week from KHJ at Los Angeles. Recently he told the fans his pet dog had been run over and killed. The following day eighty-six dogs, six cats, three canaries and one goat were delivered to Dick's residence.

"Our neighbors were worried," he concludes, "when they saw big dogs, little dogs, fat dogs, lean dogs, terriers, collies, police dogs, poodles and just plain dogs coming in, for fear we'd keep them. We already have a loud speaker, a bass and snare drum, five kids and a marimba in our family."

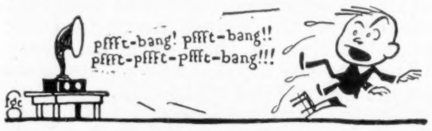
Hearing Ourselves

THOSE who have doubts regarding the future and permanence of radio should go through the scientific research laboratories of the great electric companies where modern miracles are being performed almost daily.

Recently I had the good fortune to be included in a group of newspaper and magazine writers who were guests of the General Electric Company at the Schenectady laboratories. While there my voice was photographed by the Pallophotophone.

During the evening I heard myself talk. It was quite a sensation, because I did not recognize myself, despite the assertion of my companions that the reproduced voice was very lifelike. I was told that everyone whose voice has been thus reproduced has failed to recognize it.

Evidently we never hear ourselves as others hear us.


pffft-bang! pffft-bang!!
pffft-pffft-pffft-bang!!!

Is He Kidding Us?

IT LOOKS to me as though the item which J. Grant Hinkle sends in is propaganda for the state of Washington, of which he is secretary of state. Anyway he makes the following appeal: "Being an ardent fan, I use radio for broadcasting fakes and frauds in enforcing our 'Blue Sky Laws.' We get results.

"The thought I have in mind is to have a real old-fashioned thunderstorm sent out from some station enjoying such a treat. I have not had the pleasure of being in one of those storms since leaving my home in Indiana.

"Can your department and the weather man oblige us sometime in the near future?"

The Noise Off-Stage

Continued from page 14

like," he said almost before he thought, "a plaster for the liver."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there flashed in his brain one of those ideas for which he was noted in the West Forty-seventh Street police station in New York. What originally had been his plan, if indeed he had had one so early, may never be known, for it expired then and there to give place to this newer, this more brilliant successor. And, annoyingly, the tone of these first words was not appropriate to the somewhat lush character of the new idea.

"I would like," he repeated, adjusting his voice and manner to this new rôle, "a plaster for the liver."

The tones were soft, dulcet, soothing; never had a plaster for the liver been asked for so distractingly. All of Mr. Hamsun-Hartigan's charm, his electric personality, flowed into the syllables. He might very well have been asking for a love potion.

Miss Kitty Warder, after discarding plasters for the heart, back, kidney, chest and stomach, laid one before him.

"Splendid!"

He admired the plaster for the liver and then addressed her: "Is Mr. Warder in? My name is Hamsun—Oscar—and I was advised by a friend in Wall Street to talk with Mr. Warder if I wanted an excellent line on real estate in Baldwin."

Kitty shook her head. "He's gone home now," she said. "You could call to-morrow—or if you are in a hurry you could come to the house to-night."

"I should like to come to-night," he replied. "Where is it?"

KITTY hesitated. There was something so un-Baldwinlike in him, so cosmopolitan instead, that she was a little reluctant to permit him to go immediately. His voice as he had asked for the plaster. . . . "I'm just starting home," she suggested at length. "You could walk with me, and I'd show you—"

"Splendid!" He greeted this offer with even more enthusiasm than he had welcomed the plaster for his liver.

Gallantly he assisted her in closing the cellar doors, in lifting the iron bars to the windows, and would not even permit her to attempt to close the heavy doors of the safe.

"Just give the dials a spin," she directed.

"Pretty large safe for a store of this size," he commented, and she answered as he had hoped.

"Oh, it's a good business and Papa leaves so much money overnight here. He's careless about depositing it regularly. Ready?"

On the way to the Warder home Mr. Hamsun, to let him have his way about the name, skipped lightly from subject to subject. He reduced the world to the size of a baseball and held it in his left hand carelessly while he pointed out China, Egypt, Peru, the confetti life of Paris, the somber depth of African jungles, the blistering heat of the tropics, the blinding white cold of the Arctic—an extremely neat conversation which stopped short of gaudiness.

Shining names, of actresses, ambassadors, artists, acrobats, anarchists, starred his narrative and behind the veil of words one, Kitty, caught glimpses, hints, of brilliant courts, smart salons, exclusive balls, strange places too, and romantic nights among romantic people.

The walk was not long, nor, consequently, the talk, but Mr. Hamsun was, as he laughingly apologized, just prattling. Light words, of course, but the peaks shone through, and by the time they reached the Warder gate there was a little sparkle in the jade-blue eyes.

Abrupt, perhaps, but Mr. Hamsun, when he had been Mr. Hartigan, generally needed to work fast.

Spurred always on by Mr. Warder, Mr. Hamsun virtually took over the meal that evening. The room became a clearing house for the affairs of all nations, of all ages, for the small talk and backstairs gossip of all societies. Names freighted with greatness were flipped carelessly to eager ears. Places hallowed by expense and exclusiveness were mentioned in passing. Mr. Hamsun's casual conversation roamed back and forth across the seven seas, up and down the centuries.

"That just reminds me: when the prince was in Buda-Pest a year or so ago I was in a night club with the Baron of Omnia Gallia. . . ."

Sometimes the line ran thin, as Mr. Hamsun-Hartigan realized, and sometimes the names were difficult to make up, but his manner carried it all off well, and he felt little thrills of satisfaction every time he glanced at the girl opposite him and marked the fascinated absorption in the blue eyes. He had not, he felt, chosen the wrong line.

Throughout the meal, except at one time, Mr. Alfred Hemstreet gave an amazing imitation of a man who was not present at all.

Once, feeling his social inundation keenly, he spoke up. "After dinner," he said valiantly, "I'll give a new imitation—"

"Speaking of the baron," Mr. Hamsun cut in reminiscently, "I remember a summer at Ora Pronobis on the Riviera. . . ."

Alfred Hemstreet subsided into bitter silence, unnoticed by anybody, and the dinner wound its, to him, weary way to the end.

IT WAS during the dessert of apricots that he conceived a coup by which he might recapture the Warder interest and solicitation. The idea involved an imitation of a rattlesnake aroused: The meal over, he dropped his napkin and leaned over, concealing his head for the moment under the table, to pick it up.

Then, frying the air with its sinister music, came a short, sharp hiss and then a series of cold rattles.

For five seconds there was complete silence. Alfred, unobserved, emerged from obscurity and glanced hastily around. Puzzled frowns appeared in the faces of Mr. Warder, his daughter and Mr. Hamsun. They had never heard a rattlesnake; they did not know what this noise was. Then Alfred caught sight of Mrs. Warder.

Her face was gray, her eyes glazed, she was gripped in a paralysis of fright. Horrible memory had snatched something out of the past, out of the years when she was a girl in Texas and knew the warning rattle.

At the end of five seconds Mrs. Warder stood up suddenly, yelled "Rattler!" and dived forward into the bowl of apricots.

The other two Warders and Mr. Hamsun made such frantic motions as are inspired by catastrophes of this nature, and in turn shouted questions, soothing words and adjurations to keep cool, all directed at the victim of circumstances. Alfred, sick and frightened, was unable to bear the thought of certain discovery. He stepped out of the door quickly and quietly, got his hat from the rack and stole back to listen unobserved.

By the shuffling and confusion within, he judged, rightly, that the two men were hoisting Mrs. Warder to her feet.

"That imitator!" was all she permitted herself to say, being a pious woman, and Alfred's soul sank within him. She did not need to say more; from the tone of these two words he knew where now he stood in her estimation. He turned to leave.

"That reminds me"—the voice was unmistakable—"I was coming out of the Shepherds' Club into Fiftieth Street one night—"

Alfred opened the front door softly and closed it behind him. Out of the Shepherds' Club into Fiftieth Street! Fiftieth Street! . . . And as he made his way down the street he presented the aspect of a startled young man giving a strikingly lifelike imitation of intensely profound thought. For he knew, as he ought, being a member of the Shepherds', that his clubhouse was on Thirty-ninth Street. . . .

That night Mr. Hamsun remained late at the Warder home. In fact, he did not leave until 1:16:37 A. M.

IT WAS fortunate, that afternoon two weeks later, that there were no other customers in T. G. Warder's Drug Store, for Mr. Alfred Hemstreet was at the moment quite oblivious of everything about him except the clerk with blue-jade eyes, just as oblivious of the whooping-cough remedies as he was of the patented collapsible toothbrushes. Otherwise Miss Kitty Warder might have found the situation embarrassing. As it was, she was only irritated.

"No!" she replied sharply.

Alfred's voice took on as seductive a quality as it could. "The airplane, then," he persisted, anxiously, yearningly. "Wouldn't you like the airplane imitation?"

"I've told you, Alfred"—she spoke with studied patience—"that I'm not interested. Isn't that enough?"

He was silenced for a moment before returning, courageously, hopefully, to the subject. "I've got a new one, one you've never heard—" He stopped. Kitty's mouth had closed in a tight little line. He straightened up with a sigh. There was, he saw, no moving her.

"Well, once you liked them," he reminded her bitterly. "At first you wanted to hear them. Your father and mother liked them, still like—still like some of them. They don't hold that rattlesnake thing against me. They understood I didn't mean wrong. They forgave—"

"It isn't that, and you know it," she interrupted. "It's—it's something else."

"I know," he said sadly. "It's this Hamsun." He emitted the name in the same spirit he would have spit out a moth ball taken in mistake for candy. "I've told you he's lying. I've told you the Shepherds' Club is not in—"

"You're wrong!" she cried desperately, "You're all wrong. You're all jealous of him, because he is a man of the world, smart, widely traveled. You're slandering him, that's all!"

For reply this time Alfred leaned again over the counter, propping his elbows and cupping his hands, and through them now came a dim, soft whistle, very faint, very sweet, a mocking bird far down in the woods early in a dew-wet morning. It rippled and trilled and ran, a little plaintively, sometimes sadly and sometimes gayly, as hope rose and fell, and always softly, like some pretty memory. It lingered a little on one faint dolorous note and then it died, disappeared into silence, and the light in the store now was dusky.

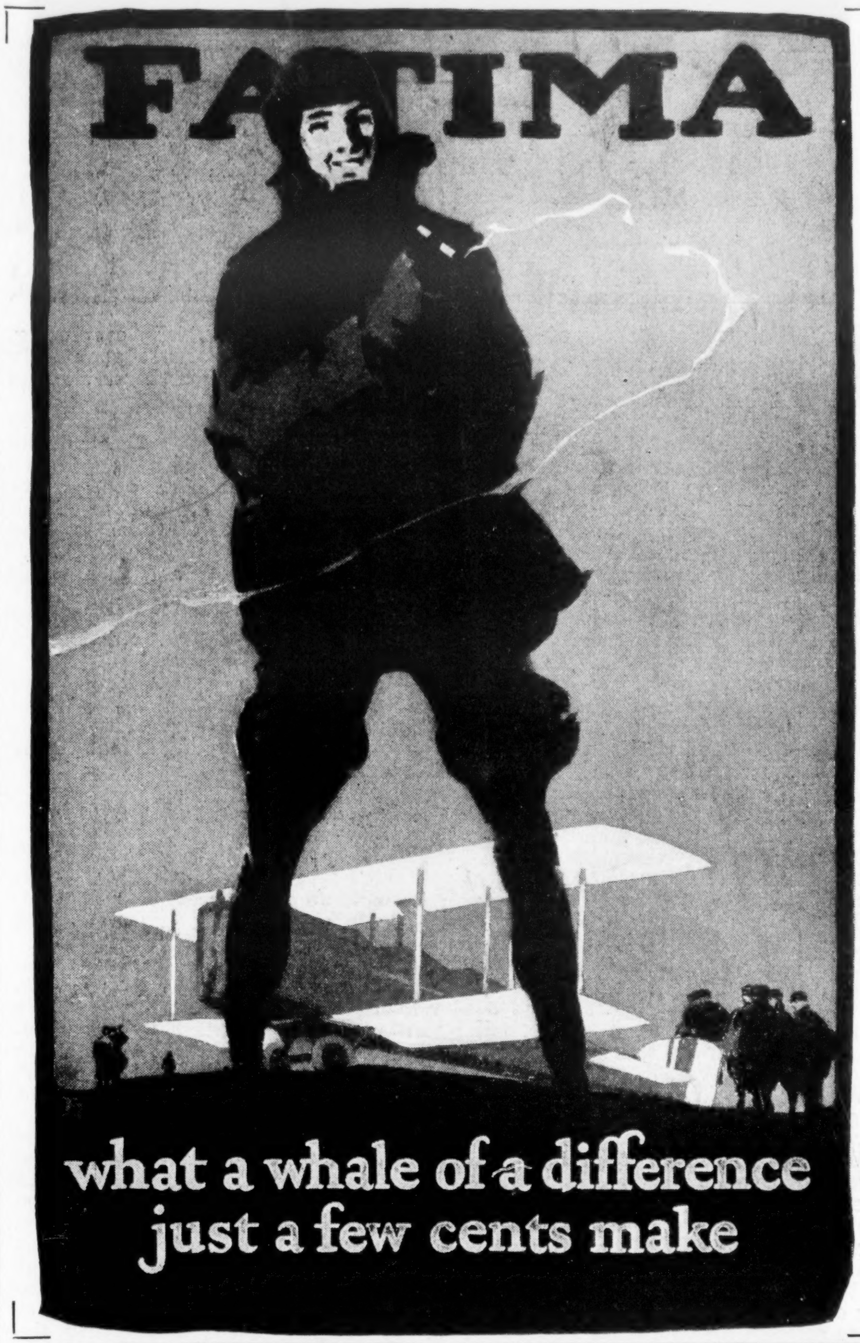
SLOWLY, tenderly, Kitty turned back to him and laid a hand on his. "Don't ever hate me, Alfred," she whispered, "never for anything. I'm not trying to be harsh, but—oh, can't you see?"

So moved was Mr. Hemstreet that tears stopped just short of showing in his startled eyes. "No hating, ever," he replied gruffly. "I—" He shook himself nervously. "Well, I'll be going. 'Night."

Didn't he see? Did she herself see? For a few minutes, while the store grew dark, she sat in the gloom wondering. It wasn't exactly a mail-clad hero on a shining black stallion that she wanted. It wasn't exactly scarlet banners flown just for her. It wasn't exactly that she wanted brocaded silk gowns that threw back the sun, and slippers of silver that carried the moon, and a fan of feathers from the white peacock. It wasn't exactly that romance must ride by in glistening steel or draped in a troubadour's cape. But what was it—and was this it?

When finally she lifted her wrist watch it was seven o'clock. Hastily she jumped down from the stool and went about the business of closing the store, barring the windows, locking the doors, swinging shut the great safe which held

(*Continued on page 48*)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HAVE YOU READ—?

By GRANT OVERTON

BY THE general consent of all who know him A(rthur) S(tuart) M(enteth) Hutchinson is an extremely likable person. Age, forty-five. A shy and sensitive spirit. Was devotedly attached to his mother until her death about two years ago. Inwardly a fellow a good deal like his own hero, Mark Sabre, in "If Winter Comes"—with the important difference that Hutchinson is unmarried.

Everybody remembers the enormous success of "If Winter Comes."

Rather too quickly Hutchinson followed it with "This Freedom."

It should perhaps be said in justice to him that his original outline for "This Freedom" was entirely different from the completed novel.

In that outline Rosalie, the heroine, was to be victorious to the very end. She was to show triumphantly that a woman may be a distinct success in the home and outside of it, simultaneously.

Now, if you have ever made cream of tomato soup you know that the acid of the tomato may turn the milk at a critical moment in the operation.

Or you may have started to organize a business and have discovered, when you got it organized, that it was a perfectly good business, but not the one you thought you were setting up.

The boy turns out to be a little girl. And so on.

Writing stories—particularly full-length novels—is subject to the same surprises for the writer.

Mr. Hutchinson was probably as much perplexed as anybody by "This Freedom." Here was Rosalie wrecking the home. Here were her children going to the dogs. But here, also, was the novel written.

It was possibly not without the memory of this experience that Mr. Hutchinson selected his title from Tennyson's line: *Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs.*

"One Increasing Purpose" is the story of three brothers, but particularly of the youngest of the three, Sim Paris, whom the other two love but don't understand.

If you liked "If Winter Comes" you will like—I think almost equally—"One Increasing Purpose."

"This Freedom" is better left out of any comparison. In that book a pronounced hysterical tendency in Mr. Hutchinson's writing got the upper hand completely and turned a novel into a tract.

A Dreamer and His Dreams

THIS same tendency toward hysteria was evident, of course, in "If Winter Comes," where the intrusive solicitor, Hapgood, was constantly hymning his hate toward Mabel Sabre. (After all, Mabel, as Mark's wife, had a case.) There is the hysteric touch in "One Increasing Purpose," but like the weepiness in Charles Dickens it is accompanied by solid merits.

Moreover, the merits of Hutchinson and of Dickens are substantially the same, and Hutchinson is not so far as you might think from being the equal of Dickens in his power to characterize people and to portray the life of families.

If you read "One Increasing Purpose" read it for this vivisection of the Paris family.

Hutchinson spends whole chapters merely putting a group of persons before you. But for the reader of novels these are well-spent pages. They are full of the sense of life as we all have lived it or seen it lived.

Beside the rich roundedness of these characterizations the story of Sim Paris is far less real and far less important and only doubtfully convincing. But Mr. Hutchinson must apparently always write about a dreamer and his dreams.

I move another vote of thanks to John Galsworthy. Some time ago he gathered up the three novels and two connecting short stories that relate the history of three generations of one family and published them in one plump volume. "The Forsyte Saga," the best thing of its kind in English fiction since Thackeray.

He has just favored the reader by bunching all of his short stories in a similar volume, "Caravan."

Heretofore these tales have been scattered through four or five of Galsworthy's books. Several of them appeared only in the limited edition of his works.

There's a Market for Everything

THEY are of all sorts, from "regular" short stories to sketches, for Galsworthy is an experimenter. But "Caravan" contains some of the finest work of one of the finest living writers.

Galsworthy, of course, has never depended upon writing for his living. Which reminds me of the most sensible words on the subject I have ever read. They are uttered by Hilaire Belloc in his new book, "The Cruise of the Nona"—which, if you like essays, you might look at.

"To those who have had to pursue letters as a trade," observes Belloc, who has, "it certainly is the hardest and the most capricious and, indeed, the most abominable of trades, for the simple reason that it was never meant to be a trade. A man is no more meant to live by writing than he is meant to live by conversations, or by dressing, or by walking about and seeing the world. For there is no relation between the function of letters and the economic effect of letters; there is no relation between the goodness and the badness of the work, or the usefulness of the work, or the magnitude of the work, and the sums paid for the work. It would not be natural that there should be such a relation, and, in fact, there is none.

"This truth is missed by people who say that good writing has no market. That is not the point. Good writing sometimes has a market, and very bad writing sometimes has a market. Useful writing sometimes has a market, and writing of no use whatever, even as recreation, sometimes has a market. Writing important truths sometimes has a market. Writing the most ridiculous errors and false judgments sometimes has a market. The point is that the market has nothing to do with the qualities attached to writing. It never had and it never will."

Galsworthy has made a good deal of money by writing. A writer who does not *want* to make money is not likely to turn out masterpieces. But demand and value are not necessarily the same thing. Among the hundreds of brand-new books there is at least one novel, maybe more than one, that is sold by the carload. Now, many people enjoy Harold Bell Wright's books, but it is nonsense to suppose that they want any more of me than a mere notice that there is a new Harold Bell Wright novel. They've read his others, and they know what it will be. That's why they want it.

"One Increasing Purpose." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown & Co.

"Caravan." By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Cruise of the Nona." By Hilaire Belloc. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"A Son of His Father." By Harold Bell Wright. D. Appleton & Co.

The Noise Off-Stage

Continued from page 47

the careless Mr. Warder's receipts for the week.

Mr. Hamsun was already at the corner when she got there, already nervous and impatient. He caught her hot hand, and his voice was sharp. "Everything all right?"

She nodded. For some reason her eyes burned, and her cheeks. She clutched his hand tightly.

"Then be ready at ten-thirty," he said abruptly. "Understand?"

It was precisely ten-thirty when Kitty, carrying a light coat and a suit case, closed the front door softly behind her. The night was light, and Mr. Oscar Hamsun hurried across the street to the gate, also carrying a satchel. He kissed her hastily.

"We've got to hurry," he said. "The train leaves at eleven sharp—and it's on time."

"We've plenty of time," she replied. "It's only a ten-minute walk to the station."

NEVERTHELESS it was at a sharp pace that he led her down the street and along the avenue that ran past T. G. Warder's Drug Store to the railroad station.

"Oscar."

It was the first time she'd ever used his first name, and its sound seemed to her to contain all the romantic tenderness she might have experienced in calling him Rover.

"Oscar," she repeated bravely, "I'm afraid, frightened. You do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

She didn't speak again, nor did he, until they reached the drug store. Here Mr. Hamsun's speed flagged somewhat. Then, directly before the door, he halted.

"You have a key here," he said. "I just remembered, I left a glove behind the prescription counter this afternoon. Let me get it, will you?"

She hesitated a second, and then fumbled in her pocketbook and found the key. In another second he had opened the front door.

"Come in," he said.

Inside she started for the switch, and then Mr. Hamsun caught her. "No," he said sharply; "I don't need the light." He ran to the door, opened it and looked hurriedly up and down the street. If he saw a slender, startled figure at the end of the block, on the other side of the street, either he did not recognize it or else he did not care. He locked the door on the inside, thrust the key into his pocket and returned to Kitty, now wide-eyed with apprehension.

"Hurry," he snapped. "Into the back room!" He caught her arm again and almost pulled her with him beyond the prescription counter.

"Oscar—Mr. Hamsun—what!"

"Now look, dear." He spoke rapidly, softly. "I need some money. Something went wrong. I can fix it as soon as we get back to New York. I'll send it back to your father to-morrow. But we've got to have some now. Open the safe—quick! It's getting late!"

"But, Oscar!"

"Hurry, I tell you!" he snarled. "That train leaves at eleven. Open that safe! What is the combination?"

"I don't know." She could barely speak. "I don't know it, never knew it. I can't open it. Oh, Oscar—Mr. Hamsun, let's go back—please!"

He ripped out an oath. "You do know it!" But he knew she didn't. He knew she was not lying. Then he shoved her roughly into a chair at the far end of the room.

"Well," he said, fumbling suddenly at the large straps on his satchel, "there are other ways."

Dazed with horror, with tortured nerves, Kitty saw him draw tools from the satchel and then work quickly and noiselessly over the safe. He turned once to speak. "If you make a noise," he said, "I swear I'll kill you." He paused, and then added, "You are in on this, you know—" He stopped. Her head had fallen on her shoulders. She had fainted.

The work on the safe done, he ran into the side room and brought back the mattress and quilts from the cot Mr. Warder kept for emergency patients. These he heaped over the front of the safe, propping them with chairs and a table. Finally, after a hasty glance around, he lighted a match and set it to a long trail of black powder stretching along the floor. Then he ran to the corner where Kitty slumped in the chair and twisted it around so that its back offered some shelter to both of them. He did not need to wait long. The next minute the building quivered, but the sound was only that of a dull boom, muffled and hollow.

He sprang instantly then to a window and looked out. Nowhere was any sign of alarm. Then he swung open the door of the safe, its bolts and bars now useless, and leaped back with a cry of rage. The explosion had not touched the small pigeonhole drawers; they were steel and still locked. He looked again at his watch and then snatched a long, sharp-pointed bar from the satchel. He had barely got it in his hands when he stopped still, listening. The faint whistle of a train had reached his ears.

Furious, he started to hurl the bar to the floor, and then, catching himself, he dropped it back into the satchel. For the fourth time he looked at his watch.

"Kitty!" He shook her roughly. "Wake up; get up! We've got to run! Quick, I tell you! Kitty!"

She opened her eyes weakly. "Oscar—Mr. Hamsun." Then she closed them again. He caught both of her shoulders and wrenched them savagely. "Get up, I tell you!" She cried out, but did not move.

He stood up, speechless with rage and vexation. The train now could be no more than a half mile from the station.

The next minute the front door opened, slammed shut, and Mr. Soup Hartigan was running madly down the street toward the station, to catch the last train out of Baldwin for the night.

CRAZY thoughts buzzed in Kitty's mind. She whimpered a little out of unhappiness. And then a switch was pulled somewhere and the madness died down. A cool gray swept over her—and she opened her eyes.

Near her in the moonlight, his eyes fixed on hers, sat Alfred, absolutely breaking all previous records for looking startled.

She closed her eyes again and tried to catch some string of reason and memory in her whirling head. . . . She caught, then, Oscar—Mr. Hamsun, and the last picture flashed back so clearly that she shuddered. Automatically she stretched out her hand, and Mr. Alfred Hemstreet responded with alacrity. He was at her side, holding her head against his shoulder, caressing her hand.

"He's gone," she murmured. "He's gone, isn't he, on that train?"

Alfred looked embarrassed, as though he had been caught in a deception. "Well," he hesitated, "he will be gone, as soon as the train comes through. You see—"

He halted, and across the night there came the faint sob of the train whistle. Kitty raised her head slowly, and slowly, as she began to understand, a smile lighted the blue-jade eyes. She looked directly, half amused, half thrilled, into Alfred's face.

"Let's hear it now—again," she said.

He released his arms from about her, but before he could get his cupped hands to his mouth, there came, now from no more than a half mile away, the long, sonorous sound of the Metropolitan Limited's whistle, blowing for the Twelfth Street crossing.

Alfred waited for it to die away, and then, his hands to his mouth, he echoed it, faithfully, precisely, with all its timbre and variations, down to the last fading note.

Kitty snuggled more comfortably against him. "If anything," she said softly, "your whistle's better than the train's. It's more real—it's nicer."

Alfred's face shone in the dark.

Of course I *want* to see you!

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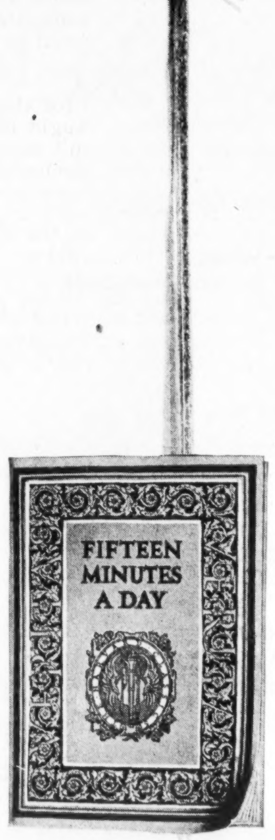

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND
COLLIER'S

The Gentleman from Montana Writes

To the Editor of Collier's:

COLLIER'S is to be congratulated upon the publication of "The Lone Lion of Idaho," by William Allen White.

It is refreshing to find a great national magazine giving space to an analysis of the character and career of an American who has won a place in the public regard by his fearless and unselfish devotion to justice instead of financial gain.

If it were not presumptuous in me to comment on the work of so consummate an artist as Mr. White I would congratulate him on his interpretation of the present political situation and his masterly analysis of the personal and political character of Senator Borah.

Burton K. Wheeler,
U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

"Let Us Talk About Women"

To the Editor of Collier's:

Bruce Barton's most meaty paragraph, I think, was his last in his article "Let Us Talk About Women."

Yes! What the world needs is more chivalry à la Lincoln towards humankind in general. What we need *less* is this cringing, fawning, pseudo gallantry as practiced by the majority of men to-day toward the opposite sex.

Let us show the sincere respect due women, from the "frail sisterhood" to the ladies of the Four Hundred—show them real chivalry and honor.

Let's be true to ourselves. That's what we need!

W. F. Bushby,
San Francisco, Cal.

They Had to Have a Proxy

To the Editor of Collier's:

Willson Whitman in a recent issue of Collier's asks, in box car letters, the general question, "Can a Wife Be Governor?" and then lights in and discusses the specific question as to whether Ma Ferguson *is* governor of Texas.

Miss Whitman finally comes out at the end of the horn at which the people of Texas went in; that is, that Ma is not the real governor. Very few people in Texas ever expected Ma to be the governor; and this without any disrespect to Mrs. Ferguson. The initiated who supported Ma understood fully that they were voting for Jim. They supported her because they could not vote for Jim. And of course Jim's opponents opposed her. They said a vote for Ma is a vote for Jim. And the said opponents are now saying, "I told you so; look at Jim, standing right behind there pulling the strings at every jump." Miss Whitman, in her subcaption, says, "Ma Ferguson, with Jim at her side, has been in office over seven months," and asks. "Has she made good?"

This would be naturally a mooted and much disputed question. The Fergusons' friends would likely say that Jim and Ma were guiding the old ship aright and having a fine sail into safe and pleasant waters. The anti-Ferguson folks would doubtless say that Jim had converted the gallant old ship into a common freighter and that before he is done he will leave her a ruined wreck rattling on the rocks.

Gibbons Poteet, Roxton, Tex.

If It's Interesting, Say It Here

How to Make Everybody Behave

To the Editor of Collier's:

In the army each man has a "service record" and it follows him wherever he goes.

Every alien who lands on the shores of the good old U. S. A. should be given a somewhat similar service record—and a probation period of two years. His whole life history before and after landing should be written down on that record. Finger prints should be made and a duplicate sent to the officials of the county in which he proposes to live.

At the end of two years this record should be endorsed by reputable citizens with whom the newcomer has been in contact.

To go a step farther: every person in the country should have a service record. The country should be zoned, and when a child is born a record should be given it to be kept up until death.

If one knows a record of his actions is being kept one is not so prone to do mischief.

Fulton Pace,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

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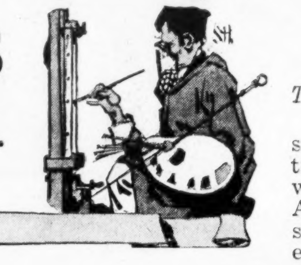

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Does Augusta Win?

To the Editor of Collier's:

In a recent issue there is much discussion as to which city has the most beautiful business district. One reader said Detroit and one said Memphis. Both of these cities have fine high buildings and their streets are very impressive, but for *real* beauty in a business district, I think Augusta, Ga., should be ranked first.

I have been in city after city, but never have I seen an equal of Augusta's business section, with its nice, wide, sunny thoroughfares, and its street car tracks conveniently located in the middle of the street.

I am not a native of Georgia.

Parker Kent James,
Holderness, N. H.

The Eagle or the Dove?

To the Editor of Collier's:

In last week's issue W. G. Nelson says that he would like another national emblem. He says that the eagle was the emblem of Rome, Germany, Austria and Mexico. Mr. Nelson also states that France changed from the eagle to the rooster.

What I want to know is why we should follow the lead of a European country and change.

Mr. Nelson goes further and says that the eagle preys on smaller birds, etc. That is the law of nature. Trees take nourishment from the grass and shrubs that surround them; large fish eat minnows and sardines; big animals feed on small ones, and so right on down the list.

Mr. Nelson suggests the dove, the bird of peace, as a substitute. Would not the United States Army appear ridiculous in battle with a dove for an emblem?

Irving Coryell,
Winchester, Mass.

Kansas Speaks

To the Editor of Collier's:

The author of "Why I Have a Bootlegger," in the August 29th issue, is a spineless specimen, *dry* when out here in Kansas, *wet* when with the moist crowd.

He says, "I never saw it as a moral issue." Of course he didn't! "I am through being a martyr in a losing cause."

Why, he hasn't the first characteristic of a martyr! He would make a dandy weather vane.

F. A. Cogswell,
Leona, Kan.

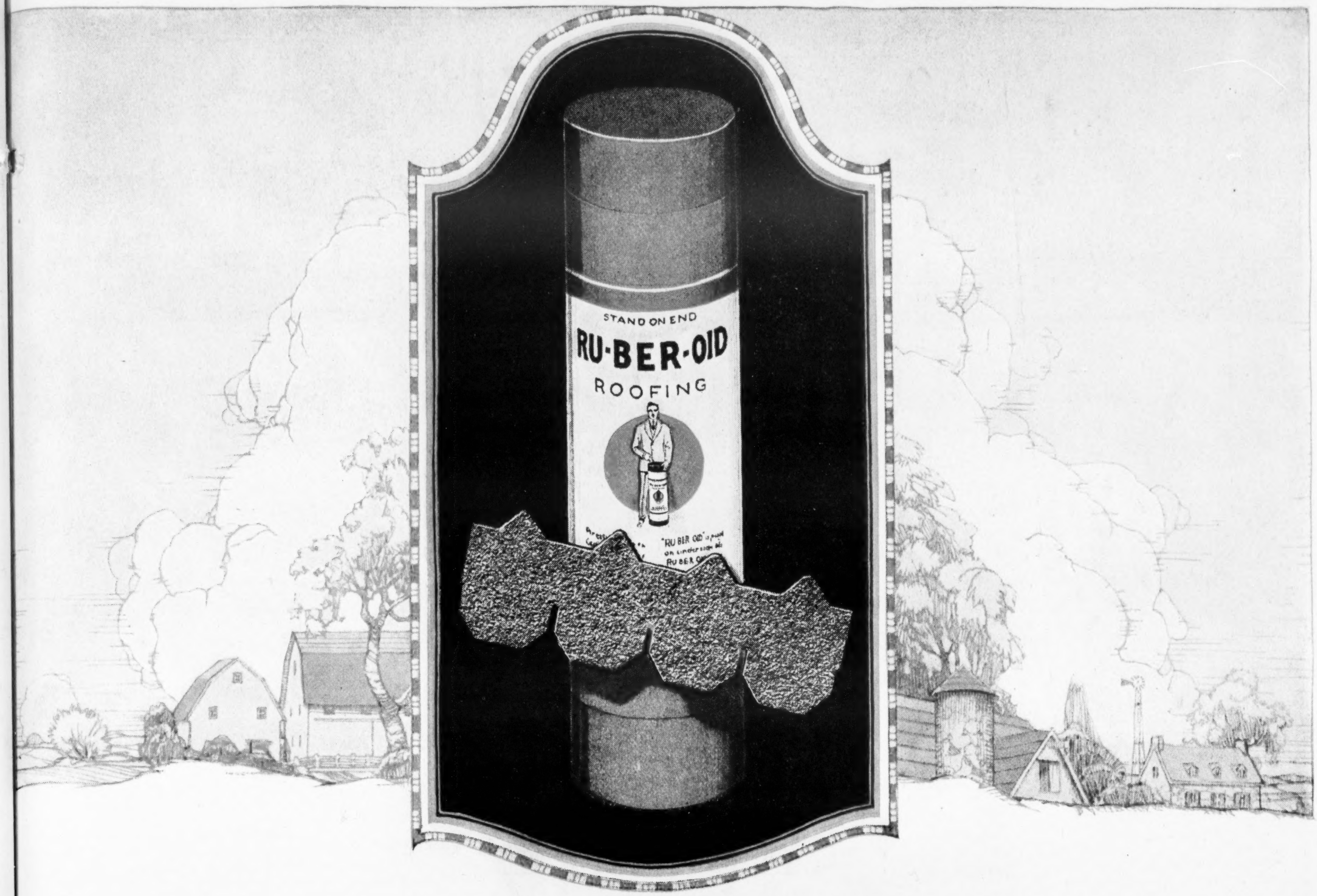
We Imagine He's a "Dry"

To the Editor of Collier's:

The person who wrote "Why I Have a Bootlegger" has fallen from grace just to please a few dub friends. Tell him that, when his boy grows up and comes staggering in making an ass of himself because of the influence of a weakling father, he won't be long in deciding what is right and what is wrong in this liquor business.

I have a son. What a satisfaction it is to know that the saloons are not open to-day!

Frank S. Martin, Muncie, Ind.



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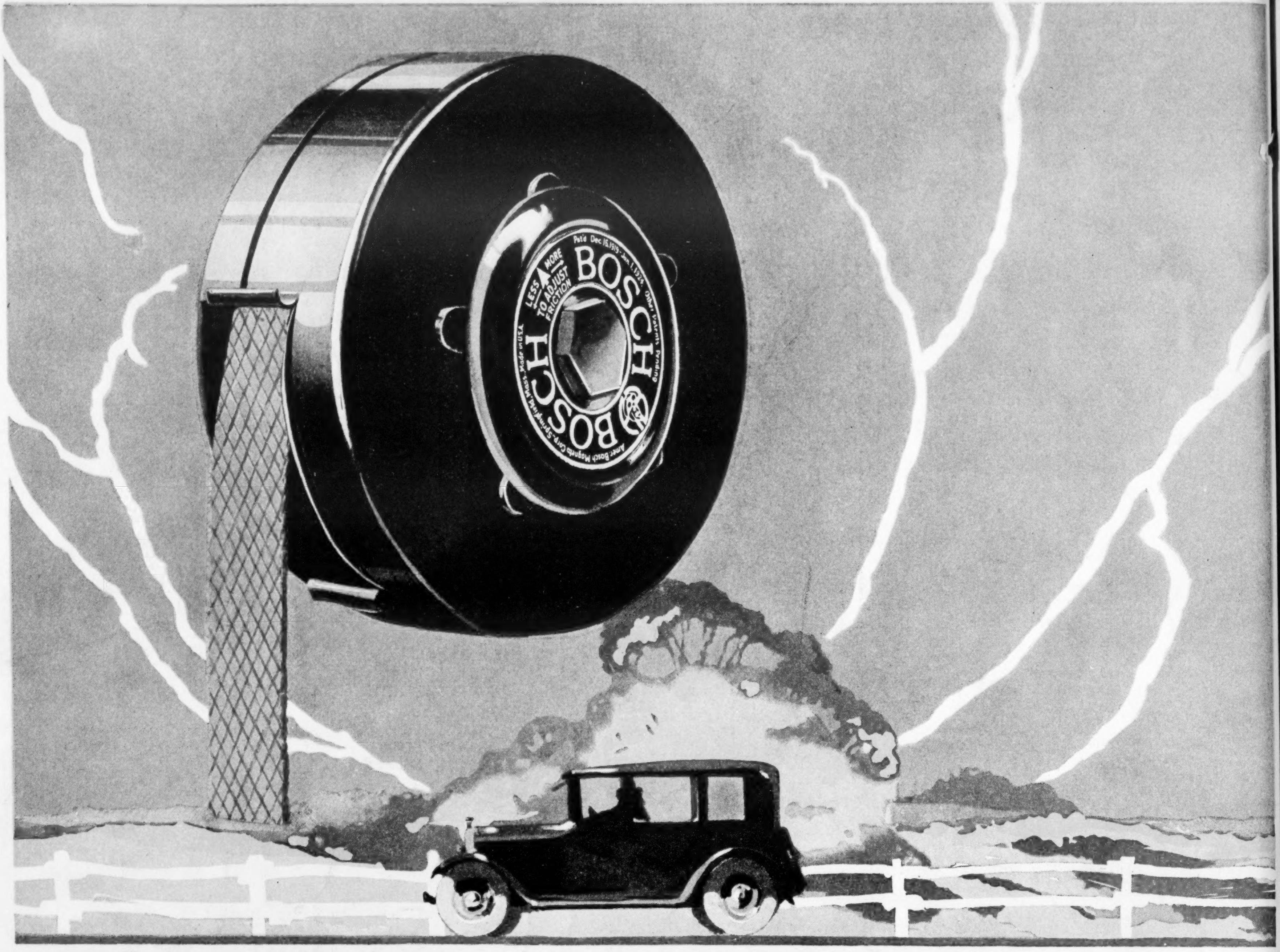

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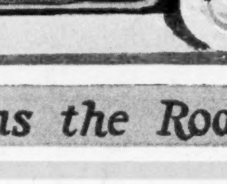

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